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ADVICE

IN THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE,

CONTAINING

HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND CRITICAL REMARKS.

BY SAMUEL L. KNAPP.

———"Clear arguments may rise
In short succession: Yet th' historic draught
Shall occupy attention's steadfast soul."

"Here may the historic instance give effect
To moral portraits."

"Here let us breathe; and happily institute
A course of learning and in enious studies."

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TO THE MEMBERS

OF THE

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,

WHO,

AMIDST THE CARES AND BUSINESS

OF ACTIVE LIFE,

OR IN THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE,

ARE ENGAGED IN THE PURSUIT OF THAT KNOWLEDGE

WHICH GIVES EXPANSION TO THOUGHT;

STRENGTH TO THE MIND,

FIRMNESS TO PURPOSE;

REFINEMENT TO MORALS;

AND WEIGHT TO CHARACTER;

THIS VOLUME,

CONTAINING A FEW HINTS, BY WAY OF ADVICE,

UPON AUTHORS AND ERAS OF LITERATURE

AND OTHER RELATIVE MATTERS,

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

It is said that the Romans were the first people who set up mile-stones along their roads into the country, for the benefit of the way-faring man. The wealthy travellers could take guides, when they wanted them, to save themselves labour and trouble, on their excursions; and the professed tourist had skill and science enough to find his way by the great guides of nature,—the rivers and mountains—the sun, moon, and stars—and the landmarks set up by his precursors;—but the business man required these speaking stones directly in his way, to guide him on his journey. So, in the paths of knowledge, those who have leisure, and are not under the necessity of measuring time by hours, or distances by time, can course along at will, and find amusement and instruction in every thing they look upon; and the professed scholar knows the tracks of his predecessors in the walks of literature, and can examine all the monuments they have established without fear or anxiety, for he can easily correct his errors, if he should fall into any. But those engaged in the busy scenes of life, and to whom literature is incidental, suffer for want of a few directions in getting the most information from the best sources in the shortest possible time. They are thankful for being directed to the most splendid epochs of human knowledge, and fairly introduced to some of the best authors of any age of intelligence. If there be no royal road to geometry, there is a short cut to a respectable share of knowledge, both ancient and modern.

The few remarks found in this volume are, in furtherance of my purpose, made historical, biographical, and critical, with a view to furnish an outline in the miscellaneous reading of the English scholar. These remarks,—with what success the reader will best judge,—are intended to point out some of the most valuable authors, whose works he may safely peruse, and some of those passages in the progress of human knowledge with which it is necessary to be familiar, in order to give one a reputable standing in this enlightened community.

The time has come when no one can be ignorant, and still respectable. A good share of knowledge is requisite for the daily demands of society, in almost every grade of life. The work-shop, the counting-room, the factory, and even the dancing-hall, as the world goes, must have a portion of modern intelligence, to be respect-

able. If the few mile-stones I have set up are rough-hewn, and the directions rudely sculptured, the figures are honest, and the directions safe; they pretend not to point out THE WAY TO BYZANTIUM, but only to the next village.

My arrangement is, in a good degree, historical, in reference to particular eras of literature, rather than to general chronology; but the course I should venture to recommend for the general English reader, would be, to make himself well acquainted with the writers of Queen Anne's reign, as Young, Addison, Swift, Pope, Parnell, Akenside, Chesterfield, and many others, are called; and from them go up to the earliest ages I have mentioned, and come down to the present day, enlarging the circle of reading until it embraces the best portions of English literature. I begin at this point to form the sweep of the compass of knowledge, for it was an age of taste and pure English.

There are some things in this work I have touched upon before. When I wrote my lectures on American Literature, I had not contemplated this work; and if I had, I must have given some slight account of English literature, in order to come properly to our own. When I first thought, last winter, of touching upon this wide field of English literature, I engaged my friend, James Nack,—a young gentleman known to the community for his virtues, his talents, his acquirements, and his misfortunes, (being deaf and dumb,)—to assist me in the undertaking. On that plan,—if we could have carried it into execution,—our labours would have extended to several volumes; but on consulting those wise in publications, they discouraged the enterprise, and I confined myself to this small volume, giving up all thoughts of going farther; and this was well, for it would have been taking him from the groves of the muses to drudge in the details of literature, and me from professional labours,—if not so pleasant, certainly quite as profitable.

It has long been my opinion, that we were greatly deficient in works which might be called directors of youth in the paths of knowledge. I mean those paths which should be pursued, after the elementary course of education has been completed. I agree that the mind should not be in leading strings long, but it should always be under the direction of sound principles and forcible aphorisms. In the course of life there should be no step taken without advice, and no day passed without its duties.

SAMUEL L. KNAPP.

NEW-YORK, *January*, 1832.

CHAPTER I.

> ———————————————"None,
> But such as are good men, can give good things;
> And that, which is not good, is not delicious
> To a well-govern'd and wise appetite."—MILTON.

WE are a reading community: the press is every day teeming with works of all sorts, in our mother tongue, of more or less value in forming the mind.—It is not now difficult to procure books; they are scattered abroad through every city, town, and village in our extensive country, in great profusion; but it often happens, that the youthful mind is without a guide in this wilderness of sweets, for it falls to the lot of but a few to have a Mentor always at hand to point out the medicinal from the poisonous flower. The first rudiments of knowledge can hardly be called learning; they only fit the mind to receive it; nor do they contain any directions for keeping the intellect sound and healthy. There is no instinct in our natures that directs us to whatever is good and wholesome, as in the honey bee or other humble creatures of earth or air. If youths would not wander without knowing whither, and waste their time in useless reading, they must, in some measure, seek out and trust to those guides who have experience in the pathway of knowledge—those who have tasted and tried the qualities of all that makes up the literary banquet which is set before them. This is not all; the necessary quantity of that which is nutritious and desirable should be

known, for the most proper and natural food may be taken so unadvisedly as to cause a surfeit. It is fortunate, however, that elementary education among us is so well conducted as it is. There are a few books dedicated to the household gods, which lie near the cradle and are opened and partially read without direction or calculation. The Bible is among these, and the historical sketches and dramatic incidents in that volume, attract and fix the attention of children at a very early age. This is well, for the language of the Bible is pure, good English, and easily understood. And even some of the poetical descriptions are eagerly read, and although the images left on the mind are indistinct and visionary, still the mental struggle to grasp them awakens the powers of the imagination, opens the reasoning faculties, and prepares the child to read and reflect on those subjects which are presented to him in a different form, with a wish for improvement. From a benevolent zeal to improve the rising generation, all classes of men of intellect have labored to provide juvenile books; and sometimes, perhaps, these well-meant endeavors push the mind onward with too much rapidity, and in this pressure of acquisition, the storing the memory may be considered by some the same thing as cultivating the mind; but it is not precisely the same. The other books about the house are in general well calculated to improve his memory, taste and judgment; so that when the child is given up to the school master some foundation for his future inclinations and pursuits is laid. He is then confined to elementary knowledge, and all the exertions of the instructor to throw a charm around geography, arithmetic, history and philosophy, amount

to but little in the way of making the acquisition of knowledge palatable. The strong stimulant of distinction is at this period the most efficacious. Those who are about to prepare themselves for an active life are obliged to leave school when only half their teens are gone; without restraint or direction, even with the best of habits, their acquisitions in general knowledge are of slow growth. They read merely for amusement, without a thought of treasuring a stock of information for future use. They dislike to be plodding when they can recreate themselves by slight and careless reading. The scope of my remarks, I wish it to be understood, is to induce the youth to correct this desultory habit, and to set out right, and continue so, until the mind of the man is formed. By method in reading, it is astonishing how much can be effected in the course of a few years. The intellectual distinction among men on the exchange, and in all the business walks of life, is more owing to the different ways in which young men pass their leisure hours from fifteen to thirty than to any other cause. By a rigid course of disciplining the mind in these important years, early defects may be cured, and even a common-place mind strengthened to show no ordinary powers, while a course of ten years' negligence in reading will enfeeble an intellect which was once thought vigorous and promising.

The same remarks are applicable to young ladies; if they throw aside their useful books as soon as they are taken from school, and ramble through the light reading of the day, forming no plans for improving their minds, they will never come to maturity; there will be an infancy about them even in old age, while an hour or two in a day will keep them bright, increase

their stock of knowledge, and give a finish to their charms, the place of which no fashion can supply. It is only by reading works of taste and merit that a lady can learn to think right and talk well. She in general has more leisure hours to devote to literature than young gentlemen, and would improve quite as fast as they, if she would set about it. It is of the utmost importance for those just forming and developing a character to understand the duties of life—those that regard one's self, and those required by the community. It is true that *life is short and science long*, but this should be used not to discourage the young, but as an inducement to industry and perseverance.

The young should learn what is meant by literature, and then look at its value, and consider the means of its acquisition, its fields, its importance, and the best course to pursue to acquire a sufficiency of it to refine and elevate the mind, to prepare us to sustain a fair character for intelligence, and to give each one currency as a well educated man in the society of this and other countries. This is the great object of these pages.

Literature, in an extensive sense—such as should engage the attention of those who intend to make themselves acquainted with the great duties of life—contains the records of all ages and countries; the thoughts of men in all their struggles for knowledge, and in all their inspirations; every thing that the human mind has contemplated and brought forth in a manner not offensive to taste or decency. It is this literature that should be studied and made familiar to us all, in a greater or less degree. The advantages of having this treasure to put our hands in, and to take from it at will, is incalculable; for, without letters, man was but a sa-

vage: he knew nothing of the past, except by memory and tradition; the first was deceptive, and the second vague and unsatisfactory. Without letters, knowledge of a moral or an intellectual kind could not have increased to any considerable extent; for however mature the thoughts of one great mind might have been, he had no means of transmitting his wisdom to posterity in any permanent form. He could only give his knowledge in keeping to the feeble and ordinary minds around him, and instead of increasing the great mass he might have accumulated, it was generally lost or frittered away after a short period.

Letters were invented when man was passing from a savage to a barbarous state, on his way to refinement. The influence of the invention of letters was soon seen in the character and conduct of those who were fortunate enough to possess them.

Those accustomed to darkness see much by a little light; and, therefore, it is unsafe to form an estimate of the knowledge which nations possessed in ancient times, by examining, at the present day, the amount of literature they had acquired. The lettered men of the early ages appear to us as glow-worms in the pathway, whose fires were *pale and ineffectual*;—but then the eyes of man were open to discover every thing around him, and he saw things without any occasional confusion from too much light from any particular quarter, as is often the case in our times.

By the influence of letters, man was soon brought from a barbarous state, to one of comparative civilization. Society, by the means of letters, assumed a more elevated character than it had borne before. By letters, the poet perpetuated the deeds of the warrior;

and by them, statesmen recorded their laws, and the sages their maxims of wisdom.

The sentiments of one age being preserved for another by letters, each additional store enhanced the value of the former collection; for the errors of the earlier ages were corrected by the criticisms of the following; but their blessings did not become so generally diffused as they have been since the invention of printing which happened in a comparatively late age of the world.

It has been the object of some reasoners to decry letters, as giving an effeminacy to a people, particularly polite literature; but this reasoning is as amusing as that of the Roman knights at the supper of Lucullus, who, when revelling on a hundred dishes at the table of that luxurious epicure, discussed the flavor and nutritiousness of the primitive food of man, such as *acorns*, *figs*, *roots*, and *berries*, and decided that man in a state of nature was most happy.

Without stepping out of our way to describe the effect of letters upon past ages, or turning to the pages of those works which it could be proved had humanized the world, we can say, in general, that letters have been the most *useful*, the most *glorious*, and the most *permanent* monument of national greatness, to be found in the history of man.

They have been the most *useful*;—for letters have assisted in advancing and in preserving the arts and sciences, as well as themselves, and in elevating the character of man.

They have been the most *glorious and permanent*;—for while the great things of art have crumbled to dust, and ten thousand demi-gods have perished from off the earth, the letters of an early age have been pre-

served; and whatever names are now to be found among the mighty and the wise of early time, come down to us embalmed in the literature of the age in which they lived, or in which their deeds were recorded. All the little princes and potentates of the Trojan and Grecian armies would have been no more known, if they had not been preserved in the Iliad, than the ancestors of Red Jacket, or those of Tecumseh. There were deeds of the aborigines of this country that had more of daring and prowess in them than can be found in the sack of Troy. Letters live longer than temples or monumental arches. The prayer of Solomon, at the dedication of the Temple, is still preserved in all its piety and sweetness, but the house of the Lord is demolished, and the angels who guarded it have ascended to their celestial abodes.

It is wiser, in the first place, to examine the history of our native language, and to ascertain, as far as is practicable, the treasures of knowledge we have in it; they are abundant and of great value. These treasures are ours by birthright; they were won by mental toil from age to age; preserved and improved by deep thinkers and patient reasoners, who were proud of their nation, and who scorned to have their tongues tied, even by their conquerors. Taste, philosophy, divinity, politics, and eloquence ask for nothing more than can be found in the English language. Should not the writers in English be our constant study?

Our language is indeed a modern one compared with some other living languages. Notwithstanding its copiousness, it is still a growing and improving language, and is yet susceptible of new beauties; but we deprecate a rage for changing that which is already so

admirable. Let us not be in haste to make it more copious. The English language has a singular origin, and one that shows more decidedly what the spirit of a people can effect silently and quietly, by the force of intellectual power, than that of any event in history.

The Saxon language was in general use in the Island of Great Britain in 1066, when the conquest of William of Normandy was effected. It was a copious and well constructed language, and had much more philosophy in it than that brought from Normandy ; but the conqueror insisting on his right to change the language, as well as the laws of the people, had all his records and laws put into Norman French. The Saxon legends were now turned into Norman rhyme, and within a century after the conquest, a new language, made from the Saxon and Norman, had grown up to no inconsiderable character, which took the name of the English language. The Saxons had more invention and more sound philosophy than the Normans, and their mind was seen in this new and wonderful work most distinctly. Layman wrote some where between the years 1135 and 1180. His works show more than any other of his age, how far the new language had advanced towards its present excellence. In the course of the time from 1200 to 1300, the process of improvement was going on rapidly. There is extant a dialogue, written between this period, after Layman's time, between an owl and a nightingale, disputing for superiority. This, much more decidedly than the works of Layman, shows the great change which had taken place in the growth of our language.

In 1300, or thereabouts, Robert de Brunne wrote a history of England in metre. He composed tales in

verse. He was a man of genius, a satirist, but not destitute of tenderness, and was full of romance. Some of his works having been five hundred years in manuscript, have lately been printed for the gratification of the curious.

From 1300 to 1400—a century—was the reign of romances. The devotion of all classes to them was great as it is in the present day. Then, as now, they were paramount to all other literature. King Arthur, Richard Cœur de Lion, Amadis de Gaul, were subjects of romance. Young ladies learned to write for the sake of copying these works; and when printing was discovered, these works soon issued from the press as rapidly as possible. These romances were seen and read in the groves of learning as well as in the alcoves of taste and beauty, as the Waverley Novels now are found not only at the toilet of the reigning belle, but in the study of the grave statesman and solemn divine. Under proper directions this may not be an evil. When *the soul is waked by all the tender strokes of art*, the genius inspired by master touches of fancy, and the whole current of thought is elevated by the deep knowledge of human nature in these productions of the imagination, who can resist the desire to become acquainted with their contents? But this taste is sometimes found to degenerate to a cormorant appetite for the whole mass of fictions, of every hue and quality. This excess is full of evils, and as deleterious to the wholesome desire for knowledge, in a plain and honest form, as confectionary is to our natural desire for plain and succulent food to sustain our animal frames. This vitiated taste is to be deplored; but, to our comfort, it often happens that a surfeit cures what reason will not.

If these romances did not exactly grow out of the ages of chivalry, they were matured by them, and lasted until the wit of Cervantes had laughed them down, or the habits of man, as well as his manners, had changed. If these romances were the offsprings or the nurslings of chivalry, ours had no such origin or nursing; for although these fictions of ours grew up in an age of wonders, they did not, in most instances, relate to them directly or indirectly. The fictions of the present day owe their popularity to two causes; the first, the power of the genius and learning of the writers, for if not the first and most voluminous of these works, certainly one of the sweetest tales of the whole of the mass is Johnson's Rasselas. It was followed, after some length of time, by Godwin's St. Leon, Caleb Williams, and others of the same school; but it was reserved for Sir Walter Scott to become the legitimate sovereign of the world of fiction. To this throne he was elected and anointed by public opinion, and probably will hold his empire without a brother near him for some ages to come. The *second* cause of this universal passion for fiction, or *novels founded on fact*, (a sort of deceptive epithet, to cheat those who wish to become acquainted with history, and who have not the courage to sit down and study it,) is the general appetite for reading, now so distinctly abroad in England and this country; and which, instead of being regulated and directed to particular objects, is desultory and miscellaneous, as we have before remarked. The progress in the arts, and the multiplicity of inventions of labor-saving machines, have given leisure to millions, who in former days devoted themselves principally to industrious methods for producing clothing or food.

But to return from this digression to the current history of English literature. It may be unnecessary for us to notice any other authors than those we have named, until the time of Chaucer, from whom English poetry generally has taken the date of its birth; but if time permitted, we could show that there was *taste*, and *genius*, and *poetry*, before the time of this bard. Still, however, he is justly entitled to the appellation of the "*Father of English poetry*," from the fact, that he effected a revolution in poetry similar to that effected by Shakspeare in the drama, or Scott in the novel. Before Chaucer, poetry was only descriptive, and narrative, without distinct character. The poets of his day seemed to have no objects in their narrative poems, except to tell a wonderful story. The persons concerned in their incidents were regarded as mere machines, only proper to give these incidents a sort of connexion. These poets presented us not with men and women, but with adventures that might, or might not have happened to men and women; and if they even gave us a glimpse of the characters introduced into their story, it was only by accident, and even then, only the most prominent features could be discovered.

"Chaucer reformed this altogether. He devoted his principal attention to the delineation of his characters; he made the incidents of his story all tend to the illustration of the actors in it. He did not merely sketch one or two of the most prominent features. He drew a full-length, and laid on the appropriate colors. He made every thing distinct, even to the most delicate shadowing. As his characters glide before us, we forget it is an illusion; we exclaim, 'They live—they move—they breathe—they are our fellow-creatures,'

and as such awaken our sympathies to a degree that imparts to the story a far more intense interest than it could derive from the most romantic incidents.

None of Chaucer's characters can be confounded with one another; numerous as they are, each has its dramatic features; no action is ascribed to one which might as well be expected of another. In this respect Chaucer is a dramatic poet, and one of the highest order; indeed a distinguished critic has drawn an ingenious parallel between a regular comedy and the series of the Canterbury tales.'

Lord Byron, in his journal, intimates that we reverence Chaucer not for his poetry, but for his antiquity, and passes a criticism upon him as dull, and vulgar, and obscene; but this was before the noble poet wrote Don Juan, or probably when he had read only some of Chaucer's first pieces. If he had ever read him thoroughly, in his maturer years, he probably would have recalled his opinion; most certainly if he were too proud to have done this, he would have reversed his judgment; at least, he would not have called him dull, whatever else he might have said of the "*Father of English poetry.*" We wish not to be misunderstood as defending Chaucer in all his freedoms; but these freedoms were the errors of the age in which he lived. Indecency in that day was often taken for wit; and at the *present time* is often substituted for it. We can have but little to say on that score, against our ancestors, when we tolerate the poems of Little, and the freedoms in some of Byron's later works. Moore has atoned in some degree for his songs, by his sacred melodies; but who can forgive him for exhibiting Byron in perpetual moral deformity, rioting in the polluted

saloons of Venetian fascination and depravity. Chaucer is not without other faults common to his age. The authors of his period were apt to encumber their stories with minute descriptions, which, however just or beautiful, became tedious, by having nothing to do with the subject. The writers seem not to have been aware that misplaced beauties lose their charms.

In closing our remarks upon this poet—and we have been somewhat minute, as he stands confessedly at the head of the catalogue of English poets—we must say, that for his comic and satirical vein, he was superior to all his predecessors and his contemporaries. He knew the *delicate* from the *coarse*, and could easily distinguish between keen and vigorous satire, and vulgar abuse; between the club, the tomahawk, and the flaying-knife of the savage—and the shafts of "the lord of the unerring bow."

Many works have been charged to Chaucer which he never wrote, and therefore he should not be answerable for them. The great talents of Dryden and Pope, in their versions of Chaucer, have, it must be confessed, given him some new charms; but at the same time, we must say, that in getting rid of some of his peculiarities, they have obscured many of his great beauties. To be relished, the works of Chaucer should be read in the original, and with the accent intended by the author. That such poets as Dryden and Pope should have thought this early poet, of a rude age, worthy imitation, is saying how much they venerated his memory as a poet.

Chaucer was a politician, as well as a poet. He was sent an ambassador to the Doge of Venice, in 1370. He was for many years in favor with Edward III,

but lost his good will, and was imprisoned by him; but on the accession of Henry, was restored to favor, and died in 1410, eighty-two years of age.

John Gower was senior and contemporary to Chaucer. He wrote some works before Chaucer. He was a favorite with Edward II. He wrote much, and was considered the first moral poet of his age. He dis ciplined the minds of his countrymen, for he was a philosopher, as well as a poet. His English is more correct than Chaucer's. He was a better grammarian than Chaucer. His tales had matter in them, for Turner says that modern bards have founded many of their tales on his. To be truly original, is not the lot of any man. Who is there that can say, this sentence, or this thought, or this production, is all my own? No one. Art, and science, and letters, are progressive; none but a well stored mind can produce any thing worth remembering, and every well stored mind is pregnant with the best thoughts of his predecessors. Genius does not consist so much in originating thoughts, as in giving new force to those already known.

Gower has a most splendid monument in St. Savior's Church, at Southwark. See description of it in the English Mirror of Literature, Vol. 13, p. 225.

John the Chaplain, as he was called, did much in giving form and beauty to the English language. He lived in the reign of Henry IV.

Thomas Occleve soon followed Chaucer, and acknowledged him as his father in poetry. He too, was a grammarian, and a philosopher, and was patronized by Henry IV, and by his son, the famous Hal—Henry V. He was a poet, and a good moralist. These men did much towards fixing the English language, but his

patron, the fifth Harry, was too much engaged in wars, and had too short a reign to become distinguished as a patron of letters. His own poet did not give him his true glory. It was reserved for an after age to do him justice. Some sketches of his times were worked up by Shakspeare, which have brought down to us this wild, elegant, and gifted Prince, in a blaze of light. His greatness was developed after he had sown the wild oats of his youth. Occleve was a business man, and his labors as a secretary were of great service to the government. It is pleasant to mark the utility of the labors of these men of minstrelsy of early days. Society may be compared to an inverted pyramid, supported, not by the laws of gravitation, but by the hand of Deity, of which every human being forms one stone of the great mass, and on this great mass he may write his character; and leave it, if he have time, ability, and opportunity, for posterity. If Occleve was cold, he was sensible, and such men are often destined to live longer than many of more fire. He was probably too much of a business man to think of immortality as a poet.

Lydgate, his contemporary, was of a more sensitive cast. He even complained of critics, and his is the first mention of that race of men, so common in our day, as existing in England. The ancients had known them. The very existence of criticism is a proof that some mental light exists, for we cannot declare that to be confused, irregular, and tasteless, without light enough to see it. There was no very enlightened criticism, however, in England, until a much later period of her history than the time of Lydgate.

The English nation followed in part the practice of Italy of giving the laurel crown to the best poet of the

country. In Italy the pomp of the ceremony was half of the charm of the acquisition. In England the laurel was only a poetical wreath: but sometimes attended with a hogshead of malmsey or port and some pieces of substantial gold.

The first poet laureate, that the books I have examined on the subject mention, is John Kay, in the reign of Edward IV. The universities of England had, probably, their laureates before this period. There is not a vestige left of the poetry of laureate Kay. Some of his prose translations are extant.

This poetical distinction from the earliest days in England has not, in itself, given immortality to any one; for a greater portion of those crowned, have been of the second or third rate poets, who happened to be in court favor. The sycophant who prostituted his muse to the courtier was recommended to the king, and his majesty not always being the best judge of poetry, was either deceived in the talents of his poet, or loved the pliancy of his poet's muse. When Shadwell was made poet laureate, in preference to Dryden, and Pye has received the crown as above his contemporary brothers of song, who will ever say that the laurel is proof of superiority in sense or rhyme?

In the reign of Henry VIII, something was done for English literature, rather *by indirection* than by direct influence. Barclay had written without taste or judgment, but was nevertheless distinguished, and in vogue when Henry received his education. Barclay was a moralist, and so far was well: of nature he knew no more than a very cit does of the country. Skelton, his rival, received the Oxford laurel. Erasmus praised him; he pronounces him the "Brittannicarum litera-

rum lumen et decus;" but a foreigner's opinion of native literature is not worth much, except he speaks the same language with great accuracy, even if he be as great a man as Erasmus himself. Skelton was vehement, and vehemence is sometimes an indication of genius, but not a proof of it. Lord Surry followed him, and was an ornament to the reign of Henry VIII. Surry had more polish than all his predecessors. Many works of his were graceful and natural. He translated a portion of Virgil into blank verse. Surry may be considered the father of blank verse, in English; which kind of verse reached the fulness of its glories in Milton; but which has held its high rank in all the vicissitudes of poetical measure. It is susceptible of magnificence, ease, sweetness; and of nearly all the euphony of rhyme. It is suited rather to the didactic and the tragic, than to the sprightly, and the comic muse: but there can be no perfect canons of criticism for exuberant genius, teaming with inspiration. Writers in prose should be taken notice of as well as those in verse, in our notice of the progress of our mother tongue, and our native train of thought. The first among the number was the renowned traveller, Sir John Mandeville. He was born at St. Albans, 1300. He was well educated, and possessed an ardent curiosity to see other countries; such a curiosity as in more modern times possessed the breasts of our extraordinary Ledyard, and the English Mungo Park. He set out on his travels in 1332, and was a wanderer for thirty-four years. He was hardly known on his return; the grace of manly beauty had changed to the gray hairs of age. He had swept over a great portion of Asia Minor, Asia and Africa, and

brought back most wonderful tales, more of which are believed at this day, than were then. Whatever he says he saw may be generally believed. It is that part of his history that recounts the legends he had learnt, which is among the marvellous.

These accounts falling into the possession of the ecclesiastics of that day, made them desirous of visiting the Holy Land. The continent was not behind England in travellers. The *Mirabellia Mundi*, were studied by all who could read, and communicated to those who could not; and it may be said that the public mind was inflamed for *oriental wonders*. These travels excited the reading community of those days, and thousands read who had not enthusiasm and courage enough to become travellers. Mandeville was acquainted with many languages; and he sent his book into the world in three different tongues.

In the thirteenth century, Ralph Higden had compiled in Latin, a chronicle of events, which was translated by Trevisa. It is made up of history, fiction, and traditions, such as he found, but probably he did not add any thing to them. There are some fine sketches of natural character in this work, particularly of the Irish and Welsh. This author translated portions of the Bible, at the instance of a patron of learning—Lord Berkely. It does not appear that this translation or any portion of it is now extant.

Not long after Trevisa, followed Wickliffe—the pioneer in English history, of bold and liberal doctrines. He was learned, and distinguished in college halls; having been a professor of divinity at Oxford. He felt the influence of a master spirit, and came out upon various orders of friars with the indignant feeling of a

hater of abuses, and scourged them with the strong hand of a reformer. For his temerity he lost his office, by the authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury; he appealed from him to the Pope; and finding the Pope no friend, he came out in full force against *His Holiness*. He was "a *root and branch man*." The Popes pursued his memory with such malice, that thirty years after his death, Martin V issued a bull to dig up his bones and throw them on a dung-hill. What impotent malice! Wickliffe was a voluminous writer; his English is among the best of his age. He may be truly considered the founder of the Protestant religion, for he gave the people the word of God in their vernacular, and they were anxious to read it. Wickliffe was sound in all the doctrines of the Protestant faith.

The work containing those portions of the Old and New Testament translated by Wickliffe, has come down to us, and is now a curiosity; and not less so from its being the fountain of the Biblical knowledge of many of our ancestors, who were not acquainted with the original language of the Scriptures. He died sixteen years before Chaucer, a younger man at his death than the poet.

Mandeville. Wickliffe, and Gower, were styled "the three evangelists of our tongue," but still these were considered as inferior to Chaucer; and to continue the language of the quotation—"though all elder in birth than Chaucer, yet they did not begin so early to work upon the ore of their native language." These writers had genius, and language becomes plastic in the hands of these great masters of thought and expression.

Bishop Peacock was a learned writer of this age.

and his works added more to the English language than they did to theology, or his own happiness. He was a tolerant sensible man, and of course persecuted in that age.

Divinity alone did not monopolize the reformers of style, language and taste of that age; the law puts in claims also. Sir *John Fortescue*, an eminent lawyer, was a distinguished writer of that age. He was honored by the king, but was a portion of his life an exile. He was a learned lawyer and a fine scholar, and is the first English writer I know of, who has given a distinction between a limited, and what is called an absolute monarchy. Sir John is the pride of lawyers.

We come now to a period in which it may be said that the fountains of the great deep of knowledge were broken up, and the floods of light and intelligence fell upon the children of men. This period is that of the invention, or rather of the use of printing. The individual who brought printing into England, and issued from his press any thing English, was William Caxton. He was learned and zealous in the cause of learning. He was taught the sublime art of printing in Holland, and brought it to his native land in the year 1474. The first book printed in England was "The Game of Chess." In four years afterwards a press was established at Oxford, and not long after, at St. Albans. Caxton printed many books; some of his editions have come down to us, besides Wickliffe's Bible. He was a sincere lover of literature. Caxton did much for the language of his native country, while many others were busy in ancient literature. He printed the Chronicles of England. These chronicles were legendary tales—full of romance, and generally

as far from elegance as from truth; they had often the absurdities of the Arabian tales without any considerable share of their genius or character. But they were, no doubt, illegitimate descendants of that stock of literature. These tales have an Arabic physiognomy about them, but sufficient only to show the family likeness.

It is clear to every mind, from looking at the early history of every civilized country, that ballads and tales, and chronicles, in the nature of ballads and tales, were the first specimens of literature; and that these rose to the dignity of poems and histories as the mass of the people made progress in intelligence; and if any writer was in advance of his age, that his works were neglected until the great body of the people reached his standard. When the taste for these compositions grew too rapidly for the supply of native works, a disposition for translation was cultivated, so that the spirit of one nation was virtually infused into another; hence the similarity of thoughts and expressions of passion which are found in different languages, and, perhaps, after a lapse of years, it was difficult to say whence this or that sentiment originated.

Soon as printing had quickened the appetite of the people, the supply of letters was equal to the demand; this is the law of every market. The expulsion of the Greek scholars from Constantinople, then the most learned men of the world, gave lecturers and schoolmasters to all Europe. At this moment the convents gave up their classical treasures, and learned commentaries followed each other in rapid succession; all pouring from the press under the fostering care of the nobility, who began to have a taste for learning. The

universities were agitated to their very foundation; particularly the university of Oxford. This seminary, conspicuous in all the ages of English literature, had its factions. The reformers took the appellation of *Greeks*, and the supporters of the old system that of *Trojans*. All these discussions, and excitements, and quarrels, were productive of great good. In this collision of minds are found the scintillations of genius; unfortunately, however, the niceties and subtleties of scholastic divinity retarded the progress of taste and letters, for the fierce contentions of angry polemics have seldom but little to do with expansion or refinement.

Sir Thomas More, the author of the Eutopia, was one of the very great men of that age. He was born in 1480. He was educated in the best manner of the times. He was a man of first rate talents, and was called to discharge many high and important duties as a public functionary. He was undoubtedly pre-eminent even among the great scholars of his time. Sir Thomas invited Erasmus to visit England, and conferred on this great scholar and wit, many signal marks of his favor and friendship.

From his exalted genius and official stations, he might be considered as the first literary character of his time, not only in England, but in Europe. He was skilled in all classical learning; but what is more to our purpose, his English was the most copious, correct, and elegant, of all the literati of the age. He had drank deeply of the wells of knowledge, and his vernacular had the benefit of his draughts. He was, in writing English, rather making, than looking for a standard. It is well for the world when such men as Sir Thomas

More are found to direct, and, in a measure, fix the taste of an age. If he labored for the *beau ideal* in politics, and our experience has never found his republic, yet he left thoughts that are imperishable, embalmed in words of taste and beauty.

Wilson, the rhetorician, deserves to be remembered among the sturdy advocates of English literature. He lived in several reigns, but was most conspicuous in that of Elizabeth. He printed his work on rhetoric in the first year of Mary's reign, 1553. It was entitled "The Art of Rhetoric, for the use of all such as are studious of eloquence—set forth in English, by Thomas Wilson." This work, says Burnett, in his specimens of English prose writers, may justly be considered as the first system of criticism in our language. He describes the four parts of elocution—*plainness*, *aptness*, *composition*, and *examination*. He is a sturdy champion for the *free*, *bold*, *good* use of our mother tongue. Wilson is a philosopher who reasons and feels rightly. He read nature and the poets with a true spirit of criticism. His rules for declamation are admirable, and such as every great orator has followed—that is, in making a speech for a departed great man, to summon up the soul and character of the deceased, and make them speak out. His defence of figurative language deserves to be held in remembrance. "Some time (says he) it is good to make God, the country, or some one town, to speak; and look what we would say in our own person, to frame the whole tale to them. Such variety doeth much good to avoid tediousness; for he who speaketh all things in one sort, though he speak things ever so wittily, shall soon weary his hearers. Figures, therefore, were invented to avoid satiety and

cause delight; to refresh with pleasure and quicken with grace the dullness of man's brain. Who will look on a white wall an hour together, where no workmanship is at all? Or who will eat one kind of meat and never desire a change?"

Wilson's rules for composition are good and sound. He abhors all affectation in composition. He calls on writers to take every thing, old and new, for the purposes of *excitement*, *illustration*, and *effect*, and work them to the best advantage. This was not all; he translated much of Greek literature, and particularly from Demosthenes. His rules contain, in fact, all the great principles incorporated in the best and boldest modern compositions.

The lettered men of the age seem not to have been confined to courts or college halls. William Fullward, a merchant in 1555, or somewhere thereabouts, wrote a work he called the "Enemy of Idleness, teaching the manner and style how to endite and write all sorts of epistles and letters." This was partly in verse.

The reign of Edward was full of polemic discussions, and the muses slept on the dull and ponderous tomes of laborious ecclesiastics. The reign of his successor, Mary, was still more unpropitious to literature. The just, in her time, were persecuted, and the learned silenced. Some of the brightest geniuses of the nation were made immortal at the stake. The stake was fixed and the faggot dried in every part of the land for the service of God alone, an avenging God, as he was taught to the people. The English Bible was proscribed, and it was treason and death to be found drinking at the well of eternal life. Those who were not prepared for martyrdom fled. "To turn or burn," was

the fate of every Protestant. It may be said of her reign, that every sun rose and set in blood. At matins and vespers the crimson torrent flowed, and with the curfew's knell were mingled the groans of expiring saints.

In 1558, Elizabeth came to the throne. The reign of terror had indeed at her accession passed away, but the elements of society were still in no small confusion. The exiled clergy returned from Holland, which had been their asylum during the lifetime of Mary. They came home deeply imbued with the doctrines of the great reformer, Calvin, and fierce discussions were held by the Protestants and those of the Church of England. These very discussions had in the end a beneficial effect, although very troublesome at the time. The minds of men grew robust by these wars of intellect, when they went no farther than fiery altercations. The scriptures were now read by all classes of the people. It has been the good fortune of reading communities at all times to find a love of inquiry, and a taste for knowledge, growing out of the reading of the scriptures.

The love of learning was not confined to the clergy alone, but was found extending to all ranks of society, particularly among the higher orders. The ladies caught the enthusiasm, and became admirable proficients in classical learning. Lady Jane Grey, as well as the queen, were illustrious examples of female taste and acquirements of that day. They were all acquainted with household affairs, while celebrated schoolmasters were learning them to construe Greek. The learned men were busy, at the same time, in translating the most valuable works in other languages for the English reader.

This excitement produced some matters of learning in bad taste; but after a few years, things became settled, and sound judgment corrected the errors which enthusiasm had scattered among her brilliant productions. Spenser and Shakspeare now arose, with a host of mighty minds, in the several walks of learning, which left their stamp on the age, as imperishable as the English language itself.

This was the age of English literature, from which our literature emanated. It was tinged, no doubt, with a portion of the polemic severity which belonged to the reign of Henry VIII, and Edward VI, and which came down to later times; but there was a *depth*, a *strength*, and *boldness*, in the intelligence of those days, which, if it has in some measure been polished by time, was from the same stock as that of the reformers; and, thank heaven, it ran on, gaining purity, and losing none of its virtues, for a century and a half after it had been found in this country. I freely grant, that the literature, as it came to us at that time, had not the polish of the literature of the present day; but it was well calculated to prepare our fathers for the great labors of body and mind which they were called to perform. The difference between the literature of that day and the present, I mean that which is current among a majority of the community, is this—*their literature was best to form the mind; ours to fill it.* From theirs grew *resolution*, *perseverance*, and *faith*, and all that gave hardihood and energy to character. In ours, there are extensive and liberal views of society, a great accumulation of facts, much refinement of taste, and an abundance of topics for conversation. They read *much*, we *many things*. In our course of training the mind, we should

look back, as well as go forward; we should make ourselves masters of the past ages of knowledge, as well as possessors of the floods of light which are now poured in upon us. I glory in seeing colleges arise, and the corner-stones of universities laid; but these institutions alone will never make a literary people of us. This great object can only be effected by enlightening the community at large. There were no great artists in Greece or Italy until a good taste was generally diffused among them. To bring us to a high standard of literature, female enthusiasm and taste must be brought in aid of the cause. Letters must, before that day comes, take the place of a thousand trifling amusements that now fill up the measure of time that can be spared from important duties. These portions of time, even if they are mere shreds, may, by method and perseverance, be made up into something of importance. The good housewife, by carefully saving the shreds as she makes up her family wardrobe, and by occupying some of her leisure hours in sewing them together, is soon ready for a quilting-match—a union of industry and amusement. Then starts from the frame a variegated patch-work of a thousand pieces, of all hues—a *comforter* in the cold and storms of wintry time—a thing twice blest, in the industry of her who made it, and in the gratitude of those made happy by its warmth.

Literature, to have its full effect, must be generally diffused. It must not be confined to any class of the community, but open to all, and encouraged by all. We must not look for the spirit of literature in the pulpit and halls of legislation, or school-rooms only; but must find it, like the sweet breeze of the summer's morn, in all our walks, and in all our household do-

mains, passing from the library to the toilet, from the toilet to the nursery, and there kindling the eye of the mother and opening the cherubic lips of the infant.

CHAPTER II.

We come now to the age of Elizabeth. Spenser was the first poet who was pre-eminently distinguished in the reign of the virgin queen. He was a well educated man. He found himself a poet in the midst of some affair of the heart. His effusions were so much admired, that some kind friend made him acquainted with Sir Philip Sidney, the Mecænas of the age. Sir Walter Raleigh was also his friend and patron. Spenser, as well as some of the earlier poets, was employed by government, and received a liberal support from persons in power. He died at the early age of 46; early for one who had written so much. His works are voluminous. The Fairy Queen is at the head. This great labor of Spenser is said to be wanting in plan. This, however, the reader forgets, in the lovely personifications of his author. The muse never suffered him to slumber, if she sometimes led him through the labyrinth of flowers, until his imagination was bewildered. The characteristic traits of the Fairy Queen are *imagery*, *feeling*, and *melody of versification.* His imitators have been numerous in every age of poetry since, and many of these imitators became his equals, and some his superiors. Milton openly avowed his obligations to Spenser, and Beattie built his Minstrel upon Spenser's models. Many men of literary renown

have become his commentators. Hurd, Justin, Upton, Thomas Warton, and Pope. Hurd says that Spenser's Fairy Queen is rather a Gothic than a classical poem. It is too deeply tinged with the *lightsome fancies* of Ariosto, to be strictly Gothic. Pope said of the works of Spenser, that he read them with as much delight in his old age, as he did in his youth.

Spenser venerated Chaucer, and affected his ancient language. This, some might think was well, or at least that this antiquarian spirit did not injure the sweetness of his lines.

Some years after the death of Spenser, Ann, Countess of Dorset, erected a monument in Westminster Abbey to his memory. To be honored by the great when living, and venerated and admired by beauty and taste when dead, was the fate of Spenser; one which seldom falls to the lot of poets or historians.

It is more fashionable, at the present day, to imitate the stanzas of Spenser, than those of any other poet in the English language. They are capable certainly of great beauty, and, in the hands of genius and skill, may be succinct or open, terse or expanded, as the occasion may require.

Spenser was born in 1553, and was eleven years senior to Shakspeare; and as printing was the rage at that time, the great bard of nature was probably acquainted with the *Fairy Queen* and other works of Spenser. The following extracts from Spenser are taken from his various works without regard to connexion.

DESCRIPTION OF PRINCE ARTHUR.

At last she chanced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, fair marching by the way,
Together with his squire, arrayed meet:
His glittering armour shined far away,
Like glancing light of Phœbus' brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steel endanger may:
Athwart his breast a bauldric brave he ware,
That shin'd like twinkling stars, with stones most
precious rare.

And in the midst thereof one precious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shap'd like a lady's head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights;
Thereby his mortal blade full comely hung
In ivory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights;
Whose hilts were burnish'd gold, and handle strong
Of mother pearl, and buckled with a golden tongue.

His haughty helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightness and great terror bred;
For all the crest a great dragon did enfold
With greedy paws, and over all did spread
His golden wings; his dreadful hideous head
Close couched on the beaver, seem'd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery red,
That sudden horror to faint hearts did show;
And scaly tail was stretched adown his back full low.

Upon the top of all his lofty crest
A bunch of hairs discolour'd diversely,

With sprinkled pearl, and gold full richly dress'd,
Did shake, and seem'd to dance for jollity,
Like to an almond tree ymounted high
On top of green Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At every little breath that under heaven is blown.

DESCRIPTION OF BELPHEBE.

Her face so fair as flesh it seemed not,
But heavenly portrait of bright angels' hue,
Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixtures of complexions due;
And in her cheeks the vermeil red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lilies shed,
The which ambrosial odours from them threw,
And gazers' sense with double pleasure fed,
Able to heal the sick, and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' heavenly maker's light,
And darted fiery beams out of the same,
So passing piercing, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholder's sight;
In them the blinded god his lustful fire
To kindle oft essay'd, but had no might;
For with dread majesty, and awful ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

Her ivory forehead, full of bounty brave,
Like a broad table did itself dispread,
For love his lofty triumphs to engrave,
And write the battles of his great godhead;

All good and honour might therein be read;
For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,
Sweet words, like dropping honey, she did shed,
And twixt the pearls and rubies softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly music seem'd to make.

Upon her eyelids many graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even brows,
Working belgards, and amorous retreat,
And every one her with a grace endows;
And every one with meekness to her bows.
So glorious mirror of celestial grace,
And sovereign monument of mortal vows,
How shall frail pen describe her heavenly face,
For fear, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace!

So fair, and thousand thousand times more fair
She seemed, when she presented was to sight.
And was yclad (for heat of scorching air)
All in a silken camus, lily white,
Purfled upon with many a folded plight
Which all above besprinkled was throughout
With golden agulets, that glistered bright,
Like twinkling stars, and all the skirt about
Was hemmed with golden fringe.

Drayton was born in 1563, and died in 1631. He wrote with great taste and beauty for that age. He was a man of learning, and took great pride in it; and from his subjects, and from the names of the persons to whom they were addressed, it is easy to see that he lived much in the gay world. His writings are numerous, and abound in beautiful descriptions;—that of the Lady Geraldine is not surpassed by any other of his brothers of song in a later period.

DESCRIPTION OF LADY GERALDINE.

When for thy love I left the Belgic shore,
Divine Erasmus, and our famous More,
Whose happy presence gave me such delight,
As made a minute of a winter's night;
With whom a while I staid at Rotterdame,
Not so renowed by Erasmus' name:
Yet every hour did seem a world of time,
Till I had seen that soul-reviving clime,
And thought the foggy Netherlands unfit,
A wat'ry soil to clog a fiery wit.
And as that wealthy Germany I past,
Coming unto the Emperor's court at last,
Great-learn'd Agrippa, so profound in art,
Who the infernal secrets doth impart,
When of thy health I did desire to know,
Me in a glass my Geraldine did show,
Sick in thy bed; and for thou could'st not sleep,
By a wax taper set the light to keep;
I do remember thou did'st read that ode,
Sent back whilst I in Thanet made abode,
Where when thou cam'st unto that word of love,
Ev'n in thine eyes I saw how passion strove:
That snowy lawn which covered thy bed,
Methought look'd white, to see thy cheek so red;
Thy rosy cheek oft changing in my sight,
Yet still was red, to see the lawn so white:
The little taper which should give the light,
Methought wax'd dim, to see thy eyes so bright;
Thine eye again supply'd the taper's turn,
And with his beams more brightly made it burn:
The shrugging air about thy temples hurls,
And wrapt thy breath in little clouded curls,

And as it did ascend, it straight did seize it,
And as it sunk it presently did raise it.
Canst thou by sickness banish beauty so,
Which, if put from thee, knows not where to go
To make her shifts, and for succour seek
To every rivel'd face, each bankrupt cheek?
"If health preserved, thou beauty still dost cherish;
If that neglected, beauty soon doth perish."
Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again,
Sorrow breeds sorrow, one grief brings forth twain,
If live or die, as thou do'st, so do I;
If live, I live; and if thou die, I die;
One heart, one love, one joy, one grief, one troth,
One good, one ill, one life, one death to both.

If Howard's blood thou hold'st as but too vile,
Or not esteem'st of Norfolk's princely stile;
If Scotland's coat no mark of fame can lend,
That lion plac'd in our bright silver bend,
Which as a trophy beautifies our shield,
Since Scottish blood discolour'd Floden field;
When the proud Cheviot our brave ensign bare,
As a rich jewel in a lady's hair,
And did fair Bramston's neighboring vallies choke
With clouds of cannons fire-disgorged smoke;
If Surrey's earldom insufficient be,
And not a dower so well contenting thee:
Yet I am one of great Apollo's heirs,
The sacred Muses challenge me for theirs.
By Princes my immortal lines are sung,
My flowing verses grac'd with ev'ry tongue:
The little children when they learn to go,
By painful mothers daded to and fro,
Are taught by sugar'd numbers to rehearse,
And have their sweet lips season'd with my verse.

When heav'n would strive to do the best it can,
And put an angel's spirit into man,
The utmost power it hath, it then doth spend,
When to the world a Poet it doth intend,
That little diff'rence 'twixt the gods and us,
(By them confirm'd) distinguished only thus:
Whom they in birth ordain to happy days,
The gods commit their glory to our praise;
T' eternal life when they dissolve their breath,
We likewise share a second pow'r by death.

When time shall turn those amber locks to gray,
My verse again shall gild and make them gay,
And trick them up in knotted curls anew,
And to thy autumn give a summer's hue;
That sacred power, that in my ink remains,
Shall put fresh blood into thy withered veins,
And on thy red decay'd, thy whiteness dead,
Shall set a white more white, a red more red:
When thy dim sight thy glass cannot descry,
Nor thy craz'd mirror can discern thine eye;
My verse, to tell th' one what the other was,
Shall represent them both, thine eye and glass:
Where both thy mirror and thine eye shall see,
What once thou saw'st in that, that saw in thee;
And to them both shall tell the simple truth,
What that in pureness was, what thou in youth.

Among the prose-writers of the reign of Elizabeth, her schoolmaster should not be forgotten. Roger Ascham wrote elegant English, free from quaintness and affectation, or startling antithesis so common in his day. Ascham regarded the Aristotelian maxim, as ex-

pressed by himself. "He that will write well in any tongue, must speak as the common people do, think as wise men do; as so should every man understand him, and the judgment of wise men allow him."

This tutor of queens wrote a work he called *The Schoolmaster*. It is a fine treatise on education, and contains all the elements which are found in the modern treatises upon that subject. He was for uniting the Gymnasia, the Lyceum, and the Academy together; only he did not name the workshop, as Pellendorff and others have since done, in systems of education. It is said, by one of his biographers, that Ascham became a Protestant through the medium of Greek literature. He was an admirer of Sir Thomas More, and followed his example in bringing out his works in the English language. He was one of the formers of the literary character of the reign of Elizabeth, she having been known as a scholar of his, previous to her coming to the throne. He was born in 1515, and lived ten years into the reign of Elizabeth.

John Fox, the ecclesiastical historian, was only two years younger than Ascham. He was an instructor of youth and a proof-reader for the German presses. He wrote the lives, or rather the accounts of the Martyrs. This has been held in great veneration by the Protestants of England and this country ever since; but it is more the subject than the power of the historian that interests us, in reading his gloomy history. He was, however, a very accurate scholar in the learned languages, and wrote very good English.

Many good prose-writers were at this time to be found in England. *Hollingshed*, Sir Philip Sidney, whose name we have before mentioned, and Raleigh,

were fine writers; the two latter, politicians, soldiers, and men of the world. Selby, Cecil, Stow, Knolles, and Agard, wrote works of fancy and history, and were great benefactors to the nation. But we must not pass over so hastily the works of Richard Hooker. The great work of this distinguished scholar and sound divine was his *Ecclesiastical Polity*. He wrote many other works; but this has come to us, a fine argument, and one that did much towards settling the disputes on religious subjects in those days. The work is read now by all students in divinity who wish to make themselves reasoners in theology. Like Butler's Analogy, of a later date, this work is found in the hands of the young physicians and lawyers, as they are marking out the great outlines of their professional course. In such works there is matter and forms of reasoning which every professional man should be master of. He handled the Puritans with great power and effect, yet he has been honored and respected by the most enlightened of them ever since. They acknowledged the style of Hooker's works to have been superior to any thing in the English language before Bacon's works appeared. It is perspicuous, forcible, elevated, and manly. The mind of Hooker was rich in thoughts, original and acquired, and his soul was evidently in his works. It is, in my opinion, a model for modern writers; and evident traces of Hooker's influences may be found in the style of Chatham, Burke, and other statesmen.

It is almost impossible to speak of Shakspeare, without falling into some errors of taste, feeling, or criticism, nor do we expect entirely to shun them. He was truly the poet of nature. He was born a few years

before Elizabeth came to the throne of England. He was a sprightly country lad when first known, who had excited some attention by his talent at versifying. In some wild frolic, he trespassed on the hunting-grounds of a rich neighbor. This indiscretion was followed up by a lampoon on the same gentleman. There was much scurrility in his satire, at that time, but no great proofs of genius. The subject of the verse was indignant, and threatening vengeance, young Shakspeare fled to London, and probably, went directly to the theatre, for he had a townsman on the boards, and perhaps a relation. The story of his holding horses at the door of the theatre, or bearing torches to light the lovers of the drama to their seats, is all done away with by the late commentaries upon his works. These were the gossipings of his early admirers, who loved the marvellous changes in the destinies of men. The probability is that he took some small employment in the business of the stage, until his talents as a dramatic writer became in some measure developed. He was born 1564, was eighteen years of age, or more, when he went to London, and in five years, some say seven, he was distinguished as a dramatic writer; so that his progress must have been rapid. The queen was fond of plays, but the dramatic writers of a previous age had been wretched, and any thing that bore the marks of nature, or genius, was, in the nascent growth of the stage, readily discovered, and acknowledged. He lived easily, that is, comfortably, and on acquiring a competency, retired to his native village, satisfied with what he had done; but heaven did not suffer him long to enjoy his well earned ease, for he died on his birthday, April 23, 1616, aged 52. There were but eleven

of his plays in print at his death; nor were his plays collected until seven years after this period. During the whole of the seventeenth century there were but four editions of his plays printed. He was admired by the court in the reign of James, and Charles the first and second. Our ancestors, particularly the puritans who came to this country, did not favor the drama in any shape or form, but engaged themselves to put down all theatricals, although, in Christian days, these dramas were first got up by the appendages of religious institutions. It was until nearly or quite a century had elapsed from the death of Shakspeare, before we find a quotation from his works in any American author; and strange as it may seem, in about half a century after Shakspeare's death, we hear the great John Dryden gravely saying, that Shakspeare was growing obsolete. They then did not feel what we do, that the pyramids will crumble to the dust, and the Nile be dry, and the Ethiop change his skin, and the leopard his spots, before Shakspeare will grow obsolete with us. He looked on man, and at once became master of the inmost recesses of his soul, as it were by intuition. He saw the defects of character at once, as well as the brighter parts; and all the advantages, as well as the absurdities of customs and laws; he struck off as though each one had been the study of his life. There is no variety of character in the lists of men, that he did not portray at full length, or give its semblance by profile, glance, or shadow. Sometimes he painted with care, and at other times he traced with a hurried, but unerring hand. The Dramatic Muse brought him to the great fountain of her inspirations, and as he bent to quaff the waters, he saw all the natural, moral, politi-

cal, and intellectual world, reflected in the pure mirror, which attracted his vision; aye, and other worlds beyond this, were there also—for he "exhausted worlds, and then imagined new."

The English language was at that time copious, and rich, but not precisely fixed: nor was the philosophy of its etymology very distinctly understood.

Shakspeare was, classically speaking, an uneducated man, for he had not been allowed to drink of the sweet fountains of ancient learning; but he lived at a period when much of this literature had *been done into English*, by learned men. He had devoured all the tales, romances, legends, and novels, that were to be found in English; nor did his reading stop there; he was also deeply read in such histories as were then extant, and he particularly studied biography. He is seldom wrong in an incident, act, or a matter of fact. He sometimes takes liberties with both, but he clearly shows you that he is master of both. When Shakspeare was a schoolboy, the press had been teeming with vernacular literature—either original productions or translations—for a century, and he had the advantage of all this. These works were sufficient to set him to thinking and writing, and his mind was free from all shackles. He knew nothing of the logic of the schoolmen, nor was he bound to regard their rules. He was indebted to no *Alma Mater* for nursing him in learning.

Shakspeare took his words from the common people, that is from all classes in the busy scenes of life, and from those books written for popular reading. He had but little assistance from dictionaries, for but few had turned their attention to the making of dictionaries, nor could this be expected, while a language was

fluctuating. The memory of the poet was richly stored with words—good, domestic, household words—in his mother tongue, and he had enough of the grammar of it, for all his purposes. His thoughts were all new creations, however much he might be indebted to old ones for begetting them; and he clothed them as the fallen ones did themselves in paradise—with a fig-leaf, a lion's skin, or any thing they chose, or considered best for the purpose; and his taste has stood the test of every age since his own. He understood human nature, and he wisely wrote for two purposes, in some sort to please those of his own times, and to secure all those who should come after him. With Shakspeare, posthumous fame never seemed to be a passion. He rather felt sure of it, than panted after it; he that could so well judge of the present and the past, could easily see what was to come. He took no pains for monument, or epitaph, but simply said to those he left behind him, *spare my bones*. His mental strength seemed to be used as playfully as the physical strength of the Nazarite, who chose to slay the Philistines with a jaw bone of an ass, rather than draw his sword—and Shakspeare preferred to kill his enemies with a gibe, rather than with an argument. Samson's power only crushed his enemies—Shakspeare's gave distinct, and certain immortality to his friends, and all those he chose to consider worth preserving.

Other men share the throes of composition; and even those which are dedicated to Momus, and all the laughter-loving train, have some lines of mental melancholy about them. Not so with Shakspeare. Yet to suppose that those productions were not of profound thought, would, indeed, be idle. He meditated, not only

at noon, in the field, but in the dark watches of the night. He read nature, from season to season, and man in every hour of his existence; but there was about his doing this, the mild complacency of a superior being, not the swollen muscle, and bursting veins of the gladiator; nor was it ever known that he rolled his eye in frenzy, although he glanced from heaven to earth, and answered his own description of a poet, as to the mental part of it.

> " And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation, and a name."

This was all done by Shakspeare, without effort; or at least without the appearance of it. The ancients made Apollo calm and composed in all his deeds; no agitation ever was seen in the actions of the far-darting Apollo. So of Shakspeare; he never foamed, or was cast to the earth; or wildly gazed on the heavens, or threw up ejaculations to superior powers; but he went on in his own pathway, as though he was only the humble, but true minister of Deity, proclaiming just thoughts, and wholesome precepts to man. He was fed by no ravens, nor asked, or expected a car of fire.

A well regulated stage may be likened to a Camera Lucida, in which one desirous of taking minute resemblances of man, in every form of his character, may be indulged. Shakspeare saw that the stage, which should "hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature," did not, in ignorant hands, give precise images of things, and he set about reforming this altogether;

and no man was better formed for the task. A thousand might have been found to have ravaged nations, and swept over empires, in all the greatness of the conqueror, to one who could have reformed the stage; or rather human nature exhibited by the stage.

Shakspeare, in the thirty-five plays proved to have been from his pen, has exhibited the mind of man in all its phases. His propensities, his habits, his practices, his reasoning, false and philosophical, were all exhibited by him, in truth and power. His virtues, his weaknesses, his eccentricities, even his idiosyncrasies, were all known to this great anatomist of the human mind; his hopes, his passions, his frivolities, were all laid bare to him. Tthese plays, which seemed, perhaps, in the age in which he lived, only written to amuse the populace of a city, contained the analysis of the human mind, and the history of the passions. For instance, if he would give ambition, look at his Richard III, when the passion is up, the means patiently pursued, and every principle sacrificed to the end. Hypocrisy, cunning, flattery, and diabolical energy, all are used for his purposes. In all this, all is natural in its way—the monarch croaks morality, and utters "wise saws," while he plots destruction, and strikes the dagger; but he does not hide his deformity, even from the mother who bare him. She sees all his moral baseness; and speaks it in words wrung from her breaking heart.

"Techy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy schooldays frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody."

His lady Macbeth is even a finer delineation of character, as it regards reckless ambition. She was bold in her means, as well as anxious for results. She had firmness of purpose, as well as insatiable passion for power. She put heaven and hell at defiance, and drove onward to expected enjoyment and distinction. She spoke in all the boldness of her nature:—

> "The raven himself is hoarse,
> That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
> Under my battlements. Come, come you spirits
> That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
> And fill me from the crown to the toe, top-full
> Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
> Stop the access and passage to remorse!
> That no compunctious visitings of nature
> Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace between
> The effect and it."

Notwithstanding she braced herself with all this fiend-like energy, yet, he made her true to nature; for though she had plucked from her soul all remorse, while she could concentrate her powers, no sooner than she slept, her dreams and somnambulism spoke all the horrors of her soul. Shakspeare developed this truth in Richard and Clarence—neither of whom shrunk from perjury or murder while awake and masters of themselves, but when the soul was naked and in the lonely watches of the night, were very babies in fortitude. A quiet conscience rarely sees a frightful object in the repose of nature; it has none of the night-mare agonies of villany. Angels smooth the pillows of the virtuous, and bring visions of delight to the benevolent and the good. If we sleep each passing

night so much better for doing well, who would not wish to lie down in the long sleep of the grave, with all quiet about his heart ?

Macbeth was of a more delicate fibre ; he felt and shrunk from his deeds of blood ; he had some touches of nature in him ; he saw daggers, and heard warning voices, and said aloud,

> " I'll go no more ;
> I am afraid to think what I have done ;
> Look on't again I dare not."

She, braced by ambition to the use of reckless means to bring about ends, tauntingly replies,

> " Infirm of purpose !
> Give me the daggers ; the sleeping, and the dead,
> Are but as pictures ; 'tis the eye of childhood
> That fears a painted devil."

Shakspeare never suffers the shades of character to run unnaturally into each other ; for the usurper of the crown of Denmark did as foul a deed for power as Lady Macbeth and her husband ; but though as treacherous and more vile, for it was a brother's blood he shed, yet he had no energy of character. He exhibited remorse of conscience, and yet could not refrain from adding to his crime in seeking safety in the death of others.

Shakspeare has been as successful in describing love, as ambition. He has shown it in all its varieties, from the sickly flame that glimmers in the breasts of those whom interests unite, to the simplicity, warmth, and

truth of the cottager; from the impassioned Queen of Egypt to the melting Juliet, and the sweet violet Miranda. He knew all the springs of the human heart, and could describe their ebb and flow.

How admirably has he depicted "Avarice with his blade and beam," in Shylock; and yet how weak is that avarice when it walks hand in hand with revenge.

Pride is as well delineated in Coriolanus. Not only has he made this character true to history, but he has given the mighty patrician new thoughts of aristocratic consequence.

> "His nature is too noble for the world:
> He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
> Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's
> his mouth:
> What his breast forges that his tongue must vent;
> And, being angry, does forget that ever
> He heard the name of death."

The inferior and superhuman beings the great poet creates, are admirable productions. His Caliban is a monster of malignity and ignorance; a being to *whose nature nurture would not stick.* He has many resemblances in crowded cities, in manners and in mind; but these are not dressed with the skins of wild beasts nor confined to a desolate island, but they cannot name the greater or lesser lights better than he. It would take more than Prospero's wand to exile them all to the wilds of nature.

The delicate Ariel was a lovely creature of the imagination; probably, a personification of the imagination itself, which is first a slave to ignorance, obliged

to bear the *earthly* and *abhorred commands* of capricious malignity; but when enlarged from confinement by the wand of science, is ready to answer the *best pleasure* of its master,

> "Be it to fly,
> To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
> On the curl'd clouds."

There are Calibans in the field of literature, who would curse all science and taste, and violate the offspring of refinement and genius, if they had power; but we trust in heaven that the *Tempest is up* in the intellectual world—that *the spell* is in operation which will be kept alive by *study*, and *science*, and *letters*, until the wishes of the good are accomplished, and the conspiracies of the base defeated.

We might go on until the seasons changed with these discussions, for I question whether you can name a passion or a trait of character in the whole history of man, developed by the metaphysician, or illustrated by poetry, of which Shakspeare does not furnish some excellent specimen. His coarse wit, now so offensive to some, was in his day pungent satire. This we may infer distinctly from what we now understand of it; for instance, the satire from the mouth of the grave-digger in Hamlet, upon the bar and bench, and the laws, as administered in that day, is admirable. The character of Holofernes, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, is full of sarcasm upon the literati of his time, for attempting to destroy the English language by Latinizing it. Many of the saws he suffers to drop from the mouth, of his fools, are so formed under the motley guise he gives

them, as to cut deep upon the frivolities and vices of the age.

If Shakspeare was the poet of nature, as he is always called, why should we not judge him as we do nature? When we look abroad on nature, to contemplate the vast oceans, the extended continents, the beautiful lakes, the lovely rivers, the flowers and fruits of every clime, and *the cattle upon a thousand hills*, or throwing our eyes to the starry heavens, the stupendous work of circling planets and rising and setting constellations—does not this fill us with delight and wonder? Who would not pity the dissatisfied inhabitant of this earth, if instead of looking thus upon the works of Providence, he should dwell upon the *sterile promontory*, the *sandy desert*, the *bogs* and *fens* full of miasma, and point out the slimy snake and open-mouthed crocodile, as atheistical proof that the world was made amiss? If we were wise enough to understand them, all these apparent evils were made for benefits. We should at least carry such a disposition with us when we go out to examine any thing that does good to society. In fine, we will leave to professed critics to quarrel with Shakspeare for his contempt of unities; to gravity of face to look awry at his quibbles and his puns, and to simulated modesty to utter a scream of abhorrence at his freedom of thought and expression, while we will read his works, grow enamoured with his intellectual glories, and imprint upon our memories the immortal delineations of his pen. What Milton praised, Warburton admired, and Johnson spent his days and nights in commenting upon, and millions of the wise devour each succeeding day, will last while our language is spoken, or time exists.

Francis Bacon was contemporary with Shakspeare. He was born in 1561, and was attorney general when the great poet died; but probably from their different walks in life, they could not have shed much light upon each other. Bacon did more for learning than any of his predecessors had done for ages. He may be said to have changed the order of reasoning among his countrymen, and after a while over much of Europe. He broke up the ponderous machinery of getting at truth, then known in the schools, and which was full of subtle errors, and taught men by induction to fix principles, from first ascertaining facts. He wrote upon history, upon *the advancement of learning*, upon law, and in fact upon almost all matters relating to the cultivation of the mind. He cleared away the rubbish of monastic lore, and gave a new analysis to the powers of the human mind, separating the understanding from memory, and the imagination from both. He made a plain chart of human knowledge,—that which was *known*, and that which was to be *acquired*,—and showed the capacities of men to obtain it, and gave directions for its use when obtained. He pointed out its effects upon the individual and the great mass of society. He fathomed the wisdom of the ancients, gave new meanings to their mythology, and turned apparent deformities to beauties, and seeming extravagances to delicate illustrations. In a word, Bacon was the greatest reformer the world ever knew. Part of his works had an extensive circulation, being either written in Latin or translated into that language. The English language, in his day, was more confined than most others, not being the vernacular of more than five millions of people to the utmost. Now it is the lan-

guage of more than fifty millions, and in the course of three centuries it will be the language of more than one-third of the human race. What new glories await Shakspeare and Bacon!

This great philosopher and benefactor of mankind suffered from the meanness and vacillation of a weak and pedantic king, and from the slanders of an after age in the flippancy of a poetical illustration; but modern inquiry and a better sense of justice have reversed the sentence he has suffered under, and pronounce him not only to have been honest, but a great blessing to the world. He was early wise for usefulness, and his intellect grew brighter and brighter until the lamp of life was extinguished. He bequeathed his memory to posterity, and with all future ages he is sure to have justice done him.

Robert Burton, a distinguished writer of that age, was born 1576, and died 1630. His great work was called by him "Anatomy of Melancholy." It is a composition of great originality; wild, eccentric, and yet philosophical and full of genius. The Anatomy of Melancholy has been reprinted in this country, and is now much read, and it amply repays the modern reader for his pains. It is refreshing, once in a while, to get hold of an original thinker. It seems to sow the mind with seeds of thought, which spring up when we are not conscious of it, and assists us to fill up the measure of every crop we produce. It is the custom of every good husbandman to sow clover on fallow lands to be ploughed in, to increase the fertility of the soil; it should be so with men in preparing the mind for its best efforts. Things entirely foreign to what is intended to be cultivated, should often fertilize us—for after all

our boast of genius, there cannot be much expected, unless we plough deep, cross-cut, and heap and mellow the sward to catch the nitrous particles which evolve the fertilizing gases, and even then we must pray for prosperous seasons to gain a rich harvest, and even these may come without good markets.

I must necessarily leave a number of the much distinguished dramatic poets—Jonson, Marlow, and others—and hasten to say a word of Milton. The puritans had not had many poets before Milton arose, and it was said that their austerity was unfriendly to the loftier efforts of the muse. It was thought that they would not use the tasteful fictions of the classic ages; that they would not cull an evergreen from Mount Ida, or drink of the waters welling from Helicon; but it happened in this that the world were mistaken. The *bard of immortality* had tried his hand at minor poems, and had surpassed all his predecessors in the English language. The smaller works of Shakspeare bear no comparison, in point of dignity, ease, and elegance, to Milton's. He was master of antiquity, and showed at every flourish of his pen how much he venerated the bards of other times. He coursed over nature, and selected her choicest beauties, as one inspired by Flora herself. With a playful hand, under the guidance of a chastened taste, he rifled Attica, the groves of Numa, and even the gardens of Armida, to make up his basket of flowers. He threw his treasures on the winds, with a careless hand, or distilled their essences to perfume the breezes. He was free from cant and bigotry; and you may search in vain for any narrowness of creeds or mystical fanaticism about Milton. Never lived there a man who used

more direct means to come to honest ends, as he thought them, than John Milton.

Letters were his profession. His father was a man of information, and early seeing his genius, educated him for a scholar. For this purpose he travelled into Italy when about thirty years of age, and was received as one who had surpassed all his countrymen, in his talents and acquirements, and they were then the best judges, being themselves in advance of all Europe in the arts, sciences, and literature.

Milton on his return to his country was involved in controversy, both political and religious; but in the midst of his labors, however uncongenial to the muse, he constantly felt the workings of an exalted genius, and now and then intimates, yea, almost promises, something for the use and honor of his country. "This," says Milton, "is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to the Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly and generous acts and affairs, till which in some measure be compact, I refuse not to sustain this expectation."

This noble intention was for a while retarded by his dipping deeply into politics. Party spirit, not only retards, but often destroys the love of letters, and the determination of their votaries, and not unfrequently *cuts up, root and branch*, every fondness for them, and leaves the mind in apathy for philosophy of any kind, while it whettens the appetite for the thorny honors of political life.

Milton was made Latin secretary to the council of state, which was to supply the office of Royalty.

In 1652, Milton had lost his eyesight, yet he still clung to polemic and political life, and was a gladiator on the arena until after his friend Oliver Cromwell's death, and the restoration of Charles II, when he gave it up. When the storm had blown over, Milton retired to contemplate his immortal work—"Paradise Lost." Johnson says that "he fixed upon this subject, a design so comprehensive, that it could only be justified by its success." More than this can be said; it was a design so vast, and one which entered so far into eternity, and the destinies of man, connected with a machinery so weighty and awful, that no one who was not armed with the panoply of that deep religious feeling that is ready to venture on martyrdom, and felt the possession of a genius that gained strength by every obstacle, would have ventured upon. To any other man it would have been not only a failure, but his destruction. If he had not been prepared by faith to pass the burning ploughshare, the attempt would have been considered as allied to blasphemy. But Milton scaled the battlements of Heaven by privilege, a d was allowed to take with him all his human knowledge. In this poem is to be found all the learning of the ancients, strained and purified for the occasion. The seraphim he mentions seems to have touched the heathen Apollo, and to have changed his lyre to a burning harp of eternal praise; and the god of taste and wisdom to a ministering angel of revelation.

FROM THE MASK OF COMUS.

The Lady enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet oh, where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the grey hooded even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labor of my thought; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far,
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me; else, O thievish night,
Why wouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,

That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife and perfect in my list'ning ear;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,-
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
O welcome pure-ey'd faith, white-handed hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemished form of chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honor unassail'd.
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err; there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture; for my new enliven'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of Parley, daughter of the sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:

Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is address'd to unattending ears;
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Comus. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you [thus?

Lady. Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.

Comus. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lady. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.

Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Comus. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Comus. Imports their loss, besides the present need?

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.
Comus. Two such I saw, what time the labor'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood;
I took it for a faëry vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And as I pass'd I worship'd; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them.
Lady. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to the place?
Comus. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.
Lady. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would over-task the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well practis'd feet.
Comus. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighborhood;
And if your stray-attendants be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatched pallet rouse; if otherwise
I can conduct you, lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended: in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.

CHAPTER III.

The contemporaries of Milton and his successors lived, indeed, *in evil times* for literature. Sir William Davenant received from Milton countenance and protection, when Cromwell's party was in power, and was most nobly repaid by Davenant when Charles II. came to the throne. Davenant was the admirer of Shakspeare, and acquainted with the bard of Avon, though only eleven years of age when he died. Davenant was one of those men who to live was obliged to submit to public feeling and taste; and to cater for it against the best dictates of his own judgment. Davenant was a man of versatile talents, and served his country, or rather his party, in divers capacities, as dramatist, diplomatist, and military chieftain: for his military services he was knighted. There are many fine sentiments in his works, which will be long remembered. The taste of the times made him degrade his

genius, and give up to the hour what was meant for future generations.

To these succeeded Cowley: he was born in 1618. It was Spenser's works that made him a poet, or rather which developed his talents for poetry. Cowley was precocious as a poet, having made some respectable verses at the age of fifteen. He was noticed by the leading politicians of that day; and was employed as secretary of Lord St. Albans, who was his kind patron for many years of his life. Cowley was learned and tasteful. His measure is accurate, and his rhyme easy and sweet. He was the most mellifluous of all the tuneful throng. He had something of the restlessness of the poet about him, and sighed for retirement and the charms of literary ease. This is a common feeling; the sensitive mind, wounded by real or imaginary neglects and insults, longs for seclusion, and seems to dread the company of his fellow-beings; but deprive him of society for a few weeks, and he would make any sacrifices to get back to the world, bad as it is. Cowley wished to find quiet in the wilds of America;—he might have found the greatest wilderness in a thronged city. In the thick forest man assimilates to every thing around him; in a city only to what he pleases. The longings of a poet are as capricious as the winds of April: his words are not be taken precisely as set down.

Dryden is a name far more familiar to us than any other of that age. He was born in 1631. He lived in a political and turbulent age, and naturally irritable, he partook of all the frailties of party spirit. He was a well educated man, having received his elementary information under that excellent, stern old pedagogue,

Master Busby, who believed most religiously in the virtues of a rod for lazy boys, and who brought up some of the finest scholars of his day.

Dryden was laureate and historiographer to Charles II, and pushed on his course with a variety of fortunes, with tolerable success, until the revolution of 1688, when his politics were out of fashion.

The satire of Dryden is often biting and powerful. He was most able, in general, when galled and injured. His muse was a party engine, and he seldom thought of quiet or literary fame, any farther than it could annoy his enemies. Still Dryden had a vigorous mind, and shot his arrows with a manly bow.

There are passages in the works of Dryden that will be quoted for ages, but as a whole it must be confessed that he is not now so much read, as he was by those who preceded us, and for good reasons. He wrought up events, political events, and party circumstances, into sarcastic wit and cutting irony, that sunk deeply then; but which circumstances and events are out of date now. So it must always happen to those who build their fame on local or transitory matters. It is the poet of nature alone who can survive the change of manners and the oblivion of passing occurrences. Juvenal is read, it is true, even now, and will long be a stock author, because his denunciations were against vices and the wicked, in general views, rather than against individuals who were soon forgotten. Avarice is a vice that is in nature, and will never be eradicated; but an avaricious man is soon forgotten. His heirs have no wish to have him in remembrance, and those whom he wronged cease to curse him when he is in his grave. Johnson has run a parallel between Dryden and Pope,

in which there can be no doubt that he has given the palm of genius to Dryden ; but the critics of a later age have reversed the decision, or at least greatly modified it.

The finest specimen of Dryden's poetical talents is his ode on St. Cecilia's day. It is a most splendid composition. It is full of the inspiration of the muse, and shows a mastery over every measure of verse.

St. Cecilia's day was kept the 22d of November, and was celebrated from 1683 until 1744 ; and the odes on this anniversary called forth the talents of the first geniuses of all that period. It is not a little remarkable, that while this fair saint was considered as the inventress of sacred music, that most of the odes written for the occasion celebrated rather the ancient flute or lyre, than the instruments devoted to sacred music.

This lovely saint was not much known until the year 1599, when Pope Clement VIII, found the body of St. Cecilia with other relics in Rome, which had been slumbering for thirteen hundred years.

St. Cecilia was a noble Roman lady, who, in the early age of Christianity, suffered martyrdom. She was said to have excelled in divine music, and to have attracted an angel from heaven by the charms of her voice. The heavenly visitant attended her through her days of prosperity, and did not leave her when she was made to suffer. Some of the Italian painters, after the finding of her body, listened to all the legends then afloat in Rome about her, and it gave them another subject for their pencils. She is drawn with her attendant angel protecting and cheering her when in boiling cauldrons and suffocating baths; and sometimes he is seen plucking burning arrows from her vestal bosom,

that had been shot from the bows of the savage persecutor.

It is somewhat singular to observe that this ode, which ranks among the best ever sung on this or any other occasion, should celebrate the birth of demi-gods, the virtues of Bacchus, the force of pity, the power of love, and the fury of revenge, and not have one line on the religion St. Cecilia lived to practise, and died to glorify, and only a hasty intimation of her sacred power.

"At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

Pope's ode, which has been considered far inferior to Dryden's, is more religious, and if not so great in poetical power, is much superior in devotion, and more direct to the subject; but even he spends most of his powers on Orpheus and his lyre, but at last celebrates the divine vocalist and organist in true poesy.

"Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:

Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal powers incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes, our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
And angels lean from Heaven to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell;
To bright Cecilia greater powers are given:
His numbers rais'd a shade from Hell,
Her's lift the soul to Heav'n."

Whoever would see a curious account of these odes must look at Malone's life of Dryden. He traced them through many years.

If ever man had an evil genius to attend him, that man was John Dryden. Little and Shadwell disputed with him the prize of poetical merit, and no small part of the community were on their side. It is one of the miseries of the truly great, to find their inferiors put up as their equals, and sometimes as their superiors. It is but little satisfaction to some minds to think posterity will do them justice. No man will appeal to posterity that can get justice done in his own time.

Others, besides poets, in this age, added to the stock of general information, and no one more than Sir Christopher Wren. He was born in 1632, and was so distinguished in early life as to be made professor of astronomy when only twenty-four years of age. He was skilled in the higher branches of mathematics, and applied himself to astronomical calculations with

such assiduity that before he had reached the thirtieth year of his age, he was one of the first three astronomers in the world. He unfolded the wonders of the planetary motions, and gave laws to distant spheres. His inventions were numerous. He no sooner saw the wants of the astronomer in getting to high results, than he set about to think in what manner he could remedy them. He made the difficult easy; the abstruse, plain; and amended every thing he touched. He not only saw the God in the heavens, and adored him in the vast and boundless realms of space as he journeyed onward from system to system through the universe; but he descended from the Empyrean, and gave the models for houses of religious worship to his fellow-men. Almost all the fine edifices in England, now dedicated to the worship of the Christian religion, were of his designing; and most of our houses of God were modeled from some plain drafts of his. If such a man is not so often before us as those who gave us sentiment to treasure up and repeat, yet his labors are of equal value to society. If it can be said that every one can repeat some of the lines of the great poets, and their thoughts are incorporated with all we think and do, it may be also said that no one has the conveniences of a dwelling house, or the privileges of a seat in church to worship his Maker, without being indebted to such men as Sir Christopher Wren.

Matthew Prior, is a name familiar to all the reading community. He passed through a variety of fortune—honored as a scholar, and respected for his business talents. He was a poet of easy verse, not wanting in grace and sweetness; and was also respectable for power. His prose too assisted in directing the taste of the times.

He was born in 1664, and must have known Dryden before his calamities came upon him, or not long after. Prior, when a minister at the Hague, and in all his public functions, held to his letters and fellowship, and those things that would serve him when public honors might pass away.

De Foe was only a year older than Prior. He was a man of talents. He wrote on a variety of subjects, and on many of them with great success; but his most popular work was that which we have all of us read an hundred times, by the winter fireside—his Robinson Crusoe. It is, or perhaps rather was, the *child's own book.* His man Friday is a particular friend to all of us; and we can see the goats crop the tendrils of the vine round his cabin, and bound over the hills. To such works are we more indebted than we are aware of, for forming our taste in our own language. The style of Robinson Crusoe is familiar, easy, chaste, and attractive. The words are well chosen, and the construction of the sentences elegant, without any display of learning. The child who reads this work is learning to speak and write his mother tongue, without thinking he has a lesson before him, and the mind thus improved, retains all that it gains. De Foe was a man of great versatility of talents; he was not only a politician and poet, but a negociator, trader, and manufacturer, but great as a political economist. He was instrumental in bringing about a union between England and Scotland; and it is said his services were well rewarded.

Although some of those we have named lived into the reign of Anne, and were protected and honored by her, yet they are generally classed with those who flou-

rished before her time; as Young, Addison, Pope, Swift, Parnell, and Arbuthnot, and others, grew more immediately in her time, and were so conspicuous, that their names seem as it were to push out all others.

Among the number of elegant and classical writers of this period, Addison was pre-eminent. He was born in 1672, and of course was in the full vigor of manhood and at the height of his literary fame, when Anne was in her glory. He wrote poetry with great ease and taste, but his prose was vastly superior to his poetry. His friend Sir Richard Steele, a man of extensive acquirements and classical taste, a great director of the current literature of the day, began his periodical work called the Tattler, on the 22d of April, 1709. This work was carried on for some time with great spirit, and Addison was a writer in it. When this went down, Addison and Steele got up the *Spectator*. This was a work of great merit, and attracted the attention of an enlightened community. This work did more to fix public taste, than perhaps any other ever published. The writers were of the first order, and they handled their subjects with playfulness, irony, and that smooth and elegant courtesy that attracted the attention of all classes, and which were understood by most readers. The plan was not original; the Italians had anticipated the English in this species of writing. Casca's book of manners, was said to have been the model of the English wits and critics. It is, however, of no consequence who originated this mode of doing good, it was never more successful than in the hands of Addison, and his coadjutors. An hundred and twenty years have elapsed since the Spectator first appeared, and where do you

find more pure English, more delicate, fine writing, a better mirror of manners at the present day, than in the Spectator? I grant you that there is more energy, passion, dictation, assertion, and positiveness in some of our modern standards, than in the works of Addison and Steele, but I would rather turn to this work for models in writing, than to an hundred of them. Although the doctrine of professed reviewing was not then thoroughly known, yet give me the direct, honest, enlightened criticism upon Milton, to an hundred modern reviews, where the sage commentator is only acquainted with perhaps the first half page of the work he praises or condemns. What a host of descendants have these works of Addison and Steele produced! Some that are doing good, and others that are doing no good at all.

The world of taste and imagination was not alone improved, the exact sciences come in for their share of genius. Sir Isaac Newton, who was born in 1642, and died in 1727, lived among the illustrious men whose deeds we have mentioned. He enlarged the bounds then prescribed to science; taught new principles, examined old ones, and either established or destroyed them as they bore the test he submitted them to. His pure spirit seemed privileged to commune with the skies. He believed in a Creator, and his providence, and was rewarded above other men for the sincerity of his devotion, in the plenitude of the revelation vouchsafed him. Such men give to the thinking world new matter for thought, study, and experiment; they are superior spirits on errands of knowledge for the service of mankind.

"Who can number up his labors? Who
His high discoveries sing? when but a few
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew: * * * *
* * * * * *

What wonder thence that his devotion swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge! For could he,
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
The finish'd university of things,
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear incessant to adore that Power
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole?"

Pope was eighteen years younger than Addison. He was born in 1688, and as he was an author almost from his cradle, he must have been early acquainted with the works of his illustrious predecessor, Addison. His education was miscellaneous and extensive, but not minute, nor very accurate. He "never rose by benefice or trade," but was solely a poet from the beginning of his life to the end. Dryden was his model. The youthful poet read the works of his prototype with great enthusiasm; and it is said that he had the satisfaction of seeing Dryden at the coffee-house, in his old age, but probably from the disparity of their years, no intercourse was ever had between them. Pope began to write with great taste very early in life. His Essay on Criticism, written when only twenty-one years of age, is a most wonderful performance. The Messiah appeared in the Spectator in 1712, when he was only twenty-four. Previous to this he had published that inimitable mock heroic poem, "*The Rape of the Lock.*" It is playful, satirical, and elegant. His

Eloisa has more feeling in it than all he ever wrote before.

In 1720, he published the Iliad. Warton has been attacked for calling this the "highest effort of the poet," but I am at a loss to discover on what grounds he has been assailed for this opinion; for perhaps there have been some who wrote original compositions, if not like, yet with as much mind as Pope, but no one, except Sir William Jones, has ever made such admirable translations. Critics say that it is not literally Homer; but there is scarcely a fine passage in that great work of elegance and beauty that has not given you the sense of Homer in most beautiful English. This will be read as long as Homer is known.

Shortly after these numerous publications, he grew proud and restive under the criticisms that either the ignorant or envious had made upon his works. He then rose in his wrath to form a Dunciad, to put all these knaves and fools in at once. This was a fearful labor, and broke at once a hornet's nest about his ears. If all his satire had been just, and in accordance with public feeling, it would have been dangerous enough in all conscience; but Pope, taking every one to be knave or dunce who did not believe in his Apollo-ship, unfortunately got into his work names of distinction, such as Bently and others; and he sometimes, with a childish inconstancy, changed his censures. Theobald was the first hero of the Dunciad, and Cibber was the last, the former having been dethroned to make way for the latter. There was no sympathy for the gnats and flies the satirist killed or wounded; but they would rail on, and what was worse, lie most lustily. He must have strong nerves and a reckless valor who makes up his

mind to say what he pleases of every knave and dunce he finds in the world; and he must be still more fortified, who gives these epithets to men of character and spirit. A satirist is generally a man who has suffered and seeks revenge, or one rankling from defect, real or imaginary, of mind or person. It does not require half the talents that is generally supposed, to make a good satire. Virtues are not so prominent as vice, nor beauties so readily seen as defects. The satirist seizes on these vices or defects, and makes them ridiculous or detestable, as he wishes. How many fine looking kings have died, for the beauty of whose persons we have never stopped to inquire, while all the deformities of Richard III. are noted and remembered. But whatever may have been the defects of temper in Pope, or however unjust he may have been in particular instances, in assailing great and good men, who had perhaps accidentally offended him, still his works will hold their place in English literature. There is ease, succinctness, sweetness, and felicity of expression, in all his works. The ear is satisfied—yea, more, gratified—by his verse. When we are not convinced that he is exactly right in sentiment, we cannot but admire the power and beauty he evinces in putting forth his thoughts. With his little quarrels we have nothing to do at this time, and there is nothing to make us wish to keep them alive. The defects of those departed should be remembered no further than they can do some good to the living, or to those who are to come after us. The world is indebted to Pope for a great mass of English literature, such as furnishes the mind with subjects of thought, and at the same time leaves on the tablets of the memory, as the Arabians did on the walls

of their temples, stanzas of truth and taste, written in bright and lasting letters.

Young was seven years senior to Pope, but he did not begin to publish till some years after Pope's writings were generally known. He was bred to the civil law, but never practised his profession, and finding himself supported in his love of letters by the patrons of that day, he gave up that profession, and when near fifty years of age took orders in the church. His Last Day, which is a splendid poem, was written before he changed his profession. His satires followed. They are elegant and spirited compositions. In his Universal Passion, he laughs most heartily at vice and folly; but after several years, when domestic calamities sunk deeply into his heart, he changed his mode of addressing mankind. It often happens in life that we find those who are the most buoyant, joyous, and laughter-loving at times, at other moments are the most distressed and wretched. The Night Thoughts were published in 1742, and soon became popular. They are congenial to the mind in misfortune, and they breathe such a strain of piety and hope, that they seem to ease the heart of its sorrows, by probing it most thoroughly. This work abounds in passages of most exquisite poetry; as a whole, it is a fine argument in favor of a future state of existence, drawn from philosophy, from nature, and revelation. The perusal of this book has inclined more people to serious thoughts than any other human production I know of. The mother, bereaved of her husband or children, turns to the Night Thoughts, as well as her Bible, for consolation; and the bereaved philosopher is sometimes found examining its pages. If we are called to watch over the corse of some de-

parted friend, before he takes up his abode in the tomb, and is to be seen no more on earth, do we not put the Night Thoughts in our pocket to assist us to chase away the shadows of darkness, and to open up a vista to other worlds ?

Young was not forever weeping over departed kindred, for in his old age he was found writing one of the most lively works in the English language. In fact he produced two of this character. "The Centaur not fabulous," and "Conjectures on Original Compositions." The latter of these works was written when the author was turned of eighty years of age. If his mind at noon-day was gloomy and dark, his setting sun was brilliant and lovely.

There were a cluster of wits, poets, and fine writers, at the commencement of the eighteenth century. Thomas Parnell,the author of that beautiful vindication of the inscrutable ways of providence, the Hermit. He truly was a sweet poet. Dr. Arbuthnot, the friend of Pope and physician to Queen Anne, was a man of taste and learning. He wrote upon weights and measures, a very difficult subject, and also upon coins, a very curious one; besides several excellent works in his profession were from his pen.

Gay was of the same age of Pope; born the same year. He wrote poetry with simplicity and elegance, and showed as much as any poet of his time a good taste for the beauties of his mother tongue. His fables are in the hands of all our children, and are full of moral instruction for all ages.

Of Swift it is difficult to speak. His genius was not inferior to any of the great men of his time. His learning was extensive. His language was pure, sim-

ple, and tasteful, but it sometimes covered thoughts that had better never have been expressed.

Bolingbroke was among the most elegant prose writers of that period. He wrote with a lofty spirit, and would be more known than he is, if he had not left a tinge of infidelity in his works.

Sir William Temple, who died in 1700, left several works that should be read for correctness and elegance.

The English language has changed but little since the time of these distinguished men. They have been standards for the last century. They are quoted by all the compilers of dictionaries, as authority, and will hold their weight and respectability forever. The additions that have been made to the English language have effected no change with them. There is hardly a word used at the period we are now speaking of, by these learned men, that has grown obsolete.

Dr. Watts is a name dear to every pious mind in this country, and should not be forgotten in our hasty sketches of those who have added to or purified the currents of English literature. Watts was a man of genius and learning. He wrote books for colleges and for mature minds, and would have been distinguished in any of the higher branches of science, had he confined himself to them; and the specimens he has given us of his powers in lyric poetry, prove that if he had devoted much attention to it, he would certainly have excelled; but a sense of duty led him to write for the improvement of his flock, of all ages, rather than for fame. He sung the lullaby for infancy, and poured wholesome truths into the humble minds of those "*proud science never taught to stray.*" In prose and

verse, he labored to enlighten the ignorant and warm the cold. His psalms and hymns, if not of the first grade of poetry, are full of the oil of sanctity. Such men, if they do not burn with a fierce and dazzling flame to astound their contemporaries, or to excite the admiration of after ages, yet they shed a mild and lasting light of hope and life on those about them, and on those who follow them. They

"Allure to brighter worlds and lead the way."

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

Why should our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's silken chain
  A plague of iron prove?
Bendysh, 'tis strange the charm that binds
Millions of hands, should leave their minds
  At such a loose from love.

In vain I sought the wond'rous cause,
Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,
  And urg'd the schools in vain;
Then deep in thought, within my breast
My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd
  A bright instructive scene.

O'er the broad lands, and cross the tide,
On fancy's airy horse I ride,
  (Sweet rapture of my mind!)
Till on the banks of Ganges' flood,
In a tall ancient grove I stood,
  For sacred use design'd.

Hard by, a venerable priest,
Risen with his god, the sun, from rest,
  Awoke his morning song;
Thrice he conjur'd the murmuring stream;
The birth of souls was all his theme;
  And half-divine his tongue.

"He sang th' eternal rolling flame,
"The vital mass, that, still the same,
  "Does all our minds compose:
"But shaped in twice ten thousand frames:
"Thence differing souls of differing names,
  "And jarring tempers, rose.

"The mighty power that form'd the mind
"One mould for every two design'd,
  "And bless'd the new-born pair:
"This be a match for this (he said)
"Then down he sent the souls he made,
  "To seek them bodies here:

"But parting from their warm abode
"They lost their fellows on the road,
  "And never join'd their hands.
"Ah cruel chance, and crossing fates!
"Our eastern souls have dropp'd their mates
  "On Europe's barb'rous lands.

"Happy the youth that finds his bride
"Whose birth is to his own ally'd,
  "The sweetest joy of life:
"But oh the crowds of wretched souls
"Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
  "And chain'd t' eternal strife!"

Thus sang the wondrous Indian bard;
My soul with vast attention heard,
While Ganges ceas'd to flow:
"Sure then (I cried) might I but see
"That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
"I may be happy too.

"Some courteous angel tell me where,
"What distant lands this unknown fair,
"Or distant seas detain?
"Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
"I'd fly, to meet, and mingle souls,
"And wear the joyful chain."

CHAPTER IV.

The tone of English literature at this period can be traced in no small degree to a few fashionable writers, among whom Lord Lyttelton and the Earl of Chesterfield shone conspicuous. Through their influence literary pursuits became current in the higher circles of society. Lyttelton was a scholar of most exquisite taste; his writings were all highly polished, but they were more refined than impassioned, more delicate and sentimental than deep and philosophical. still there was much good sense in whatever he wrote. In parliament he was eloquent and honest, and loved to speak his mother tongue. In early life he wandered into the mazes of infidelity, but was not suffered to be entangled there long before the clue was given him to find his way out of darkness to the light. His treatise

on the conversion of St. Paul has done much good in England. It is written in a plain but elegant manner, and served to check the progress of unbelief in the upper circles, and kept those from sneering at religion who had not courage enough to examine the subject. Lord Lyttelton wrote other works of great merit, and such as served as models of composition for the young aspirants for literary fame. His dialogues of the dead are full of wisdom and taste. They have been imitated a thousand times. His Persian Tales have much of oriental sweetness and imagination in them, and gave the reading community in England and this country a taste for those lovely creations of the imagination;—the Arabian, Persian, and other Eastern tales, now so much read in all civilized countries.

The poetry of Lyttelton is smooth, plaintive, polished, and sweet. His monody on his wife is universally admired. There is no rage in his grief. His Muse wept as a mortal, but a consciousness that she was a celestial being shone through her tears, and threw around her an air of pious dignity.

Chesterfield was fifteen years older than Lyttelton, but his literary labors did not commence so soon; politics absorbed his youth, what of it that was not spent in the whirl of fashionable life. He was one of those rare men who raise and direct the spell of fashionablelife, which is soon broken and passes away like " the baseless fabric of a vision." It was in his reign and empire that letters were made fashionable. He wrote with uncommon grace and ease, and every line from his pen punished or annihilated a blockhead, as he chose. He was no less a man of talents than a man of the world. He saw every thing passing with the ken

of a philosopher, and his creed was—*carpe diem*; he enjoyed whatever came in his way without whining at the inevitable evils of life. If some of his principles were lax, as indeed they were, his precepts were always safe as it regarded manners. He saw through men at a glance and judged them correctly. He assisted much to enlighten and polish his countrymen by his letters to his son, but these letters were but a small part of his literary works. He published several numbers in a periodical work called the World, which are admirable, both in respect to style and argument. He lived to old age, and, like the preacher of Israel, saw that all was vanity under the sun. The whole drama of human existence was opened up to his mighty mind, and he plunged deep into all the pleasures that dazzled his imagination, and at length bore testimony that all the illumination was a false glare; for he had been behind the scenes and discovered all the little dirty candles that lighted up the stage. The experience of such a man is worth attending to, as full of lessons of instruction. As a writer, his style should be regarded, as having in it much to admire and imitate.

To Thomson we are indebted for much pure delight and instruction. He was as amiable as it is possible for man to be in this world of evil. He sung the seasons as man has viewed them and enjoyed them ever since they began to roll; yet the reader wondered that he had not felt them and enjoyed them precisely so before. He did not live long enough to give the world the mellow fruits of the autumn of life; those we have were summer productions, grown under genial suns, of beautiful colours, and of excellent flavor. His Castle of Indolence is superior to Ariosto's Grave

of Sleep; its images are more natural, and the partial activity is better than the reign of silence. His *Temple of Liberty* is full of all that is elevated in sentiment and praise-worthy in history. The bright examples cluster upon one another, and the songs of freedom are grouped with true poetical power.

"Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
But in loose joy their time to wear away;
Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay;
Rude nature's state had been our state to-day:
No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
No arts had made us opulent and gay;
With brother-brutes the human race had graz'd;
None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honor'd been, none prais'd.

"Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast
To thirst of glory, and heroic deeds;
Sweet Maro's Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds;
The wits of modern time had told their beads,
And monkish legends been their only strains;
Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds, swains,
Our Shakspeare stroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick
Nor had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's plains.

"Dumb too had been the sage historic Muse,
And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame;
Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
Had all been lost with such as have no name.

Who then had scorn'd his ease for others' good?
Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
Who in the public breach devoted stood,
And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood?

"But should your hearts to fame unfeeling be,
If right I read, you pleasure all require:
Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,
How best enjoy'd this nature's wide desire.
Toil, and be glad! let industry inspire
Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
Who does not act is dead; absorp'd entire
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

"Ah! what avail the largest gifts of heaven
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given?
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,
Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss;
While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day."

Laurence Sterne was an author once much read in this country, as well as in England, and is still relished by many for his wit and sentiment; but it will not be contended that his morals were of a high tone, or that he ever awakened any true piety in the enamoured reader, who generally arose from the banquet that Sterne had spread before him without any consciousness of a mind strengthened or a heart improved.

Modern writers say that some of his best things were pilfered from "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," and strive to lessen his talents, because they disapprove of the moral tendency of his writings. That he had read the eccentric works of Burton there can be no doubt, but the fastidious see resemblance where none exist, and take imitations for plagiarism.

Among the most able, and yet, perhaps, the least read of all the poets of that age, was Akenside. His odes were not highly esteemed by Johnson, but more modern writers have reversed his decision, and placed them high among the best productions of the Muse. Lloyd in his address to Genius, hails him as master of the ode;

"And thou bless'd bard! around whose sacred brow
Great Pindar's delegated wreath is hung,
Arise, and snatch the majesty of song
From dullness' servile tribe, and arts unhallowed
throng."

To the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, the great moralist was more gracious. He thought this work a proof of a vigorous mind, particularly when he considered that its author was only twenty-three years of age when it was written. Akenside's studies as a physician and a philosopher, led him into the fields of metaphysics, and his imagination threw a charm over all that sprung up there. He discussed the powers of the mind in verse as satisfactorily as Reed, Stewart, and Brown have since done in professed treatises upon the subject. In truth, these metaphysicians have drawn many beautiful illustrations from the Pleasures of the Imagination.

"I look'd, and lo! the former scene was chang'd;
For verdant alleys and surrounding trees,
A solitary prospect wide and wild,
Rush'd on my senses. 'Twas an horrid pile
Of hills and many a shaggy forest mix'd,
With many a sable cliff and glittering stream.
Aloft recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,
The brown woods wav'd; while ever trickling springs
Wash'd from the naked roots of oak and pine
The crumbling soil; and still at every fall
Down the steep windings of the channell'd rock,
Remurmuring rush'd the congregated floods
With hoarser inundation; till at last
They reach'd a grassy plain, which from the skirts
Of that high desert spread her verdant lap,
And drank the gushing moisture, where confin'd
In one smooth current, o'er the lilied vale
Clearer than glass it flow'd. Autumnal spoils
Luxuriant spreading to the rays of morn,
Blush'd o'er the cliffs, whose half-encircling mound
As in a sylvan theatre enclos'd
That flowery level. On the river's brink
I spy'd a fair pavilion, which diffus'd
Its floating umbrage 'mid the silver shade
Of osiers. Now the western sun reveal'd
Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,
And pour'd across the shadow of the hills,
On rocks and floods, a yellow stream of light
That cheer'd the solemn scene. My listening powers
Were aw'd, and every thought in silence hung,
And wondering expectation. Then the voice
Of that celestial power, the mystic show
Declaring, thus my deep attention call'd."

Shenstone was a poet, if not of the highest gifts, that will long be read by the lovers of simplicity and nature. There is a vein of sentiment running through his verse that is most attractive to all readers. His biographers say that he was long and painfully under the influences of a hopeless passion. If the muses are propitious to the lover, it is seldom that their highest revelations are vouchsafed to those they are fond to inspire. Those with bleeding hearts are permitted to cull every flower of the garden, but not often invited to drink of the deep waters of the spring. His complaints were others than those of ill-requited love! for he lavished his means of living on the grounds he kept for pleasure, and in improving them, to show his taste, laid the foundation of the disease of which he perished. His seat was near the domains of a brother poet, Lord Lyttelton. The ancient oaks of Hagley over-shadowed the shrubbery and flowers of the Leasowes, and envy sprung up in the breast of Shenstone; and the charming windings in his delightful retreat, with its sweet wilderness of honey-suckles and roses did not hide him from his sharp-eyed creditor.

Envy and duns would sear the leaves of Eden, embitter the waters of the Euphrates, and wither, root and branch, the tree of life, wherever it may grow

JEMMY DAWSON. A BALLAD.

Written about the time of his execution, in 1745.

Come listen to my mournful tale,
　Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh
　Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And then, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint—but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear,
Of gentler blood the damsel came;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favour'd youth astray;
The day the rebel clans appear'd,
O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With faultering voice, she weeping said,
Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart;
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
  And bring relief to Jemmy's woes;
O George, without a pray'r for thee,
  My orisons should never close.

The gracious prince that gave him life,
  Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
  Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

But though he should be dragg'd in scorn
  To yonder ignominious tree;
He shall not want one constant friend
  To share the cruel fates' decree.

O then her mourning-coach was call'd,
  The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
  She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
  The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes,
  With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
  Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
  Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
  Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;

And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd:

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames,
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
Yet, yet, she cry'd, I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can show
The pure and lasting love I bore;
Accept, O Heav'n! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due:
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

The same year with Akenside, 1721, was the birth of Collins—the unfortunate Collins. His life was short. He passed from the frenzy of a poet to the fury of a maniac, and died before he reached his fortieth year. His ode on the Passions will be preserved as long as the

language in which it was written shall exist. It is a fine specimen of taste, and verse, and philosophy, and is, perhaps, the first ode in the whole range of English poetry. It is read in the closet and spoken on the stage; it will never grow dull by repetition, or lose its beauties by comparison. To excel where Dryden, Pope, Akenside, Gray, and many others have been eminently successful, is no small thing,—no common fame. Who envies the bard his muse, when she brings so many sorrows in her train.

TO FEAR.

Thou, to whom the world unknown,
With all its shadowy shapes, is shown;
Who see'st, appall'd, th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
  Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
  I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step; thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start; like thee disorder'd fly.
For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm;
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And those, the fiends, who, near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds, and wrecks preside;
Whilst Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:

On whom that ravening brood of Fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait:
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee?
* * *

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last!
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or, in some hollow'd seat
'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seamen's cries, in tempests brought?
Dark power, with shuddering, meek submitted thought,
Be mine, to read the visions old
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true:
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve, abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave;
And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou, whose spirit most possest
The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke;
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

The fame of Gray was established by his "Progress of Poesy," and other odes, but it was increased and extended by his "Elegy in a Country Church-Yard." This poem has been a favorite with all classes of readers,—with the learned, and the unlearned. The objects described are touched with a master's hand; they are such as are familiar to every one who has reflected at all on such subjects. The reader finds a faint image in his own mind of all Gray put into his elegy, and perceiving all these slight outlines brought out and coloured up by the delicate hand of such a muse as Gray's, he gazes on every part of the wonderful production with great pleasure. From the connected harmony and keeping there is in this production, one would readily suppose that it was struck off at a few happy musings, or fits of inspiration, but it was not so written,—it was seven years under the poet's hands; from the introductory to the closing line. He who writes for perpetuity must not write in haste.

"The gods sell every thing to industry."

TO ADVERSITY.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' wo.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse; and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe:
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,

With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh goddess! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

This period of the Church of England, which had struggled with many difficulties for a century, and longer, had now become chastened, and moderate, and abounded in ornaments of learning and virtue; and she was united with the professed literati in the diffusion of letters and science.

The bar now assumed a new character, and black-letter lawyers had some respect for refinement and polite literature.

The house of commons had been changing its character ever since the revolution of 1688. The compact made with William of Orange, was one that enlarged the powers of parliament, particularly the house of commons, and gave it a character and dignity that was unknown to it before. The house of commons now became the best field for the growth of intellectual powers, and also for the display of them. The views of the commons expanded with their rights and duties. The capacity for public speaking became a passport to political distinction, and opened an avenue to the ambitious for place and power. The mas-

ter spirits of that age flocked to the bar, and tne house of commons, not without a few complaints and regrets of those left in the charming wanderings of general literature. It was natural for those who had no wish to become statesmen, to think that all who went to the courts of law, or into parliament, were lost to letters. Pope, speaking of this desertion of some of the gifted members of his literary circle, who had left it for Westminster Hall, says:

> "There truant Windham every muse gave o'er,
> There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more:
> How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast,
> How many Martials were in Pultney lost!"

Other mighty names were found at the bar, or the bench, and in parliament. The peers, unwilling to be outdone, became well acquainted with the forms of business, and all classes of society took a new impetus. Eloquence was now cultivated as power. The elder Pitt is said to have begun a new era of eloquence in the house of commons; but one man, though he may give a name to an era, cannot make one. There were others about him of powerful minds, and with great powers of eloquence. The eloquence of Pitt was the most popular that had ever been heard within the walls of Parliament. In him, there seemed to be a breaking forth of the fountains of Grecian and Roman eloquence. His soul was lighted up with tho love of freedom, and his memory stored with all the knowledge of antiquity. His sincerity was equal to his moral bravery, and these were only surpassed by his patriotism. He loved the plaudits of the people, and was happy in the smiles of his

king, but his country occupied his whole heart. Of the great doctrines of liberty he was the advocate and friend; and was the first statesman in England who began the course of internal improvements. He saw the *properties of his soul*, and, kindling into the majesty of creative power, he set to work to develope them. He struck dead the power of France in this country, and left it to others to make a peace upon his efforts.

While Pitt was giving tone to the nation by energy and sagacity, in political life, Murray (Lord Mansfield) was softening, by liberal doctrines and expanded views, the hard features of the common law. He suffered common sense and the civil law to be used when customs were contradictory and common law maxims could not be reconciled.

Mansfield gave to legal opinions a new style of dress, leaving the technicalities to the mere common-law lawyer, and assuming the right to talk good English in conveying his decisions to his countrymen.

Before these stars set, new constellations arose in the hemisphere of knowledge—both in science and literature; and also in politics. Letters and politics once more, not only supported each other, but were trained in the same school. Johnson's circle in the club-room was composed of many who guided the destinies of nations in the house of commons.

In this circle was Goldsmith, whose muse was all simplicity; she brought to her favorite son the Hyblam honey, on the oaken leaf. He required no trumpet's clang or golden shower to awake him to duty; but he sought the pulsations of the heart, as they beat in friendship and affection, and he made sweet music from them all. His prose and verse delight at every perusal,

as the sight of a lovely landscape. The Vicar of Wakefield and the Deserted Village, have a perpetual charter of existence. Youth commits them to memory, and age repeats them when his eye can no longer drink in the beauties of genius from the printed page.

"Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy,
But foster'd even by Freedom ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie.
The self-dependant lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honor, fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonor'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great.
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun:
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free:
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart:
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And, thus polluting honor in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useless sons exchanged for useless ore;
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling, long-frequented villago fall;
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main:
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?
Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and thro' dang'rous ways
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.
Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,

To seek a good, each government bestows?
In every government though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

In this circle was numbered Edmund Burke, who was at once a scholar and a parliamentary orator of a high order; but his pen was superior to his eloquence, although he was not surpassed by many who ever appeared in the house of commons, in any day of the glory of that intellectual body of men.

In him the honesty of the patriot was united to learning and genius. If he was sometimes full, exuberant, and headstrong, it was from the rich overflowings of the streams of thought, that gushed with irresistible impetuosity from the deep fountains of intellectual knowledge. His works are voluminous, abounding with a great variety of matter, and are as familiar to us, on this side of the Atlantic, as to his own countrymen. We use his arguments to support our opinions, and gather up his learning to enlighten our minds. The speeches of Mr. Burke are more valuable for the information they contain, for their bold, free, and manly use of our mother tongue, than for models for

our public speakers, for but few minds could take such a range on all subjects as he did. His speeches were not the engines of the shrewd debater, who thinks of nothing but getting on with the business part of the subject, and looking only to the direct ends in view; they were, rather, the efforts of the gigantic scholar and the profound thinker, struggling to establish great principles, laboring with might and main to illustrate some deep maxim of national policy, and driving, at the same time, at his opponents with accumulated facts and profound arguments, to convince and subdue. But he often thought that his enemy was conquered when he was only cloven down; forgetting that grimalkin does not boast of so many lives as a thorough-bred political partizan; for knock him down as often as you please, by force of reasoning, he rises to life before the ayes and noes are taken, and soon recovers sufficient strength to take another beating.

Fox was there also. He has left the world but few mental labors, under his great speeches, and these speeches were so much confined to the subject under discussion, and have so direct a bearing on the question in issue, that whatever might have been their power at the time, they are not so attractive or useful to us as those of his more excursive friend, Mr. Burke. Those who saw and heard Mr. Fox in debate have a livelier sense of his greatness than those who have read his speeches only, while the warmest admirers of Burke, were those who had read him most: and who that even read him once, did not turn again to refresh his mind and to take new views of his mighty imaginings?

Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was beloved by the wise,

honored by the great, and popular with all, was one of this institution. The labors of his pencil are known by reputation to the world, but the productions of his pen were as tasteful and elegant as his paintings; in both all was ease and finish. His lectures are a fine model of composition; a happy blending of the simplicity of Goldsmith and the richness of Burke. It is said that the colors of his pallet have faded away, and that his loveliest tints have vanished; but the productions of his pen will last while Raphael is remembered, or Angelo admired. The faithful press now preserves the images and the colorings of the mind free from fire, or mildew, or Vandal ravages, and robs time and oblivion of their prey.

Dr. Johnson rose among these columns of different size and beauty, a pyramid of learning; they were all placed in such a position as to assist in supporting some system or institution, of which they made a part, and a distinguished one; he stood alone in his grandeur.

To Dr. Johnson we are more indebted for our stock of English literature than to any other Englishman. In biography, morals, and even in fiction, he wrote with great power and elegance. If some found fault with his style, as too abounding in mighty words, of difficult management in ordinary hands, it must be remembered that he was stronger than other men, and sometimes chose to show that strength. No one can deny him energy of thought and expression; and would it not be idle to ask for the sleekness, ease, and grace, of the mountain deer, when we are examining the natural history of the elephant? Johnson's works will make up a part of the stock literature for millions yet unborn. From his dictionary we learnt our etymology and our

definitions; and we found there some classical words which were not precisely household words, and have adopted them, and used them, until they are familiar at our fire-sides. Other works of the kind may take its place, but it will never be forgotten that he effected more, single-handed and alone, than all his predecessors had done.

We are advocates for modern improvement, and delight in tracing the advancements of knowledge; but we desire not to see the old stone bridge demolished, or the Gothic church pulled down.

While we think that the Venetian shade, the Spanish veranda, the marble mantle-piece, may well be added to the good old mansion, with taste and effect, we do not envy that judgment which prefers a shell and a lantern-light, to those rays which mildly pass through the antique window.

Beattie's Minstrel has been much admired as a sweet, delicate, and tasteful poem, abounding in beauties of thought, and energy of style. The measure brings us back to Spenser, and yet it may be added that the Minstrel has nothing to fear in being put along side of the Fairy Queen. If there is not so many soft tints in the coloring of the modern bard as in the works of his predecessor, there is more pathos and pure sentiment; and it may safely be said that the pupil delights as much, while he detains you, which is but a short time, as his master. Beattie did not confine himself to verse alone, but was equally distinguished as a prose writer. His "Essay on Truth" was much admired in his time, both for matter and manner. The prose was full of poetry and happily wrought up. The upper classes read it and were forward in their praises, and more moderate

minds devoured it, for the words were sweet in their mouths, and had no bitterness any where.

The veteran poet, Lord Lyttleton, became quite enamoured with the productions of his younger friend, and he spoke of them in such a manner as awed the pack of critics—those creatures of the hour—to silence, and the works were handed over to grave and solemn judges of merit, who gave them proper praise and a just elevation in the temple of fame. His productions, when they are wanting in the *profound*, make up in the *amiable*. Still he is a man of genius, and if he is not always rapt in the highest spirit of inspiration, he never can be denied a place among the prophets. He who writes to direct the minds of the young to virtue does more good than he who enlightens the sage or sustains the martyr. The highest efforts of genius are not always the most valuable. The luscious pine of the tropic, with all the golden fruits of the clime, give less strength to the arm or energy to the mind, than the farinaceous root on which feed the sons of the Emerald Isle, *who march to victory or death with military glee ;* who charm with song, or conquer with eloquence.

Among those who have done much to make mankind think and write with power and effect in this age of Chatham, Burke, and Johnson—for such men give a name to the period in which they flourish—was a concealed writer who styled himself Junius, and who assumed the humble motto—*stat nominis umbra.* His first letter to the public was dated 1769. It was a time of great excitement in England. The glories of the administration of William Pitt (then Earl of Chatham) had been sunk, as it regarded the nation, into an igno-

minious peace, unworthy the great efforts he and the nation had made. France had been humbled by his energy in every part of the globe. Victory upon victory had been obtained, and conquest after conquest had been achieved; the main land and the islands had changed masters, and after all these glorious deeds, a miserable peace—the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1763—made by a feeble and disheartened ministry, brought the nation back again to the days of her degradation and distress. In these hours of restlessness and agitation, one political absurdity followed another, until a civil war with all its horrors threatened the British empire. "The throne of England's king seemed to totter under him, and the patriot mourned over the follies and wickedness of the times." Such was the state of affairs when Junius commenced his labors. It was soon discovered that a great spirit, quickened by disappointed ambition and spurred on by honest indignation, at moments warmed up to revenge, was scattering his arrows among the false advisers of the king, with a mighty arm and proud spirit. His aim was deadly and his shafts most envenomed, and even royalty was not secure from his indignation. The nation was all alive to these productions, and curiosity was inflamed by the difficulties of discovery; but no one could penetrate the clouds in which he had enveloped himself. These times have passed away, and the actors in these scenes are gone. He foreboded evils that fell upon the nation; but even these, great as they were, are hardly remembered; while the writings of Junius are preserved; not a word of them is lost—and never can be lost. It is not the names of lords and dukes, or kings, that has kept them from oblivion: it was, and is, the

mighty power of intellect that has, and will keep them embalmed, with all their biting sarcasm and pungent satire, to perpetuity.

Junius was a profound scholar, an active politician, and a statesman of enlarged views. He was master of the history of all ages, and skilled in the science of every government. He had drawn copiously from the deep springs of antiquity, and was as fearless as intellectual. British history, from the remotest ages, was as familiar to him *as houschold words*, and he knew the movements of every administration to the minutest details. The most cautious messenger could not enter the postern door, nor ascend, with the most stealthy pace, the back stairs of the palace, without his knowledge. *The birds of the air* brought him the sayings and doings of the king and his council, nor did a clerk copy a confidential paper that the contents of it were not familiar to Junius. Office had no secrets of fact or forms that he did not thoroughly understand. Of America he knew more than ministers, for the sources of his information were less clogged by prejudices than theirs.

Junius was more perfectly acquainted with his mother tongue than his coadjutors. He had gone deeply into the Saxon language, and his writings are specimens of the purest English that can be found among the ambitious scholars of his age. He was master of every style of composition, and used his great power for his concealment, and for the purposes he labored to effect. In the midst of excited passions he kept the most provoking command of his temper. He laid bare the nerve of feeling with so much skill and science as to give it a fresh susceptibility of torture when it was

to be tried anew, and prepared for the rack. No rank of life escaped Junius; he entered the fashionable coterie and chased down the votary of avarice whenever his conduct effected public good. Those who had no enmities to gratify read the productions of this caustic writer for a choice of epithets, for all his words were weighed in the balance and made the just equipoise of the sentences he intended to frame. Every political writer since his time has read his letters to sharpen his wits for the rencontre in the strife of words. His imitators have swarmed in every period since, and most of them have caught his malignity without his mind, and many have secretly copied his phraseology without a shred of his mantle to assist, or cover them. Every young eagle has whet his beak upon the Junian column before he spread his wing or darted on his prey. Junius has been as much known on this as on the other side of the water, and his works have been a standard among the youths of England and America; nor has this been of any injury to them; for they found that the most distant imitation could not be effected without the utmost care and pains. Labor is written on every imperishable monument reared by ancient or modern hands.

Conjecture has been busy ever since these writings appeared, to discover the author. Some have supposed that they had brought a chain of facts and circumstances that irresistibly went to prove the author, and thousands became converts to his reasoning, but the writer had scarcely laid down his pen when some other enquirer arose who was equally successful in convincing the public that some other man of distinction was the author. But no matter who was the writer of these

celebrated letters; the author discovered or not will not change our opinion of them now, as their political character has long since been lost—the literary alone remains. The works of Junius, vituperative as they are, may be read with profit by any one who examines their structure and power, rather than the unforgiving temper which abounds in them.

Churchill and Lloyd were satirists of this age. In 1760, Lloyd published the Actor, a work of some merit, which was soon followed by the Rosciad from Churchill, of still greater talent. Lloyd was mild, good humored, and dealt in general sarcasm; but Churchill became personal, and his lash was felt more keenly than his brother satirist. Both were improvident and profligate, and lost the world because they had not virtue enough to use the good things of it without abusing them; both fell martyrs to dissipation before the gray hair on the head of temperance would have appeared. The writings of Churchill are read by the lovers of genius, although they are too loose for the eye of youth, or for female delicacy. His sentiments were bitter and his sarcasms barbed. He turned his vengeance against the stage. For some reason, perhaps now only conjectured, he fell out with the players, and he laid about him and scattered all the heroes of the buskin and the elite of the sock, and treated them without mercy—Garrick alone excepted, and he was the idol of the pack. Churchill more often used the cleaver than the sword, but struck so hard, and aimed his blow so adroitly, that he was dreaded by the aspirants of histrionic fame, and even the veterans of the stage cursed or courted him as they felt or feared his power. These satirists had been initiated by Bonnell Thornton, and Colman, who were

the literary bustlers of the day,—men of talents and wit, who were comparatively prudent when mentioned with Lloyd and Churchill. To these we may add John Wilkes. There is not much of his poetry to be found, and his prose does not prove him to have been so shining a man as he passed for in his day. He was a successful demagogue, and gulled the people out of votes and money almost as he pleased. Yet this dictator of the public mind, this propagator of liberal principles, was as vindictive as insinuating, and as profligate as witty.

We turn from this field in which grew no salutary plants,—a field where a few splendid flowers were seen with nightshade, hemlock, and other poisonous weeds,—to one of fertility and verdure, on which the fruits of all ages and nations are to be found. The Wartons, Thomas and Joseph, were scholars by profession: Thomas wrote for a long series of years for the benefit of his nation and of mankind. The history of English poetry was a labor of great magnitude. He lived to finish four volumes of it, and left much to be done. He was laureate, and brought up that character when it had been let down by the appointmentofColleyCibber. Whenever the laureate was named a smile was seen on the lips of the man of taste, and the fashionable world laughed outright; but the elegant odes of Warton brought the name of laureate into reputation once more. He was for ten years a professor of poetry at the university of Cambridge, and in this arduous character he was popular with all. His lectures were much attended and were considered both sound and brilliant. His odes are among the first of that class of poetry that have come down to us. The Crusade, the Suicide, the Grave of Arthur, are full of invention, choice of lan-

guage, and exquisite expression. His brother Joseph was his senior in years but lived to finish some of the professor's works. His genius was not inferior to his brother's, but he spent more of his time in the duties of a theologian, and less in the wanderings of general literature, yet they deserve to go down to posterity hand in hand, as benefactors of mankind, for there is nothing in the writings of either that could offend the most delicate taste, or injure the purest morals.

THE SUICIDE.

Beneath the beech, whose branches bare,
Smit with the light'ning'slivid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whistle hollow as they wave;
Within a solitary grave,
A slayer of himself holds his accurs'd abode.

Lour'd the grim morn, in murky dies
Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
And dimm'd the struggling day;
As by the brook that lingering laves
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,
Full of the dark resolves he took his sullen way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,
His gestures strange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd sound;
And ah! too late aghast I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embrued;
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the slow return of light;
And sought the powers of sleep,
To spread a momentary calm
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone;
Amid th' autumnal wood
Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
Abrupt the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
Despair for ever in his view,
A spectre pale, appear'd;
While, as the shades of eve arose,
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd.

"Is this," mistaken Scorn will cry,
"Is this the youth whose genius high
Could build the genuine rhyme?
Whose bosom mild the favouring muse
Had stor'd with all her ample views,
Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime."

Ah! from the muse that bosom mild
By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
To strike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind,

With many a feeling too refin'd,
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of wo.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp stings of hopeless love;
To griefs congenial prone,
More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then wish not o'er his earthy tomb
The baleful nightshade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew;
Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate anew.

What though no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
With speaking sculpture wrought?
Pity shall woo the weeping nine,
To build a visionary shrine,
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions brought.

What though refus'd each chanted rite?
Here viewless mourners shall delight
To touch the shadowy shell:
And Petrarch's harp that wept the doom
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In many a pensive pause shall seem to ring his knell.

To soothe a lone, unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,

Within an ivied nook:
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot its parting ray,
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took:

"Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise;
Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
The wreath of glory twine:
In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
Gay fancy gives her vest to flow,
Unless truth's matron-hand the floating folds confine.

"Just heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
Permits through life at large to rove
The tribes of hell-born wo:
Yet the same power that wisely sends
Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
Religion's golden shield to break the embattled foe.

"Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
Yon foul self-murderer's throbbing breast,
And stay'd the rising storm:
Had bade the sun of hope appear
To gild his darken'd hemisphere,
And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted form.

"Vain man! 'tis heaven's prerogative
To take, what first it deign'd to give,
Thy tributary breath:
In awful expectation plac'd,
Await thy doom, nor impious haste
To pluck from God's right hand his instruments of death."

Thomas Warton.

TO SUPERSTITION.

Hence to some convent's gloomy isles,
Where cheerful daylight never smiles:
Tyrant! from Albion haste, to slavish Rome;
There by dim tapers' livid light,
At the still solemn hours of night,
In pensive musings walk o'er many a sounding tomb.

Thy clanking chains, thy crimson steel,
Thy venom'd dart, and barbarous wheel,
Malignant fiend! bear from this isle away,
Nor dare in error's fetters bind
One active, free-born British mind;
That strongly strives to spring indignant from thy sway.

Thou bad'st grim Moloch's frowning priest
Snatch screaming infants from the breast,
Regardless of the frantic mother's woes;
Thou led'st the ruthless sons of Spain
To wond'ring India's golden plain,
From deluges of blood where tenfold harvests rose.

But lo! how swiftly art thou fled,
When reason lifts his radiant head!
When his resounding, awful voice they hear,
Blind ignorance, thy doting sire,
Thy daughter, trembling fear, retire;
And all thy ghastly train of terrors disappear.

So by the Magi hail'd from far,
When Phœbus mounts his early car,

The shrieking ghosts to their dark charnels flock;
The full-gorg'd wolves retreat; no more
The prowling lionesses roar,
But hasten with their prey to some deep-cavern'd rock.

Hail then, ye friends of Reason, hail,
Ye foes to Mystery's odious veil!
To Truth's high temple guide my steps aright,
Where Clarke and Wollaston reside,
With Locke and Newton by their side,
While Plato sits above enthron'd in endless night.

Joseph Warton.

CHAPTER V.

From the best days of the literary club, to those poets who now are most conspicuous in the public view, there was thought to have been a great dearth of English poetry. Cowper and Sir William Jones can hardly be said to have belonged to the first class, nor exactly to the second. Cowper had taste and talents, with highly respectable acquirements. Some of his poetry is sweet, and all of it honest and moral. The readers of his poetry always rise from the perusal of his graver poems with improvement and delight. There is a perfume in virtuous thoughts that lasts long, and never entirely perishes. Cowper preaches admirably in verse. We should, perhaps, have had much more from his pen, if the demon of melancholy had not been suffered to seize upon, and chain down his mind for many a year.

The delicate bosom bared to the storms of life often finds an energy growing out of every occasion to support and comfort it; but imaginary evils to a sensitive mind are often worse, a hundred times worse, than real ones. It was so with Cowper. He had no *real* difficulties to contend with; he was, as it were, cradled and rocked by affection all his life.

"Chains are the portion of revolted man,
Stripes, and a dungeon; and his body serves
The triple purpose. In that sickly, foul,
Opprobrious residence, he finds them all.
Propense his heart to idols, he is held
In silly dotage on created things,
Careless of their Creator. And that low
And sordid gravitation of his powers
To a vile clod, so draws him, with such force
Resistless from the centre he should seek,
That he at last forgets it. All his hopes
Tend downward; his ambition is to sink,
To reach a depth profounder still, and still
Profounder, in the fathomless abyss
Of folly, plunging in pursuit of death.
But ere he again the comfortless repose
He seeks, and acquiescence of his soul
In Heav'n-renouncing exile, he endures—
What does he not, from lusts oppos'd in vain,
And self-reproaching conscience? He foresees
The fatal issue to his health, fame, peace,
Fortune, and dignity; the loss of all
That can ennoble man and make frail life,
Short as it is, supportable. Still worse,
Far worse than all the plagues with which his sins

Infect his happiest moments, he forebodes
Ages of hopeless mis'ry. Future death,
And death still future. Not a hasty stroke,
Like that which sends him to the dusty grave:
But unrepealable, enduring, death.
Scripture is still a trumpet to his fears:
What none can prove a forgery, may be true;
What none but bad men wish exploded, must.
That scruple checks him. Riot is not loud
Nor drunk enough to drown it. In the midst
Of laughter his compunctions are sincere;
And he abhors the jest by which he shines.
Remorse begets reform. His master-lust
Falls first before his resolute rebuke,
And seems dethron'd and vanquish'd. Peace ensues.
But spurious and short liv'd: the puny child
Of self-congratulating Pride, begot
On fancied Innocence. Again he falls,
And fights again; but finds his best essay
A presage ominous, portending still
Its own dishonor by a worse relapse.
Till nature, unavailing nature, foil'd
So oft, and wearied in the vain attempt,
Scoffs at her own performance. Reason now
Takes part with appetite, and pleads the cause
Perversely, which of late she so condemn'd;
With shallow shifts and old devices, worn
And tatter'd in the service of debauch,
Cov'ring his shame from his offended sight.
"Hath God indeed giv'n appetites to man,
And stored the earth so plenteously with means
To gratify the hunger of his wish;
And doth he reprobate, and will he damn

The use of his own bounty? making first
So frail a kind, and then enacting laws
So strict, that less than perfect must despair?
Falsehood! which whoso but suspects of truth,
Dishonors God, and makes a slave of man.
Do they themselves, who undertake for hire
The teacher's office, and dispense at large
Their weekly dole of edifying strains,
Attend to their own music? have they faith
In what, with such solemnity of tone
And gesture, they propound to our belief?
Nay—Conduct hath the loudest tongue. The voice
Is but an instrument, on which the priest
May play what tune he pleases. In the deed,
The unequivocal, authentic deed,
We find sound argument, we read the heart."

Sir William Jones was confessedly the most accomplished man of his age. He was a mathematician, poet, lawyer, linguist, and in all branches was superior to most men. His name will not be forgotten in England, or in India. His character was as pure as his talents were exalted. He was exiled to India under the specious appointment of a judge-ship; for there were men high in power who feared his virtues, for they were all on the side of liberal principles, such principles as are founded on reason, and are to be maintained by argument. He was the first orientalist of his age before he left England for India, but when he arrived in the East he pursued his studies with youthful ardor, not merely for the fame he might acquire by his exertions in this way, but for the purpose of enlightening mankind. He translated the laws of

India in order to administer justice to the millions under British control; by doing this he quieted the jealousies of Hindoo law-givers, and all who were influenced by them. This was not all—he examined the Veda and made us acquainted with its contents. He pushed his researches into the theology of the East, and traced a thousand mysteries to their origin, and they were no longer mysteries. Egyptian and Grecian mythology had until his time bounded the vision of all those who were anxiously looking behind the veil of Isis. He did not remove it, but he showed how it was made. He examined the learning of the East, and proved how much philosophy and taste it possessed. He gave oriental poetry in English measure, and while he chastened the wild and extravagant fancies of the original, he gave new beauties to his vernacular language, by infusing into it new melody, and throwing around a severe thought the fascinations of romance. He tarried too long on the banks of the Ganges, and wearied himself too much by tracing the origin of the river gods, and following them in all the strange shapes they had, in the succession of ages assumed, to their original nothingness. It is cheering to the heart to find such a mind as that of Sir William Jones; after pondering long and examining thoroughly—assisting us by his researches to stop the mouth of the infidel, and by the results of the most profound inductions, putting many things that were doubtful before, on the firmest basis of truth.

He died in the prime of manhood, in his forty-seventh year. His was a frame exhausted by too much mental labor. The oriental world is now opening its treasures to us, and on every leaf that is wafted to us

his image and superscription will be written—a monument that can never crumble to the dust. His fame, like the eternal aloes, will be ever green, but unlike this survivor of nations, it will bloom perpetually, not once in a hundred years only, which is said to be the time for this plant to bring forth her flowers.

SOLIMA:

AN ARABIAN ECLOGUE.

"Ye maids of Aden! hear a loftier tale
Than e'er was sung in meadow, bower, or dale.
—The smiles of Abelah, and Maia's eyes,
Where beauty plays, and love in slumber lies;
The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair,
That wanton with the laughing summer air;
Love-tinctur'd cheeks, whence roses seek their bloom,
And lips, from which the zephyr steals perfume;
Invite no more the wild unpolish'd lay,
But fly like dreams before the morning ray.
Then farewell love! and farewell youthful fires!
A nobler warmth my kindled breast inspires.
Far bolder notes the listening wood shall fill:
Flow smooth, ye rivulets: and, ye gales, be still.
"See yon fair groves that o'er Amana rise,
And with their spicy breath embalm the skies;
Where every breeze sheds incense o'er the vales,
And every shrub the scent of musk exhales;
See through yon opening glade a glittering scene,
Lawns ever gay, and meadows ever green;
Then ask the groves, and ask the vocal bow'rs,
Who deck'd their spiry tops with blooming flow'rs,

Taught the blue streams o'er sandy vales to flow,
And the brown wild with liveliest hues to glow?
Fair Solima! the hills and dales will sing;
Fair Solima! the distant echoes ring,*
But not with idle shows of vain delight,
To charm the soul or to beguile the sight;
At noon on banks of pleasure to repose,
Where bloom entwin'd the lily, pink, and rose;
Not in proud piles to heap the nightly feast,
Till morn with pearls has deck'd the glowing east;
Ah! not for this she taught those bowers to rise,
And bade all Eden spring before our eyes;
Far other thoughts her heavenly mind employ,
(Hence, empty pride! and hence, delusive joy!)
To cheer with sweet repast the fainting guest;
To lull the weary on the couch of rest;
To warm the traveller numb'd with winter's cold:
The young to cherish, to support the old;
The sad to comfort, and the weak protect;
The poor to shelter, and the lost direct;—
These are her cares, and this her glorious task;
Can Heaven a nobler give, or mortals ask?
Come to these groves, and these life-breathing glades,
Ye friendless orphans, and ye dowerless maids,
With eager haste your mournful mansions leave,
Ye weak, that tremble; and, ye sick, that grieve;
Here shall soft tents, o'er flowery lawns display'd,
At night defend you, and at noon o'ershade;
Here rosy health the sweets of life shall shower,
And new delights beguile each varied hour.
Mourns there a widow, bath'd in streaming tears?

* It was not easy in this part of the translation to avoid a turn similar to that of Pope in the well known description of the Man of Ross.

Stoops there a sire beneath the weight of years?
Weeps there a maid, in pining sadness left,
Of tender parents, and of hope, bereft?
To Solima their sorrows they bewail:
To Solima they pour their plaintive tale.
She hears; and, radiant as the star of day,
Through the thick forest gains her easy way;
She asks what cares the joyless train oppress,
What sickness wastes them, or what wants distress;
And, as they mourn, she steals a tender sigh,
Whilst as her soul sits melting in her eye:
Then with a smile the healing balm bestows,
And sheds a tear of pity o'er their woes;
Which, as it drops, some soft-eyed angel bears
Transform'd to pearl, and in his bosom wears.

"When, chill'd with fear, the trembling pilgrim roves
Through pathless deserts and through tangled groves,
Where mantling darkness spreads her dragon wing,
And birds of death their fatal dirges sing,
While vapors pale a dreadful glimmering cast,
And thrilling horror howls in every blast;
She cheers his gloom with streams of bursting light,
By day a sun, a beaming moon by night;
Darts through the quivering shades her heavenly ray,
And spreads with rising flowers his solitary way.

Ye heavens, for this in showers of sweetness shed
Your mildest influence o'er her favor'd head!
Long may her name, which distant climes shall praise,
Live in our notes, and blossom in our lays!
And like an odorous plant, whose blushing flow'r
Paints every dale, and sweetens every bow'r,
Borne to the skies in clouds of soft perfume,
For ever flourish, and for ever bloom!

These grateful songs, ye maids and youths, renew,
While fresh-blown violets drink the pearly dew;
O'er Azib's banks while love-lorn damsels rove,
And gales of fragrance breathe from Hagar's grove."
So sung the youth, whose sweetly warbled strains
Fair Mena heard, and Saba's spicy plains,
Sooth'd with his lay, the ravish'd air was calm,
The winds scarce whisper'd o'er the waving palm;
The camels bounded o'er the flow'ry lawn,
Like the swift ostrich, or the sportful fawn;
Their silken bands the listening rose-buds rent,
And twin'd their blossoms round his vocal tent:
He sung, till on the bank the moonlight slept,
And closing flowers beneath the night-dew wept,
Then ceas'd, and slumber'd in the lap of rest
Till the shrill lark had left his low-built nest:
Now hastes the swain to tune his rapturous tales
In other meadows, and in other vales.

About the time of the French revolution, a new race of poets arose in England, who gave a new turn to thoughts and a novel form to expression. The old school was given up by them, and they set up for themselves.

These, by way of assumption of their own, and afterwards by derision, were called *the Lake poets.* These geniuses were dissatisfied with things as they were, and were determined to adhere to no ancient rules. They considered mankind as going on in error, and were engaged by bonds of sympathy to revive the world, and to change it from its imbecility and dotage, to a glorious new birth. Southey—now the staid and solemn Southey, the aristocrat,—was at their head.

These Lake poets took their name from a haunt of their's around the Cumberland lakes, but this seclusion was not entirely satisfactory to themselves, and they contemplated migrating to the western world and there forming a literary society on the banks of the Ohio. Coleridge was of this society; but these visionaries found difficulties in getting recruits, and some were forced, and some concluded, to stay at home. The prose writers were many of them as mad as these votaries of the muse. Godwin was as wild in his "*Political Justice*" as any rhymer of them all, and his followers were numerous. Southey found employment and good bread by his engagements for his native country, and thus moderated his feelings at first, and then changed them, and after a few years reformed them altogether. In this delirium, however, Southey wrote some of his best poems. It would be in vain to deny to Southey a fine genius. He says that he has been reviewed more than seventy times; and we find, on looking at some of these reviews, that every thing has been said of him, from the severest condemnation, to the most unqualified panegyric; and in some respects all his reviewers were right. There are some glorious breathings of liberty in his Madoc, and other early productions, and much of the magic of the muse in Thalaba and Joan of Arc. His prose is admirable, and contains no small quantity of poetical spirit. His biographer may be cited to prove my assertion. There were some of the poets of that day who did not suffer by the mania, and among them was Samuel Rogers. He was well educated, and well disciplined. After enjoying the benefit of a classical education and foreign travels, he sat down to business as a banker,

and pursued his profession with the attention and correctness of the sole-devoted sons of trade. Goldsmith was his model, and he labored his lines with ten times his master's care, if not always with his master's success. Perhaps the English language does not afford a more finished composition in regard to language than the "Pleasures of Memory." He wrote because he felt the inspiration, and polished his verse and chastened his language, because he was too scrupulous to give his country a specimen of careless or unfinished poetry. He was born in 1762, and of course is now an old man, and if his muse has lost some of her fire, his heart has lost none of its warmth. It was Rogers who came in to soothe the last pangs of Sheridan as he was drinking the dregs of the cup of his misfortunes and his follies, on his death-bed.

VERSES,

WRITTEN TO BE SPOKEN BY MRS. SIDDONS.

Yes, 'tis the pulse of life! my fears were vain!
I wake, I breathe, and am myself again.
Still in this nether world; no seraph yet!
Nor walks my spirit, when the sun is set,
With troubled step to haunt the fatal board,
Where I died last—by poison or the sword;
Blanching each honest cheek with deeds of night,
Done here so oft by dim and doubtful light.
—To drop all metaphor, that little bell
Call'd back reality, and broke the spell.
No heroine claims your tears with tragic tone;
A very woman—scarce restrains her own!
Can she, with fiction, charm the cheated mind,
When to be grateful is the part assign'd?

Ah, no! she scorns the trappings of her art,
No theme but truth, no prompter but the heart!
But, ladies, say, must I alone unmask?
Is here no other actress? let me ask.
Believe me, those, who best the heart dissect,
Know every woman studies stage-effect.
She moulds her manners to the part she fills,
As instinct teaches, or as humor wills;
And, as the grave or gay her talent calls,
Acts in the drama, till the curtain falls.
First, how her little breast with triumph swells,
When the red coral rings its golden bells!
To play in pantomime is then the rage,
Along the carpet's many colour'd stage;
Or lisp her merry thoughts with loud endeavor,
Now here, now there—in noise and mischief ever!
A school-girl next, she curls her hair in papers,
And mimics father's gout, and mother's vapours;
Discards her doll, bribes Betty for romances;
Playful at church, and serious when she dances;
Tramples alike on customs and on toes,
And whispers all she hears to all she knows;
Terror of caps, and wigs, and sober notions!
A romp! that longest of perpetual motions!
—Till tam'd and tortur'd into foreign graces,
She sports her lovely face at public places;
And with blue, laughing eyes, behind her fan,
First acts her part with that great actor, man.
Too soon a flirt, approach her and she flies!
Frowns when pursued, and, when entreated, sighs!
Plays with unhappy men as cats with mice,
Till fading beauty hints the late advice.
Her prudence dictates what her pride disdain'd,
And now she sues to slaves herself had chain'd!

Then comes that good old character, a wife,
With all the dear, distracting cares of life;
A thousand cards a day at doors to leave,
And, in return, a thousand cards receive;
Rouge high, play deep, to lead the ton aspire,
With nightly blaze set Portland-place on fire;
Snatch half a glimpse at concert, opera, ball,
A meteor, trac'd by none, tho' seen by all;
And, when her shatter'd nerves forbid to roam,
In very spleen—rehearse the girls at home.
Last the grey dowager, in ancient flounces,
With snuff and spectacles, the age denounces;
Boasts how the sires of this degenerate isle
Knelt for a look, and duell'd for a smile,
The scourge and ridicule of Goth and Vandal,
Her tea she sweetens, as she sips, with scandal;
With modern belles eternal warfare wages,
Like her own birds that clamour from their cages
And shuffles round to bear her tale to all,
Like some old ruin, "nodding to its fall!"
Thus woman makes her entrance and her exit;
Not least an actress when she least suspects it.
Yet nature oft peeps out and mars the plot,
Each lesson lost, each poor pretence forgot;
Full oft, with energy that scorns control,
At once lights up the features of the soul;
Unlocks each thought chain'd down by coward art,
And to full day the latent passions start!
—And she, whose first, best wish is your applause,
Herself exemplifies the truth she draws.
Born on the stage—thro' every shifting scene,
Obscure or bright, tempestuous or serene,
Still has your smile her trembling spirit fir'd!

And can she act, with thoughts like these inspir'd?
Thus from her mind all artifice she flings,
All skill, all practice, now unmeaning things!
To you, uncheck'd, each genuine feeling flows!
For all that life endears—to you she owes.

Thomas Campbell has filled a great space in English poetry for more than thirty years. He was born in 1777. He was made professor in the royal institute, and gave lectures on poetry which are in print; and if they are not all we might have expected from the author of the Pleasures of Hope, they are learned and smooth, and abound in striking passages. He has also given lectures on Greek literature—a subject of deep interest to the scholar.

The "Pleasures of Hope" is a splendid poem. It was written for perpetuity. Its polish is exquisite, its topics felicitously chosen, and its illustrations natural and beautiful. This is poetry, philosophical and plain, but full of imagination. There are no startling paradoxes, no abrupt endings or beginnings in this poem,—it is as pure as day and as sweet as summer. He lifts you up to an exceeding high mountain, and you see all nature in her loveliness, and man in the truth of his character, with hope irradiating, cheering, and sustaining him in the numerous ills of life. "Gertrude of Wyoming" is preferred by some readers even to his "Pleasures of Hope." It is a sad tale, told with tenderness as well as genius. But if these never had been written his songs would have given him claims as a first rate poet. They cover sea and land. Their spirit stirs the brave whatever may be their field of fame; whether the snow is to be their winding sheet or the

deep their grave. National songs are of the most difficult production and of the highest value. They are the soul of national feeling and a safeguard of national honor. They are readily impressed on the memory, and never forgotten when acquired. They are fitted to every instrument and every voice. They are on the lips of infants, and are breathed from the dying patriot's breath.

England has not been wanting in patriotic songs, but that composed by Peterborough, and sung by Wolfe on the eve of battle, and many others that have assisted to rouse drooping spirits, are not equal to those of Campbell. "Ye mariners of England" will live as long as there is a timber left of the British navy. The spirit of a great poet not only goes back to what has passed in the affairs of man, but carries with it the hopes of future times.

Campbell not only sung the mighty but unsuccessful struggle of the Poles when Kosciusko fell, but shadowed forth that distinct and awful determination of man which is inherent in his nature, and which time will bring forth sooner or later to put down all oppression. Every great poet is indeed a seer for his country's good, and not that only but for the good of mankind.

"Oh! righteous heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept thy sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance, when thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God,
That crushed proud Ammon when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath and thundered from afar?
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left the trembling coast,

Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?
Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye who at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man!
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van,
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make *her* arm puissant as thine own.
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot *Tell*—the *Bruce* of Bannockburn!
Yes, thy proud lord's unpitied land shall see
That man has yet a soul and dare be free.
A little while along thy saddening plains
The starless night of Desolation reigns,
Truth shall restore the light by nature given,
And like Prometheus bring the fire from heaven.
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,
Her name, her nature, withered from the world.
Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark;
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think or wish the song of Hope untrue.
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of genius and the pow'rs of man,
Perhaps ye watch at pride's unhallowed shrine
Her victims newly slain—and *thus* divine,
Here shall thy triumph Genius cease, and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.
Tyrants in vain ye trace the wizzard ring;
In vain ye limit mind's unwearied spring.
What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world or chain the deep?
No, the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand;

It rolled not back when Canute gave command.
Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow;
Still must thou live a blot on nature's brow;
Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd;
Shall crime and tyrants cease but with the world.
What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied?
Why then hath Plato lived, or Sidney died?"

Sarmatia *is* awake and armed to hurl oppression to the dust. The soul of the patriot is hers—she dares attempt to be free! Hope is still alive—her warriors are firm and undismayed—the departed spirits of the mighty dead are with her; not only those of Marathon and Leuctra, but the shade of Kosciusko "walks unavenged amongst them." May the sword be omnipotent to save! Tell, Bruce, Washington, will be there also. May the starless night of desolation be followed by the dawn of freedom—and the poet's song and the prophet's voice be all truth—sound, historic truth—in this struggle for liberty!

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riv'n,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driv'n,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

CHAPTER VI.

Crabbe is now an old man; his life has been one of professional duties and of great virtue. He has had no eccentricities or aberrations. His life exhibits nothing for the world to censure or deplore. He is now almost an octagenarian, and the muse has inspired him, perhaps, as long as she will. His works are both admirable and novel. He truly took a new pathway to fame. His portraits are mostly from humble life—he has shown their vices and their virtues. The world had heard enough of their vices, but few in the reading circles had been taught their virtues. His profession had made him acquainted with both. He could read their hearts and he has delineated their character most faithfully. It is one of the facts in the history of man, that his affections may be purified while his mind is only partially enlightened. This fact was known to the careful reader of human nature, but had in a great measure been overlooked by the poet. Agreeable images suited the poet best, or if not those at all times, striking incidents, he thought seldom occurred in the lives of the humble, or if they did occur, they were not likely to be noticed. Crabbe probed deep, and gave an honest account of the misery and anguish, and the sources of joy of the poor. His works are yet to be more known and admired than they have yet been, for in time the poor will read them, which is not the case now. He who softens the anguish of the wretched, or suggests to them any method of ameliorating their condition, is a benefactor of mankind. Crabbe will go

down to posterity as a moralist and a poet together, and one too, that the church may be proud of. It may be said that the poor had no poet until Crabbe arose. He has given their sorrows and their joys without one particle of coarseness. Those his Saviour cherished *he* has portrayed, and like him he has taught them to hope for another and a better world. Such a man does more good than a thousand proud men, who can only look on what is classical and refined. In the grave there are no distinctions, and to that condition we must all come at last. There is no difference now between the dust of Lazarus and that of the mighty Cæsar and the great Napoleon. The great enemy of man is a leveller, and to him we must yield sooner or later. He who encourages the faint and weary in the journey of life is a servant of God and a friend to man, and verily will receive his reward, both in the life that is, and in that which is to come. Crabbe has asked no honors and received no distinctions for his services, except such as the public awards to merit. He has, in imitation of his divine master, washed the feet of his disciples and prepared himself for the burial.

When the monuments of sublime genius have crumbled to dust, and are remembered no more, the labors of the pious survive; they fertilize, as it were, the soil of hope, and reap and secure the harvest of faith. The poor of unborn ages will acknowledge that he led them, by his writings, to patience, resignation, and unwavering belief, which softened their hard fates and lighted up in them bright and glorious visions of immortality and happiness, when the miseries of existence should be over.

PHŒBE DAWSON.

Two summers since, I saw at Lammas fair,
The sweetest flower that ever blossom'd there,
When Phœbe Dawson gaily cross'd the green,
In haste to see and happy to be seen:
Her air, her manners, all who saw, admir'd;
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retir'd;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd:
A native skill her simple robes express'd,
As with untutor'd elegance she dress'd:
The lads around admir'd so fair a sight,
And Phœbe felt, and felt she gave, delight.
Admirers soon of every age she gain'd,
Her beauty won them and her worth retain'd;
Envy itself could no contempt display,
They wish'd her well, whom yet they wish'd away.
Correct in thought, she judg'd a servant's place
Preserv'd a rustic beauty from disgrace;
But yet on Sunday-eve in freedom's hour,
With secret joy she felt that beauty's power
When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
That, poor or rich, a beauty still must feel.—
At length, the youth, ordain'd to move her breast,
Before the swains with bolder spirit press'd;
With looks less timid made his passion known,
And pleas'd by manners, most unlike her own;
Loud though in love, and confident though young;
Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue;
By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
He serv'd the squire, and brush'd the coat he made:

Yet now, would Phœbe her consent afford,
Her slave alone, again he'd mount the board;
With her should years of growing love be spent,
And growing wealth:—she sigh'd, and look'd consent.

Now, through the lane, up hill, and cross the green,
(Seen by but few, and blushing to be seen—
Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid,)
Led by the lover, walk'd the silent maid:
Slow through the meadows rov'd they many a mile,
Toy'd by each bank and trifled at each stile;
Where, as he painted every blissful view,
And highly color'd what he strongly drew,
The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
Dimm'd the false prospect with prophetic tears.—
Thus pass'd th' allotted hours, till lingering late,
The lover loiter'd at the master's gate;
There he pronounced adieu! and yet would stay,
Till chidden—sooth'd—intreated—forc'd away;
He would of coldness, though indulg'd, complain,
And oft retire and oft return again;
When, if his teazing vex'd her gentle mind,
The grief assum'd, compell'd her to be kind!
For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
That she resented first and then forgave,
And to his grief and penance yielded more,
Than his presumption had requir'd before.—
Ah! fly temptation, youth; refrain! refrain,
Each yielding maid, and each presuming swain!

Lo! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown loose hanging at her back
One who an infant in her arms sustains,

And seems in patience striving with her pains;
Pinch'd are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled;
Pale her parch'd lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnotic'd from their channels flow;
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again:—
Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with cautious terror makes;
For not alone that infant in her arms,
But nearer cause, her anxious soul alarms.
With water burthen'd, then she picks her way,
Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay;
Till, in mid-green, she trusts a place unsound,
And deeply plunges in th' adhesive ground;
Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,
While hope the mind as strength the frame forsakes:
For when so full the cup of sorrow grows,
Add but a drop it instantly o'erflows.
And now her path but not her peace she gains,
Safe from her task, but shivering with her pains;
Her home she reaches, open heaves the door,
And placing first her infant on the floor,
She bares her bosom to the wind, and sits
And sobbing struggles with the rising fits:
In vain—they come—she feels th' inflating grief,
That shuts the swelling bosom from relief;
That speaks in feeble cries a soul distress'd,
Or the sad laugh that cannot be repress'd.
The neighbor-matron leaves her wheel and flies
With all the aid her poverty supplies;
Unfeed, the calls of nature she obeys,
Not led by profit, nor allur'd by praise;

And waiting long, till these contentions cease,
She speaks of comfort, and departs in peace.
Friend of distress! the mourner feels thy aid,
She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.
But who this child of weakness, want and care?
'Tis Phœbe Dawson, pride of Lammas fair;
Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies:
Compassion first assail'd her gentle heart,
For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart:
"And then his prayers! they would a savage move,
And win the coldest of the sex to love."—
But ah! too soon his looks success declar'd,
Too late her loss the marriage-rite repair'd;
The faithful flatterer then his vows forgot,
A captious tyrant or a noisy sot;
If present, railing, till he saw her pain'd;
If absent, spending what their labors gain'd;
Till that fair form in want and sickness pin'd,
And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.
Then fly temptation, youth; resist, refrain!
Nor let me preach for ever and in vain!

Poetry is not alone to be regarded in modern literature; other departments of knowledge must be examined. Histories, which had been confined to a succession of battles, and to the rise and fall of empires, now entered into the motives of men in power, and looked to the springs of human action. Instead of being mere describers of events, historians brought philosophy and criticism to assist in their labors, and exhibited on their pages a most interesting variety of matter for lessons of study and reflection.

Hume had been the ne plus ultra of historical power, but the investigations of his successors have left him in the rear; and they have gone on to more accurate relations and sounder reasonings upon human actions. Lingard with profound research and patient investigation has removed many of the stumbling blocks in English history. What David Hume only slurred over, Lingard has brought up with great power of discernment and fairness. And if in all things he is not precisely correct, he is a nearer approximation to truth than any of his predecessors. The best history I have ever seen of England (and *her* history is the most important to us of any other except our own, though the history of the two countries be intimately connected) is that of Sharon Turner, taking his "Saxon antiquities" and English history together. It is only brought down to the time of Elizabeth as yet, but he is still engaged in the work. There is a spirit of research, an elegance and an eloquence in it, not surpassed by any one who has ever attempted the great work of English history. Sir James Mc Intosh is now engaged in a history of England, and as far as he has gone it is excellent. Portions of English history have been written by able hands, and are of course more minute than theirs whose plan was a general history. Godwin and Fox have tried their powers upon portions of English history, and their names secured them readers. One of the most successful of these is Croly's George the IVth. If the grave divine in his work has broken in upon the dignity and staidness of history as it was once understood, he has made ample amends in the fluency of his narrative and in the richness of his anecdotes, but he has written too soon to be free from party prejudices.

There is also an agreeable blending of subjects in his work that makes it one of the most interesting productions of modern times, although we would not be thought to follow him in all his conclusions. It has, it is true, a great freedom of remark, but no licentiousness of purpose. His aim was honest and his course manly. George the IVth, from his pen, rises in consequence and dignity, with all the errors of his youth on his head. The thousand anecdotes of his profligacy in early days are "nothing extenuated, nor aught set down in malice," but told in honest truth, and his redeeming qualities are placed side by side with his faults. In this work the great machinery of English society is exhibited and explained with a fearlessness that does honor to the head and heart of the historian. His monarch is now his subject, and he treats him in a princely manner. It is the pride of the literary man that all ages and all classes of men, come at his wish, and are dismissed at his bidding. And who can question his authority?

It is difficult to speak of Moore without saying too little of his beauties or his faults. No man was ever more felicitous than he in his peculiar style of writing. He attacked the heart through the medium of the senses, and if his spells were not lasting, they were all powerful while they existed. *His* muse came not from Pindus braced with mountain air, but all redolent from the paradise of Mahomet, full of joy and enchantment, bordering upon intoxication. The young read his productions with avidity, and the old wondered at his power over words. His sweets never cloy, nor can it be said that he is ever vulgar, however sensual. His are Apician dainties, and therefore more dangerous. It

must be confessed that in his late poetical works he has atoned for the looseness of his earlier writings. It is to be regretted that he should ever have written the lives of Sheridan and Byron. These works can do no good. The exposure of the follies of these extraordinary men neither deter the rising generation from vice nor enlighten the minds of those who are out of danger from such examples. This high authority will induce many to drag into public view the faults of less distinguished persons, and the grave which formerly hid the sins of ordinary men may do so no longer. To say nothing of the dead, but what is good is too narrow a rule, but all the truth should not be spoken of every one, unless its publication can benefit the community. These liberties of the press destroy the respect with which the exalted in mind or station were formerly regarded. The follies and vices of these superior beings bring them down to the level of vulgar minds. One of the greatest ties of the social compact was the gravity and dignity that were attached to knowledge and experience. The philosophers proclaimed liberty and equality in France, in 1789, but the true spirit of it not being understood by the lower orders they caught the hatred to tyranny, and with the oppressors, swept away the philosophers also.

But to return to the poetry of Moore. He is now in his prime, and may woo the muse for many a sunny day, and more entirely redeem his early aberrations. But we beg of him to give no more lives in this style. If he would take up some holy man whose days had abounded in incident, and throw around him the [illegible] of his poetical genius, he would make a work that would long and widely benefit mankind, but we have enough

of travels and bagnios of Circes and of Cyprians. The mind, after a while, even of those who had a strong appetite at first, turns with loathing from these offensive details, which in the life of Byron seem to occur as constantly as the seasons, and it makes no difference whether it be said by the living, or written by his departed subject. Fiction, however monstrous, is better than such truths, for there is always a lurking remembrance in the mind that it is fiction, and poor human nature is saved from the effect which might be produced if it had been treading over realities.

Moore has genius of a high order, and it is devoted to the public. Let him recollect his responsibility to that public, and take such subjects as will enlighten many, amuse all, and be constantly doing good.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

AIR—MAID OF THE VALLEY.

Go where glory waits thee;
But, while fame elates thee,
  Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
  Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
  Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
  Oh! then remember me.

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
 Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
 Oh! then remember me.
Oft, as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,
 Once so loved by thee:
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them;
 Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee, dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee;
Then let mem'ry bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee;
 Oh! then remember me.

William L. Bowles holds a respectable rank in the republic of letters, but is now probably more known for his controversy with Campbell and Byron respecting the merits of Pope, than for any other production.

He is now an old man and probably will not make his appearance again as a poet or a controversialist.

TO TIME.

O Time, who know'st a lenient hand to lay,
Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest unperceived away:
On thee I rest my only hopes at last:
And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear,
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on many a sorrow past,
And greet life's peaceful evening with a smile.
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunshine of the transient shower,
Forgetful, though its wings be wet the while.
But ah! what ills must that poor heart endure,
Who hopes from thee, and thee alone a cure.

The Rev. Henry Milman is one of the finest poets of England, whether you consider the genius, the taste, or the purity of the man. He has been, and probably now is professor of poetry at Oxford. In his college days he took all the prizes for poetry, or more of them than any other person in his way. He has written since he has been in the church with great power and elegance. Milman is in the prime of manhood, a sound believer, a good moralist, a splendid prose writer, and yields to no one in his wishes to do good. It is to be hoped that his productions will soon become as fashionable as those of Byron and Moore.

ODE, TO THE SAVIOUR.

——For thou wert born of woman! thou didst come,
Oh Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array,
And not by thunders strew'd
Was thy tempestuous road;
Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way.
But thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefil'd
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;
Nor stoop'd their lamps the enthroned fires on high;
A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky;
The Eastern sages leading on
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odours sweet
Before thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hush'd to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere;
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song
From all the cherub choirs,
And seraphs' burning lyres, [along.
Pour'd thro' the host of heaven the charm'd clouds
One angel-troop the strain began,
Of all the race of man

By simple shepherds heard alone,
That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came;
Nor visible angels mourn'd with drooping plumes:
Nor didst thou mount on high
From fatal Calvary
With all thy own redeem'd out bursting from their [tombs,
For thou didst bear away from earth
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by thy side, to be
In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake;
A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done;
A few dim hours of day
The world in darkness lay;
Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless [sun,
While thou didst sleep within the tomb,
Consenting to thy doom;
Ere yet the white-rob'd angel shone
Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
With devastation in thy red right hand,
Plaguing the guilty city's murtherous crew;
But thou didst haste to meet
Thy mother's coming feet,
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few;
Then calmly slowly didst thou rise
Into thy native skies,

Thy human form dissolved on high
In its own radiancy.

All the world has read Byron, and it has not yet gone from our ears that the great poet is dead. The recollections, lives, sketches, and anecdotes, have been profusely poured out upon the world until all have grown weary with wading through them. It is well to know enough of his character as a poet to find the best portions of his works, and of history not to dwell on it. His course from the dawn of reason was wayward. His vices commenced early and lasted as long as he lived. He violated duties, scorned all human ties, and offended every religious creed.

He wrote many things with great effect. He saw and felt much, but after all was selfish in his feelings. He was sometimes generous, and always profuse; but in the midst of labor, pleasure, or profligacy, his own greatness, and his wrongs, real or imaginary, were uppermost in his thoughts. When the excitement about Lord Byron has passed away, the world will admire his talents, and will select many parts of his works, and bind them up together for posterity. The Greeks will erect a monument to his memory out of the remains of the tombs of Pindar and Alcibiades; and when time has sunk some glaring instances of his profligacy into dimness and shade, the mitred guardians of the gates of Westminster Abbey may permit a slab to be sculptured with his name. Charity will not always plead in vain for his honor; she will be heard when she offers, as a palliation for many of his errors, the want of parental example and domestic instruction.

STANZAS.

"Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

And thou art dead, as young and fair
  As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
  Too soon return'd to earth!
Though earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
  In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
  Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
  So I behold them not:
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved and long must love,
  Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
  As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
  And canst not alter now.
The love where death hath set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
  Nor falsehood disavow:
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
  The worst can but be mine:
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
  Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
  Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have pass'd away;
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
  Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
  The leaves must drop away:
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
  Than see it pluck'd to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
  To see thy beauties fade;
The night that follow'd such a morn
  Had worn a deeper shade:
Thy day without a cloud hath past,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
  Extinguish'd, not decay'd;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep
  My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
  One vigil o'er thy bed;

To gaze, how fondly ! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
  Uphold thy drooping head ;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
  Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
  Than thus remember thee !
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread eternity
  Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

The name of Shelley excites unpleasant feelings. He was a being to be pitied. His were the wanderings of a powerful intellect that led directly down to the gates of death. He pushed, while yet a youth, his skepticism to frenzy. By his waywardness he had nothing to gain, but much to lose. Preversity and infidelity drove him from the university, and at last, almost from the society of men ; but the times that passed over him did not return him to reason, nor did he acknowledge that the Most High reigneth among men. Shelly wrote under a torture that even his muse could not describe, nor find any match for it among earth-born beings. Shelley had in prospect, *titles*, *wealth*, *and fame*. His mind was of a gigantic order. He reasoned against revelation and religion with the strength of the prince of darkness. His poetry partakes of the obscurity of his reasonings, but there is in it a most won-

derful power of thought and expression. Sometimes this obscurity seems to heighten the sublimity of his poetry. Curses were on his lips, and poverty stung him to madness, and made him blaspheme the more. He was called to his great account at thirty years of age. He was drowned, and Byron erected and fired his funeral pile, and watched it as the flames ascended; but in admiring the classical beauty of the scene, he forgot to shed "*the tear to friendship due.*"

There is a possibility that such a mind as Shelley's might have worked itself free from the vile stuff about it, if he had been spared to a mature age. Shelley's principles were too much involved in metaphysics to have had a very deleterious effect on society. The poison lies deep in his works when there is any; it will not be sucked in by the cursory reader, and the wise one will have an antidote for it when he is in danger. There is a charm in sound principles worth all other talismans.

It is painful to see youthful virtue cut off in the early summer of life, but the pang is tenfold when misguided genius is called to depart "*unanointed, unannealed.*" Shelley rather strove to vindicate his absurdities than to propagate his principles. His example will not be infectious, for his short life proved that disobedience and transgression are sources of misery, and that he who defies the community will find himself bound hand and foot and thrown away with contempt. Life to him is without enjoyment, and death comes without hope; he departs without the lamentations of the good, and rests without the praises of the eloquent. If those bound by the ties of consanguinity or alliance shed a tear upon his grave, it flows not

from the fountain of pure affection, but is a scalding drop, wrung from painful recollections of his worse than useless course.

DEDICATION OF THE REVOLT OF ISLAM.

TO MARY ———

So now my summer task is ended, Mary,
And I return to thee, mine own heart's home;
As to his queen some victor knight of faery,
Earning bright spoils for her enchanted dome;
Nor thou disdain, that ere my fame become
A star among the stars of mortal night,
If it indeed may cleave its natal gloom,
Its doubtful promise thus I would unite
With thy beloved name, thou child of love and light.

The toil which stole from thee so many an hour
Is ended.—And the fruit is at thy feet!
No longer where the woods to frame a bower
With interlaced branches mix and meet,
Or where with sound like many voices sweet
Water-falls leap among wild islands green
Which framed for my lone boat a lone retreat
Of moss-grown trees and weeds, shall I be seen:
But beside thee, where still my heart has ever been.

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first
The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass.
I do remember well the hour which burst
My spirit's sleep: a fresh Maydawn it was,
When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,

And wept I knew not why; until there rose
From the near school-room, voices, that alas!
Were but one echo from a world of woes,
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

And then I clasped my hands and looked around—
But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
Which poured the warm drops on the sunny ground—
So without shame, I spake:—"I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power; for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
Without reproach or check." I then controlled
My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.

And from that hour did I with earnest thought
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore;
Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
I cared to learn, but from that secret store
Wrought linked armour for my soul, before
It might walk forth to war among mankind;
Thus power and hope were strengthened more and more
Within me, till there came upon my mind
A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.

Alas, that love should be a blight and snare
To those who seek all sympathies in one!—
Such once I sought in vain; then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone:—
Yet never found I one not false to me,
Hard hearts, and cold, like weights of icy stone,

Which crushed and withered mine, that could not be
Aught but a lifeless clog until revived by thee.

Thou friend, whose presence on my wintry heart
Fell like bright spring upon some herbless plain;
How beautiful and calm and free thou wert
In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain
Of custom thou didst burst and rend in twain,
And walked as free as light the clouds among,
Which many an envious slave then breathed in vain
From his dim dungeon, and my spirit sprung
To meet thee from the woes which had begirt it long.

No more alone through the world's wilderness,
Although I trod the paths of high intent,
I journeyed now: no more companionless,
Where solitude is like despair, I went.—
There is the wisdom of a stern content,
When poverty can blight the just and good,
When infamy dares mock the innocent,
And cherished friends turn with the multitude
To trample: this was ours, and we unshaken stood!

Now has descended a serener hour,
And with inconstant fortune friends return;
Though suffering leaves the knowledge and the power,
Which says:—let scorn be not repaid with scorn.
And from thy side two gentle babes are born
To fill our home with smiles, and thus are we
Most fortunate beneath life's beaming morn;
And these delights, and thou, have been to me,
The parents of the song I consecrate to thee.

Is it that now my inexperienced fingers
But strike the prelude to a loftier strain?
Or must the lyre on which my spirit lingers
Soon pause in silence ne'er to sound again,
Though it might shake the anarch Custom's reign,
And charm the minds of men to Truth's own sway,
Holier than was Amphion's? it would fain
Reply in hope—but I am worn away,
And death and love are yet contending for their prey.

And what art thou? I know, but dare not speak:
Time may interpret to his silent years.
Yet in the paleness of thy thoughtful cheek,
And in the light thine ample forehead wears,
And in thy sweetest smiles, and in thy tears,
And in thy gentle speech, a prophecy
Is whispered to subdue my fondest fears:
And through thine eyes, even in thy soul I see
A lamp of vestal fire burning internally.

They say that thou wert lovely from thy birth,
Of glorious parents, thou aspiring child.
I wonder not—for one then left this earth
Whose life was like a setting planet mild,
Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled
Of its departing glory; still her fame
Shines on thee, through the tempest dark and wild
Which shake these latter days; and thou canst claim
The shelter from thy sire, of an immortal name.

One voice came forth from many a mighty spirit,
Which was the echo of three thousand years;
And the tumultuous world stood mute to hear it,

As some lone man, who in a desert hears
The music of his home:—unwonted fears
Fell on the pale oppressors of our race,
And faith and custom and low-thoughted cares,
Like thunder-stricken dragons, for a space
Left the torn human heart, their food and dwelling
place.

Truth's deathless voice pauses among mankind!
If there must be no response to my cry—
If men must rise and stamp with fury blind
On his pure name who loves them,—thou and I,
Sweet friend! can look from our tranquillity
Like lamps into the world's tempestuous night,—
Two tranquil stars, while clouds are passing by,
Which wrap them from the foundering seaman's sight,
That burn from year to year with unextinguished light.

When the elements of the moral and political world were in a state of high commotion, a work entitled the "Pursuits of Literature" was published anonymously. It was a severe and an indignant satire upon the wild and unprincipled writers of that period. Its tone was high and manly, but its severity was directed by no party spirit. The author struck down the sciolists and charlatans of that period with a strong hand. He neither courted nor feared those in power. In the pride of a man of letters, he assumed the bold, but true doctrine, that on literature, well or ill conducted, depends the fate of a nation. He spoke of literature in its broadest sense. He brought great stores of learning to his aid. He had drank deeply of the sweet waters

of the Pierian spring. If he was sometimes guilty of affectation, it could do no harm to any one but himself. The author of the Pursuits of Literature was a learned man, if his pedantry was at times too apparent. If this composition was not equal to the pretensions of the writer, it most certainly was a learned production. The notes were more valued than the verse. This work did much to put down the host of spurious politicians and writers of affected importance, if the author did, in hasty moments, throw his arrows somewhat too promiscuously. The author plumed himself, like Junius, on concealment, but was not like him, capable of keeping his secret. The author was found to be Mr. Mathias—a learned man. Canning, in his poem called "*New Morality*," speaks of the author of the Pursuits of Literature, then unknown, with no small share of praise:

> "Thou too!—the nameless bard,—whose honest zeal
> For law, for morals, for the public weal,
> Pours down impetuous on thy country's foes
> The stream of verse, and many languaged prose;
> Thou too!—though oft thy ill-advised dislike
> The guiltless head with random censure strike,—
> Though quaint allusions, vague and undefined,
> Play faintly round the ear, but mark the mind:—
> Through the mix'd mass yet truth and learning shine,
> And manly vigour stamps the nervous line:
> And patriot warmth the generous rage inspires,
> And wakes and points the desultory fires!"

From Mathias the lake poets received a serious castigation. Perhaps, he was too intent upon extirpating

the pitiful gnats and fire-flies of literature that were buzzing and stinging about him, while he should have been dealing his ponderous blows upon the monsters and dragons of mischief. Though full of classical allusion, and heroic examples, he forgot that of Hercules. Had this hero stopped on his journeys to abate every little nuisance, or to have crushed every tarantula and viper in his pathway, the Augean stable might never have been cleansed, nor the Nemean lion slain. Great efforts should be directed to great ends.

Fiction is now the rage in the republic of letters. The history of fiction is one of deep philosophy and curious incident. Fiction has always been natural to man, and has claimed a share of his attention in every age and country. The popular fictions of the English came from the north, and are derived from the Huns—who obtained them from the east, where they had existed almost from the birth of man. In passing through the coarse, warlike Huns, they lost something of their Oriental coloring, but nothing of their strength or exaggeration; their eastern features are still always discernible. It is not difficult to trace fiction in every age or nation; it has been the extended shadow of the mind of man at all times, which kept a strong resemblance to the features of his character. The Greeks did not cultivate as we now do. The golden age of fiction was among the Arabs from the ninth to the fourteenth century, when those lovely tales, the *Arabian Nights*, were invented, or collected and burnished up by the devotees to Arabic learning. In these tales superhuman agency is employed to more than human purposes. If genii appear, they have something worthy of their powers to perform; they are mostly inclined

to virtue. If a demon is called to act, he is never supreme; some talisman can control him,—some good spirit is his master.

The early ages of poetry and fiction in England, have been traced with care by Warton, in his history of English poetry; but the first of happy fiction, as it is now understood, was the Utopia, by Sir Thomes More, whose writings have been named in a previous chapter.

A work of fiction, or a novel, to take the language of the times, is an exhibition of action or passion, and incident, such as belongs to nature, and is a dark, or bright or beautiful picture of human life; although there never existed a precise prototype of it, still all must be after nature. In the hands of a master such a composition may be made attractive and useful. It is compounded by blending such matters as have the spirit of public or private history, with such remarks put into the mouths of those who did, or did not exist; or by giving to ideal characters the air, manner, and words of real ones. In modern times, also, some characters, as in ancient novels, are drawn with superhuman powers; suited to mortal purposes. Godwin has taken this liberty in his admirable novel, St. Leon. In this work the fable of the elixir of life, that gave immortality to all who drank it, and the philosopher's stone, that changed all metals into gold by the touch, are worked up to a high and commanding purpose.—to throw colors upon the scenes of life, to diversify them at will, and to lead the mind through the wonderful to a just sense of the true. In his Caleb Williams, and other books from his pen, he works only in mortal agencies, and brings about ends by natural means.

Among the first of English novelists is Mrs. Radcliff.

Her imagination was of a high order. She brought into her works a spirit of Italian history, which was always full of romance and taste. There was a current of blood running through it, more often of patrician than plebeian fountains. Crime, sentiment, daring, inexplicable conduct, abounding in the quietest walks of life, and superabounding in the upper circles of society, made Italy one fertile field of novel incident, which the "great magician of Udolpho" improved and embellished.

If we lay aside excitement, passion, and the wonderful, and come to just and powerful exhibitions of human life, Miss Edgeworth has no superior. She deals in nothing but probable events, which are full of instruction, and are well calculated to teach all classes their duties. Her great good sense was soon discovered by an intelligent community, and the cant and fustian, and mawkish sensibility which was deluging the land, at once, in a measure, disappeared, and a better taste was cultivated. Her PATRONAGE would afford lessons for the profound statesman. It is a mirror of nature. It flatters no one, nor gives any unnatural image. Hosts of similar productions were thrown off for the public, and many of them were well intended, and some of them well written. The knight errants in the fields of literature were numerous, and they coursed here and there without superior or master, until Walter Scott appeared. At first he was *the great unknown*. At the onset he bore away the palm from all his rivals with ease, and then becoming a little jaded, he seemed to gallop over the course as one careless of the victory; but when some cried out that he was exhausted, the next moment he was seen recruited, dash-

ing onwards to prove his pedigree, speed, and bottom. For a long time the princely knight wore his visor down, and fought and conquered with perfect concealment. At length accident revealed him, and strange to tell, his discovery has not robbed his works of a particle of their interest. Sir Walter Scott has a tribe of imitators, and some of them tread closely upon his heels, while others are at a sightless distance from his course. Some of these authors may be called learned, and may be said to use good language, in a gentlemanly manner, particularly Walter Scott. Their vocabularies are sometimes rich in sound philology, and bear marks of having been well used.

Many are improved by reading the works of such a writer as Walter Scott. Every reader catches more or less of his cast of thought, and learns to see carefully, and to describe with accuracy. It would be wrong to make an English education out of these novels, or to rely upon them for historical facts; but if they should be kept out of the school-room, they may be found in the library, and may be suffered to lie on the work table and the toilet. There is, at present, a cormorant appetite for these works of fiction—even our own wonderful history must be illustrated by tales and stories, because the true narrative might be dull. This is an evil. Sir Walter has not so directly guided the public taste as we imagine; he rather saw the direction and followed it, and found his fortune and his fame in the course.

If Sir Walter had given about half the number of works to the public that he has in the same period of time he has been writing, it would have been as well for his fame, and better for his readers; for his works have come too rapidly for the reader who had many avoca-

tions, and with less finish than they would have had with more pains. But when the critic has said all he ought to say, and the reader has put aside the novel, tired and determined to turn from him for ever, for something in another path, let a month elapse, and it is taken up again with fresh delight and perused with new devotion. The influence of genius can never be destroyed, it lives and gathers new strength in every age. The gossamers of fashion pass away, but the solid gold of talents remains, like the works of God, to increase our admiration as our knowledge increases.

There is a great mass of English literature now extant, which contains immense stores of thought, and which, if read judiciously, would make a very learned man. It is every day increasing, and it will soon require large books of indexes and references for one to get fairly at it; in fact, they are numerous now. Much time is often wasted for want of proper guides in our studies. We not only should have finger-posts and mile-stones, but maps and directories constantly with us, whenever we go out to increase our knowledge, or for amusement. English literature is ours by birthright, and we have retained it uninjured by low idioms, and unprofaned by jargons, which have so often been found in colonial languages. The academic bowers, the lyceums, and the universities of the mother country have all poured their treasures into our land most readily.

This literature of England must be forever ours. No non-intercourses or wars, can long keep the intellectual rays of that nation from us. This settled, we must respect our own literature to bring out the genius of the American people. This should not be done by a

tariff on English literature, but by bounties on our own. There is mind enough and a good disposition every where seen among us for the high pursuits of learning, but our authors must shine only as scattered and flickering lights along our shores, unless these fires are cherished and new ones kindled up by the breath of public patronage.

CHAPTER VII.

I SHALL not enter into a discussion of the advantages of a classical education; I shall leave that question to those who are fond of controversy. This subject has occupied the minds of distinguished men for ages. For nearly four centuries classical learning held the first rank in the pursuits of knowledge. After the flood of learning had burst from Constantinople, Greek and Latin were considered the highest pursuits of man; the greatest objects of the human mind, *humaniores literæ*, were translated—THE HUMANITIES. Until a few years since no one dared lisp a word against classical learning, but lately opposers to the study of the dead languages have been numerous and powerful; and their main argument has been, that the mind might be more profitably employed in other departments of knowledge. It must be conceded on all hands that the Greek and Roman writers contain much that is essential to be known. It may be found in translation, it is said, and mastered much sooner than in a foreign language. In every point of view the learning of the classic ages must be had, and a great portion of it, even to the professed scholar, comes through the me-

dium of translations; but few, indeed, have spent their days in reading history, biography, and geography, in Herodotus, Tacitus, Plutarch, and Strabo, in the original, who could find a good translation at hand. In the early ages, all branches of knowledge were commingled together. History was poetry, and poetry history. And these, with eloquence, made up the amount of their literature.

To understand the ancients, we must begin with the birth of letters. All before that time was tradition and fable, and if written since, it must have been from conjecture or from amusement.

——"Be famous then
By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law,
The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote;
The Gentiles also know, and write and teach
To admiration, led by Nature's light;
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st;
Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Their idolism, traditions, paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinc'd.
Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by south-west; behold
Where on th' Ægean shore a city stands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts

And eloquence, to famous native wits,
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City, or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flowery hill Hymettus with the sound
Of bees, industrious murmur oft invites
The studious musing; their Ilissus rolls
His whisp'ring stream: within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world;
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions, and high passions best describing.
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook th' arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes throne.
To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven descended to the low-roof'd house

Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom, well inspir'd, the oracle pronounc'd
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnam'd Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe:
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st at home."

"*Knowledge is but the remembrancer of things*," and history is the record of *things*, *events*, *circumstances*, *opinions*, *sentiments*, and *inferences*. To impress these things on the memory is laying the foundation of knowledge.

History is considered by all enlightened men as a branch of polite literature, and one of great importance. It enables us to triumph over time,—to extend the term of human life, by storing the mind with the spoils of past ages. By history, man lives the period of oriental adulation,—a thousand years. For want of history the savages are children forever, with a high capacity for knowledge. With the light of history man finds that he is not a creature of the day, nor born alone for the present hour, but that, by the powers of reflection, he can lay hold on the past, and conjure it all up at his bidding. He ponders over the inexhaustible treasures contained in history, and by comparing, and combining and selecting, he may find information to guide him in forming a correct judgment in all cases. By this knowledge, he looks forward to coming time, and reasoning on what has been, he successfully conjectures what will be; and he becomes, of course, a sagacious adviser to the state. All things, by history, pass, as

it were, before us, and we judge of men and things without *fear*, *prejudice*, or *partiality*.

This is particularly a day of free inquiry. The ancient dogmas have given way, and new lights are brought up to assist us. By deep researches, great pains, and fortunate discoveries, more information is found in the works of modern historians than any former age could furnish.

It is also a day of bold criticism; men no longer read history, giving implicit belief to every popular historian, without examination and reflection. In all human knowledge there must be error. Fancy and fable are mingled with facts, and it requires discrimination to separate them even in this age of light. To know the waters we must go up to the fountains. To understand the weight of history we must go back to the dawn of knowledge, when tradition was much of history; and fables, that were produced as ornaments and illustrations, were taken for sober realities.

In this early day of originality, there was but little that could be called sound learning. Fancy was resorted to for want of fact, and the genius of man was taxed to the highest bent for an ideal creation. Every thing was personified; every faculty and every power was represented by some divinity. The understanding of man was shadowed forth by one who walked

> "The impalpable and pathless sky,"

and drove the chariot of the sun. In *his* train followed the MUSES, who breathed upon their votaries the balmy breath of inspiration, and taught them every thing necessary for their happiness. These muses re-

presented *joy* and *grief;* they created the sprightly *song*, and invented the mazy *dance;* and taught mortals to build the lofty *rhyme*, to gaze on the heavens in their starry splendor, and to learn the wanderings of the comet, as well as the motions of the regular planets, as they performed their pathways with the god of day. At the head of this glorious band was placed the muse of history. She recorded the deeds of her sisters, and of all the sons of men, and left her tablets for the instruction of mankind; and without her, all the inspirations lavished around them, would have been given to ECHO, or suffered to die away among the mountains, and in the vales in which they were born.

The earliest use of letters, after they were invented, was to give the world the birth of the gods, and those mighty ones descended from them by the daughters of men; and also an account of their deeds. If these things did not much enlarge the mind, they gave a softness and civilization to the human race, which it had not known before. The imagination was restrained by no law, man went on with his creations, and remodeled them at will, until they suited his taste and his habits. Every invention of the imagination, and every work of his hands made up a portion of early history. *Sculpture, poetry, architecture*, were all matters of history, as history was then understood, for it was not until later ages that history was separated and made a distinct branch of human knowledge.

Next came the separate descriptions of battles, the rise and fall of empires, the deeds of statesmen, and the occurrences of domestic life; the *changes* of governments, the *planting* of colonies, and the *relations* of commerce; the *character* and effects of *associa-*

tions and *combinations*, and all the doctrine of *treaties, offensive* and *defensive*. Then history separated the *ecclesiastical*, the *political*, and *military* affairs from each other, and each was treated separately as well as in conjunction.

Biography came to the aid of *history*, when great men were connected with the affairs of nations. Their conduct was discussed as individuals, and as members of the body politic. All these things were then studied to strengthen and enlarge the mind ;—and the arts of *war*, of *government*, the pursuits of letters, and the study of the sciences, were made topics for the schools. The instructors of mankind treated upon the elements of all knowledge, and often lavished the finest powers of the understanding upon splendid and wild theories, without much practical utility in them; yet even error was made subservient to usefulness.

Eloquence was cultivated for *distinction*, before debating was brought to any practical use. Some of these specimens of eloquence have come down to us, and delight the admirers of genius and refined taste. We love to linger over these efforts of the mind, as they show how much a passion of fame will produce, when even no precise ultimate object was regarded. This taste and talent softened the natural ferocity of man, and made polished and splendid minds when there was but little of true philosophy extant.

The course of knowledge was progressive, and men discovered that it was necessary to know something of *geography* as well as of *history*, *poetry*, *architecture*, *sculpture*, *eloquence*, and *politics*. The Babylonians, the Egyptians, and the Greeks, very early considered geography as a science, and began their labors in it,

which have been transmitted to us most minutely. Sesostris travelled as much for *curiosity* and a desire of knowledge as for conquest, and traced his travels upon a rude map. On this effort of his mind, he rested his fame more decidedly than on his conquests, and took more delight in showing it to his people, than his captives or the spoils of conquered nations. The Greeks emulated all, and surpassed all in their emulation. Anaximander is said to have made the first Greek map. It must have been a very rude outline of the countries he had seen; but the Greeks never rested satisfied without attaining to excellence; and, of course, the science of geography, and the art of making maps and charts, were soon in a progressive state. It was quickly discovered by that sagacious people that astronomy and geography must be connected with each other; but to what extent, was not then ascertained. Astronomy had, before this period, been cultivated by the Babylonians, and with their knowledge the Greeks had become acquainted. One hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, Ptolemy had extended the science of geography, and the Romans profited by his labors. The convexity of the earth was at that time known, but no great results were seen to flow from the discovery, in a philosophical point of view.

There were, doubtless, many graphic descriptions of countries in their traditions, and perhaps in poetry, before any lines of maps or charts were drawn, and probably before the Greeks had a written language. The geography of Homer is thought to be wonderfully correct. He had, in early life, seen with great observance the countries he described. His blindness was

probably at a late period of his life—certainly after he had passed the middle age of man. Some vague geographical descriptions had come from Egypt with the wisdom of that people, and of the *farthest East*, from whence they drew their wisdom. Thales, a historian, geographer, and philosopher, who had added to the stock of geographical knowledge by his travels, on his return from Egypt promulgated his researches to his countrymen. He had learned something of geometry as well as geography, and set about settling the philosophy of the equinoxes, for the better admeasurement of time, as well as of the earth. From the discoveries of modern travellers in Egypt,—Denon and others,—there can be no doubt but that the sciences of astronomy and geometry had been long known there at the period when Thales visited that country. Taste in letters, in architecture, and science in war, were far in advance of other sciences, down to the days of Archimedes who transcended all his predecessors in mathematics and natural philosophy.

Geography was not more necessary to history than chronology. These two have been emphatically called *the eyes of history*,—the latter being as important, in many aspects, as the former, but, in fact, more difficult to obtain. The seasons were first to be measured, and accurately too, before chronology could assume such a form as would be satisfactory to the inquisitive mind. Rude nations know but little of chronology. The most enlightened savages of our country have no accurate means of the crude admeasurement of time, and keeping a record of the measure. Se-qua-yah, who invented the Cherokee alphabet, had no exact account of his age; and is now engaged in attempting to fix some laws satisfactory to himself on this subject.

The Greeks had several epochs, more or less certain. First, from the *Argonautic expedition;* next, from the *siege of Troy;* then from the *Olympic games.* This last era was established 776 years before Christ, about twenty-three years before the foundation of Rome, according to some chronologists. The history of Greece is said to have commenced more than seven hundred years before the *Argonautic expedition.* This was truly an age of fable. The age from the *siege of Troy* was more accurately defined by the early historians, and of course more reliance could be placed on it; for from this period, or near it, we begin to have something like contemporaneous history.

It must, I think, be acknowledged by every good philosophical historian, that the ancients had no very metaphysical ideas of time or space. The philosophy of eternity, of mind, of space, or matter, was not then so well understood as in our days, degenerate as the antiquarian would call us. Even the Jupiter of the ancients had not half as great a space to act in as Napoleon panted for; and there was no fixed principle of his indestructible essence in their philosophy. *He may have end of years who had beginning of days;* and the whole doctrine of the theogony of the Greeks goes upon the birth of deities. To have lived in these ages of great minds,—great amidst their errors;—to have commingled familiarly with the sons of gods and the fair daughters of men, and their giant progeny; would have been full of delight. To have caught, as it were, the morning incense of nature, as it first arose from the east; to have viewed her beauties when they were first unveiled,—would have been ecstasy; and to have drank in the first inspirations of the muse, most glori-

ous. But who would not rather live among the lesser men of the present day, with a God without beginning of days or end of years; omnipotent, omnipresent, all merciful,—the father of all, the friend of all; and to whom all may return,—than to have lived among demi-gods, with

"Deities, partial, changeful, and unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, and lust?"

But do not understand me as decrying the history of those ages, for it is impossible to be respectably learned without attending to the ancients, and drinking deeply of their knowledge. It is one of the duties of those who live in any age, to draw lessons of wisdom from all that has passed, and we shall therefore cast a glance at their *historians*, *poets*, and *orators*, without any squeamish fear,—a fear now prevalent,—of imbibing any doctrines that may weaken our faith, or distract our understandings.

Homer, who was born, or rather wrote, about eight hundred and eighty years before Christ, according to the best authority, is one of the most delightful historians, as well as poets, that has come down to us from antiquity. Poetry was then not only the ornament of sentiment, and the beauty of fiction, but was also all that was mental. In fact, it embraced all the knowledge of mankind; it taught them what they believed to be their history; celebrated their mythology; filled them with romantic and heroic conceptions; and gave additional pleasure to the heart by the charm it afforded the ear. If much relating to this great poet, historian, and philosopher, is involved in doubt and obscu-

rity, still there is enough that is certain to satisfy us on the subject of the state of society in the age in which he lived.

This work itself has a singular history. It was first edited, and probably first written out, as a splendid legendary history, by the great lawgiver, Lycurgus, two hundred years after Homer's death; and more than three hundred years afterwards revised by Pisistratus, the first of all the Greeks who collected volumes for a public library. It is said, also, that Solon revised and corrected the text of Homer; and there can be no doubt but that Alexander the Great engaged his tutor, Aristotle, to give a finishing hand in correcting the compositions of the immortal bard. The account of the birth and life of Homer, said by some to be from Herodotus, is probably the best that can be found.

"A man of Magnesia, whose name was Menalippus, went to settle at Cumæ, where he married the daughter of a citizen called Homyres, and had by her a daughter called Critheis. The father and mother dying, Critheis was left under the tuition of Cleonax, her father's friend; and suffering herself to be deluded, became pregnant. The guardian, though his care had not prevented the misfortune, was, however, willing to conceal it, and therefore sent Critheis to Smyrna. Critheis being near her time, went one day to a festival, which the town of Smyrna was celebrating on the banks of the river Meles, where she was delivered of Homer, whom she called Melesigenes, because he was born on the banks of that river. Having nothing to maintain her, she was forced to spin; and a man of Smyrna called Phemius, who taught literature and music, having seen Critheis, who lodged near him, and being

pleased with her housewifery, took her into his house to spin the wool he received from his scholars for schooling. Here she behaved herself so modestly and discreetly, that Phemius married her, and adopted her son, in whom he discovered a wonderful genius, and an excellent natural disposition. After the death of Phemius and Critheis, Homer succeeded to his father-in-law's fortune and school, and was admired, not only by the inhabitants of Smyrna, but by strangers who resorted from all parts to that place of trade. A ship-master called Mentes, who was a man of wit, very learned, and a lover of poetry, was so pleased with Homer that he persuaded him to leave his school, and to travel with him. Homer, whose mind was then employed upon his 'Iliad,' and who thought it of great consequence to see the places of which he should have occasion to treat, embraced the opportunity, and during their several voyages, never failed carefully to note down what he thought worth observing. He travelled into Egypt, whence he brought into Greece the names of their gods, and the chief ceremonies of their worship. He visited Africa and Spain, in return from which places he touched at Ithaca, and was there much troubled with a rheum falling upon his eyes. Mentes being in haste to visit Leucadia, his native country, left Homer well recommended to Mentor, one of the chief men of the island of Ithaca, and there he was informed of many things relating to Ulysses, which he afterwards made use of in composing his 'Odyssey.' Mentes returning to Ithaca, found Homer cured. They embarked together, and after much time spent in visiting the coast of Peloponnesus and the islands, they arrived at Colophon, where Homer was again troubled

with the defluction upon his eyes, which proved so violent, that he is said to have lost his sight.* This misfortune made him resolve to return to Smyrna, where he finished his 'Iliad.' Some time after, the bad state of his affairs obliged him to go to Cumæ, where he hoped to have found some relief. Stopping by the way at a place called the New Wall, which was the residence of a colony from Cumæ, he lodged in the house of an armourer called Tichius, and recited some hymns he had made in honor of the gods, and his poem of Amphiraus's expedition against Thebes. After staying here some time, and being greatly admired, he went to Cumæ; and passing through Larissa, he wrote the epitaph of Midas, king of Phrygia, then newly dead. At Cumæ he was received with extraordinary joy, and his poems highly applauded; but when he proposed to immortalize their town, if they would allow him a salary, he was answered, that 'there would be no end of maintaining all the 'Ομηροι, or blind men,' and hence got the name of Homer. From Cumæ he went to Phocæa, where he recited his verses in public assemblies. Here one Thestorides, a school master, offered to maintain him, if he would suffer him to transcribe his verses: which Homer complying with through mere necessity, the schoolmaster privily withdrew to Chios, and there grew rich with Homer's poems, while Homer at Phocæa hardly earned his bread by repeating them.

"Obtaining, however, at last, some intimation of the schoolmaster he resolved to find him out; and landing near Chios, he was received by one Glaucus, a shepherd,

* The blindness of Homer has been contested by several authors, and particularly by a scholar named Andreas Wilkins, in a book bearing the quaint title of "Curatio cœci Homeri." If he was blind at all, it was probably only in extreme old age.

by whom he was carried to his master at Bolissus, who, admiring his knowledge, entrusted him with the education of his children. Here his praise began to get abroad, and the schoolmaster hearing of him, fled before him. At Chios, Homer set up a school of poetry, gained a competent fortune, married a wife, and had two daughters; one of which died young, and the other was married to his patron at Bolissus. Here he composed his 'Odyssey,' and inserted the names of those to whom he had been most obliged, as Mentes, Phemius, Mentor; and resolving to visit Athens, he made honorable mention of that city, to dispose the Athenians for a kind reception of him. But as he went, the ship put into Samos, where he continued the whole winter, singing at the houses of great men, with a train of boys after him. In the spring he went on board again, in order to prosecute his journey to Athens; but landing by the way at Chios, he fell sick, died, and was buried on the sea shore."

In every period, critics of the first order of minds have written upon Homer's works; and from the blaze of his genius have been kindled up half the lights of intervening ages. There is such a simplicity in his writings that the youthful mind can at once comprehend them; such beauty of description, that no one who has read can forget the circumstances, incidents, and images, so distinctly exhibited by the power and the art of the author. He seizes the mind so strongly, that every child sympathizes with every distinguished character in the work, and feels as much interested for each person in the whole drama, as for those of his own connections and kindred. Who has not shed a tear at Hector's fate, or pitied old father Priam begging

the corse of his son? Almost every one who early read the works of Homer, will, if he recollects himself, trace to this author the first ideas he had of sailing ships, scouring the seas, and of naval architecture. Also, the first impressions of a city, if he was born in the country. And the seven walls of Troy were drawn for his inspection, on the slate, or board, or wall, to show him how wonderfully the city was built. The petty nations of Greece all appeared in such bold relief as they assaulted the renowned city; and their modes of warfare were so simple, grand, personal, and imposing, that the mighty masses of modern battles, with their scientific movements, and slaughtered thousands, all sink into insignificance in the youthful mind, compared with the combats of these brave men. How full of sentiment is every part of the Iliad!—heroic, tender, parental, filial. Homer knew the master-springs of the human heart, and touched them as easily as Mozart did the keys of his piano. He passed from the guilty bed of Paris and Helen to the chaste loves of Hector and Andromache without violence to feeling, and in full accordance to our best impressions of virtuous sentiments. He gives, with ease, a full revelation of the human mind, from the sublimest tumults of the soul to the softest touches of human feeling; from the highest of all human resolves to the minutest courtesy of manners, in every grade of society. All that is deep in hatred; all that is settled in malignity and revenge; all that is fiendish in atheism; all that is foolish in the contemners of the gods; as well as all that is sublime in devotion, and sweet in piety, was known to this great painter of nature and of intellectual man.

The Odyssey is, perhaps, more minute in the descrip-

tion of manners and customs of countries than the Iliad, and is not wanting in sentiment. The Iliad is unquestionably the model of all epics, since written. The fact is avowed by all who have dared to attempt one. The Odyssey, the great moralist, Dr. Johnson,—who never praised the dead or the living, but from the sternest convictions of his understanding,—has avowed, is the foundation of all the tribe of modern novels.

It must be confessed that there are but a few who, if they can read the original with pains and care, do not consult the translations of Homer for ease, convenience, and pleasure. Some Latin translations are verbally accurate, and may be consulted for the sense of the author. Cowper's translation should be read as giving the strict, simple meaning of the original, and sometimes he is felicitous in expressing it. This translation should be read to see what Homer meant, but there is more attraction in that of Pope. Cowper appears in pilgrim simplicity; Pope in my Lord Chesterfield's court dress. Cowper is the most honest; Pope the most splendid. The one is literal, the other free and paraphrastic. The sweetness and purity of an honest nature is in the first; the dazzling light of genius in the second. Both may be studied with pleasure and profit.

The translations which I shall give of the Greek poets are from the works of Charles Abraham Elton; they form a happy medium between Pope and Cowper.

WATCH OF THE TROJANS

BEFORE THE WALLS OF TROY.

The glittering splendor of the sun now fell
Beneath the ocean, and earth's foodful plains
Were veil'd with blackest night. Unwelcome sank
The day to Trojan eyes; but, thrice implored,
Night's gloomy darkness came upon the Greeks.
Illustrious Hector with the Trojan bands
Held council. From the ships he led them back
Near the deep-eddying river, where a spot
Seem'd clear from scatter'd dead. Down from their steeds
They leap'd to earth, and listen'd while he spake:
His spear, eleven long cubits, by the shaft
He grasp'd; the brazen spear-head gleam'd before,
Set in its ring of gold. On this he lean'd,
And hasty spoke: "Hear, Trojans and allies!
But now I thought that, both the ships and Greeks
Destroying utterly, we should return
To Ilium's wind-swept walls. The shades of night
Have overtaken us, and so preserved
These Grecians, and the ships upon the shore;
Then yield we to the night, and make repast.
Loose the maned coursers from the cars, and set
Their provender; and from the city bring
Oxen and sheep, in haste, and luscious wines,
And loaves from all your dwellings. Gather round
Piles of dry wood, and let us kindle fires
To burn innumerable through the night
Till morning dawn, so that the splendor gild
The sky; lest haply under veil of night

The long-hair'd Greeks betake them fugitive
O'er the wide surface of the main: nor thus
They climb their ships deliberate and in peace;
But that some one among them have to tend
A wound, though safe at home; and, while he leaps
On ship-board, smitten feels the sudden edge
Of arrow or sharp spear; and others dread
To bring the tearful miseries of war
On Trojans, breakers of the fiery steed.
Let heaven-protected heralds straight proclaim
Throughout the city, that the stripling youths
And hoary-headed men keep nightly watch
Within the towers of strength that fence the town;
And the soft women, each within her house,
Kindle large fires; and a firm guard be set,
Lest stratagem in absence of our troops
Surprise the city. Trojans! great of heart!
Be it as I have said; our speech be now
Of present safeguard: words of other sort,
Warriors of Troy! shall greet you with the dawn.
For, high in trusting hope, I pray of Jove
And all the other gods, that I may drive
These dogs accurs'd of Greece, whom angry Fates
In their black ships have cast upon our shores,
Far hence. But let us through the night keep watch
And secure guard. At morn, when day first breaks,
Let us to arms, and at the hollow ships
Stir the keen conflict. It will then be seen
If Diomed the brave back from the ships
Shall drive me to the walls, or I destroy
His body with the sword and bear away
His bloody armour. He shall prove his might
To-morrow, whether he can firm sustain

My lance when borne against him. But I deem
He shall fall wounded with the first that fall,
Stretch'd at his length, soon as to-morrow's sun
Be risen. And oh! that I might deathless be,
Exempt from age, and worshipp'd as the names
Of Phœbus and Pallas are adored,
So surely as to-morrow's dawn shall bring
Evil to Greeks!" Thus Hector spoke: and loud
The Trojans shouted in acclaim. Then swift
They loosed the sweating coursers from the yoke,
And by their headstalls bound them near the cars.
Fat sheep and oxen from the town they brought
In haste, and luscious wines convey'd, and loaves
From all their dwellings; and with gather'd wood
Raised many a pile. The steamy smoke uprose
From all the plain, blown by the wafting winds
Into the sky. They, musing mighty deeds,
With ranks unbroken as in combat, sate
Through the long night, while many a fire blazed round.
As beautiful the stars shine out in heaven
Around the splendid moon, no breath of wind
Ruffling the blue calm ether; clear'd from mist
The beacon hill-tops, crags, and forest dells
Emerge in light; th' immeasurable sky
Breaks from above, and opens on the gaze;
The multitude of stars are seen at once
Full sparkling, and the shepherd looking up
Feels gladden'd at his heart; so many fires,
Midway the ships and Xanthus' glimmering stream,
Blazed up in front of Troy. A thousand flames
Burn'd on the plain; around each sep'rate pile
Sate fifty men, on whom the reddening glare
Reflected shone. Meanwhile the steeds all stood

Fast by their chariots, champing the white grain;
And tarried till the bright-throned morn appear.

From the Hymns.

PART OF THE HYMN TO APOLLO.

Nine days and nights Latona proved the pains
Of hopeless labour; but within the isle
The best of Goddesses stood near with aid.
Rhea, Dione, Themis searching truth,
And Amphitrite of the murmuring sea,
And all the fair Immortals, her except
Of snow-white arms; for Juno sate apart
Within the palace of Cloud-gatherer Jove.
Alone Lucina, speeder of the throes,
Knew not the coming birth. She also sate
Upon Olympus' summit underneath
The golden clouds, by Juno's wile, who there
Detain'd her; envious that the fair of locks,
Latona, should bring forth a noble son
And valiant. Then from the well-planted isle
Those Goddesses sent Iris to conduct
Lucina thither; promising, as gift,
A weighty necklace strung with threads of gold,
Nine cubits length. They bade her stealthily
Call forth Lucina; lest the white-arm'd Queen
Should after turn her by insidious words,
And so avert her coming. Iris heard,
And fleet, wind-footed, pass'd with running speed
Away, and swiftly cross'd the middle space.
When to the dwelling of the Gods she came,

The steep Olympus, quickly to the gate
She called Lucina; and with winged speech
Told all th' Olympian Goddesses had said,
And moved the heart within her by the words
Of soft persuasion. So they came like doves,
With featful fluttering steps; and as the feet
Of the birth-speeding Goddess touch'd the isle,
The labor seiz'd Latona, and her hour
Was come. Around a palm-tree's stem she threw
Her linked arms, and pressed her bowed knees
On the soft meadow: Earth beneath her smiled,
And Phœbus leap'd to light. The Goddesses
Scream'd in their joy. There, oh thou archer God!
Those Goddesses imbathed thee in fair streams
With chaste and pure immersion, swathing thee
With new-wove mantle, white, of delicate folds,
Clasp'd with a golden belt. His mother's milk
Fed not Apollo of the golden sword;
But Themis with immortal hands infused
Nectar and bland ambrosia. Then rejoiced
Latona that her boy had sprung to light,
Valiant, and bearer of the bow; but when,
Oh Phœbus! thou hadst tasted with thy lips
Ambrosial food, the golden swathes no more
Withheld thee panting, nor could bands restrain,
But every ligament was snapt in scorn.
Straight did Apollo stand in Heaven, and face
Th' Immortals: "Give me," cried the boy, "a harp
And bending bow; and let me prophesy
To mortal man th' unerring will of Jove."
  Far-darting Phœbus of the flowing hair
Down from the broad-track'd mountain pass'd, and all
Those Goddesses look'd on in ravish'd awe:

And all the Delian isle was heap'd with gold,
So gladden'd by his presence, the fair son
Of Jove and of Latona. For he chose
That island as his home o'er every isle
Or continent, and loved it in his soul.
It flourish'd like a mountain, when its top
Is hid with flowering blossoms of a wood.
  God of the silver bow, far-darting King!
Thou too hast trod the craggy Cynthas' heights,
And sometimes wander'd to the distant isles
And various haunts of men; and many fanes
Are thine, and groves thick set with gloomy trees:
Thine all the caverns, and the topmost cliffs
Of lofty mountains, and sea-rolling streams.
But still, oh Phœbus! in the Delian isle
Thy heart delighteth most. Th' Ionians there
In trailing robes before thy temple throng,
With their young children and their modest wives;
And mindful of thy honor charm thee then
With cestus combats, and with bounding dance,
And song, in stated contest. At the sight
Of that Ionian crowd a man would say
That all were blooming with immortal youth:
So looking on the gallant mien of all,
And ravishing his mind while he beheld
The fair-form'd men, the women with broad zone
Gracefully girt, their rapid sailing ships,
And pomp of all their opulence; and more
Than all, that mightier miracle, whose praise
Shall still imperishable bloom, the maids
Of Delos, priestesses of him who darts
His rays around the world. Apollo first
They glory with hymnings, and exalt

Latona's and the quiver'd Dian's name.
Then in their songs record the men of old,
And famous women, soothing with the strain
The listening tribes of mortals; for their voice
Can imitate the modulated sounds
Of various human tongues, and each would say
Himself were speaking. Such their aptitude
Of flexile accents and melodious speech.
Hail, oh Latona! Dian! Phœbus! hail!
And hail, ye charming damsels, and farewell!
Bear me hereafter in your memories;
And should some stranger, worn with hardships, touch
Upon your island and inquire, "What man,
Oh maidens! lives among you as the bard
Of sweetest song, and most enchants your ear?"
Then answer for me all, "Our sweetest bard
Is the blind man of Chios' rocky isle."

Hesiod comes next, or perhaps he was the contemporary of Homer; certain it is, that they lived near together. It is to be regretted that many of his works have been lost in the lapse of ages. These would, doubtless, have thrown much light on the manners and history of his times. His was a mighty mind; a shrewd observer of occurrences, and a happy delineator of things as he saw them. If he had less fire, he had quite as much philosophy as his great predecessor or contemporary, Homer. Hesiod's *Catalogue of Heroines* must have been an invaluable work, if we are allowed to judge from what has come down to us from his pen. Women at this time, and, indeed, ever since, have been incidentally spoken of, rather than directly and exclusively. This work is said to have consisted

of five parts, and, probably, was a delicate as well as an elaborate composition.

He was learned in all the wisdom of the age in which he lived: for he wrote, also, on soothsayers and explanations of signs. This, probably, had reference to the mysteries of religious belief in that age. The loss of such a work, from such a man, is incalculable. Another of his last works was called *The admonitions of Chiron to Achilles.* This must have been the remarks of a sage to a hero, and, of course, full of wisdom. Achilles was another name for *ferocity* and military prowess. His wrath was direful, and almost implacable. The sage had scope enough for remarks on the dispositions and the duties, as well as the fates of men. Hesiod was also a good agriculturalist, and wrote on trees, some that have in time disappeared, as well as of those now found in Greece. In this he has been imitated by many of his poetical successors, by Virgil particularly.

The shield of Achilles was, probably, some traditionary tale, seized by Homer and himself as containing something of the history of the arts; and from Homer's description, it must be acknowledged, that the arts had preceded letters, probably, both in Egypt and in Greece, as the first written laws of Greece were not known until about six hundred years before the Christian era. That his works abounded in the common-law, or the *lex non scripta* of his country, there can be no doubt. These *customs*, *axioms*, or *aphorisms*, which govern men, show the progress of knowledge more than written laws; because written laws are generally founded on the unwritten, and the former must be known in order to our coming to a full understand-

ing of the latter. We must go up to the fountains to be thoroughly acquainted with the streams. Such a genius as Hesiod could not have dropped a word that was not pregnant with wisdom. Such a writer is an historian on a great scale. He shadows out man as he is, without offending the individual; and as he lashed his vices, he stimulated him to virtuous deeds. Of all the sons of men the early poets were the greatest benefactors of mankind; they pointed out to the merchant his pathway of commerce, and emblazoned the warrior's deeds. Without them half the glories of the world would have been lost; and yet, by many, they are considered as the mere ornaments of the intellectual society of that age.

From the Shield of Hercules.

COMBAT OF HERCULES AND CYGNUS.

Then, truly, from their close-compacted cars,
Instant as thought, they leap'd to earth; the son
Of kingly Mars, the son of mighty Jove.
Aside, though not remote, the charioteers
The coursers drove of flowing manes. But then
Beneath the trampling sound of rushing feet
The broad earth sounded hollow; and as rocks,
From some high mountain-top precipitate,
Leap with a bound, and o'er each other whirl'd,
Shock in the dizzying fall; and many an oak
Of lofty branch, pine-tree, and poplar, deep
Of root, are crush'd beneath them as their course
Rapidly rolls impetuous to the plain;
So met these foes encountering, and so burst
Their mighty clamour. Echoing loud throughout

The city of the Myrmidons gave back
Their lifted voices, and Iolchos famed,
And Arne, and Anthea's grass-girt walls,
And Helice. Thus with amazing shout
They join'd in battle. All-considering Jove
Then greatly thunder'd; from the clouds of heaven
He sent forth dews of blood, and signal thus
Of onset gave to his high-daring son.

As in the mountain thickets the wild boar,
Grim to behold, and arm'd with jutting fangs,
Now with his hunters meditates in wrath
The conflict, whetting his white tusks aslant;
Foam drops around his churning jaws, his eyes
Show like to glimmering fires, and o'er his neck,
And roughen'd back, he raises up erect
The starting bristles; from the chariot whirl'd
By steeds of war such leap'd the son of Jove.

'Twas in that season when, on some green bough
High-perch'd, the dusky-wing'd cicada first
Shrill chants to man a summer note: his drink,
His balmy food, the vegetative dew,
The livelong day from early dawn he pours
His voice, what time the sun's exhaustive heat
Fierce dries the frame: 'twas in that season when
The bristly ears of millet spring with grain
Which they in summer sow; when the crude grape
Faint reddens on the vine which Bacchus gave,
The joy or anguish of the race of men;
Ev'n in that season join'd the war, and vast
The battle's tumult rose into the heaven.

As two grim lions, for a roebuck slain
Wroth, in contention rush, and them betwixt
The sound of roaring and of clashing teeth

Ariseth; or as vultures, curved of beak,
Crooked of talon, on a steepy rock
Contest loud screaming; if perchance below,
Some mountain-pastured goat, or forest stag,
Sleek press the plain, whom far the hunter-youth
Pierc'd with fleet arrow from the bowstring shrill
Dismiss'd, and elsewhere wander'd, of the spot
Unknowing; they with keenest heed the prize
Mark, and, in swooping rage, each other tear
With bitterest conflict, so vociferous rush'd
The warriors on each other. Cygnus then,
Aiming to slay the son of Jupiter,
Unmatch'd, in strength, against the buckler struck
His brazen lance; but through the metal plate
Broke not, the present of a God preserved.
On th' other side, he of Amphitryon named,
Strong Hercules, between the helm and shield
Drove his long spear, and underneath the chin
Through the bare neck smote violent and swift.
The murderous ashen beam at once the nerves
Twain of the neck cleft sheer; for all the man
Dropp'd, and his force went from him: down he fell
Headlong. As falls a thunder-blasted oak,
Or perpendicular rock, riven by the flash
Of Jove, in smouldering smoke is hurl'd from high,
So fell he, and his brass-emblazon'd mail
Clatter'd around him. Jove's firm-hearted son
Then left the corse, abandoned where it lay,

We must pass the free and satirical Archilochus—the martial strains of Tyrtæus—the enchanting songs of the love-smit Sappho, whose genius has no superior—and the never to be forgotten odes of Anacreon, who

mingled philosophy with love, and gave grace and delicacy to passion,—to say a word of the immortal Pindar. He was born at Thebes, in Bœotia, a place proverbial for the dulness of the natives, or said to be, by the proud Athenians. The Delphi Oracle ordered the people to appropriate to him a share of their finest productions of nature, and an iron chair was placed for him in the temple of Apollo, in which he was accustomed to sit and declaim his verses. This chair must have been designated by Apollo himself, not to make his a hard seat, but to glance at the fate of the greatest number of his successors. He was a favorite of kings, when living, and his name has been protected by them in after ages. His genius was lofty—his spirit bold—and he could warm the heart, and fire the imagination beyond his compeers. Milton alone, of all the moderns, has reached his terseness, beauty, and harmony. It is said by many that his genius struck off these odes, which have come down to us, at first impression. It was not, could not have been, so. Their depth of thought—careful arrangement—and all that is seemingly artless—is proof of the most exquisite art.

THE SECOND OLYMPIC ODE.

On the Victory in the Chariot-race, gained by Theron, Tyrant of Agrigentum.

I. 1.

Harp-ruling hymns! what Deity
What hero, or what man,
Shall I record in stately songs?

Pisa to Jove belongs:
From Hercules th' Olympic games began;
First-fruits of victory:
But Theron is my choice;
His conquering coursers ask my voice;
Just, hospitable he:
Pillar of Agrigentum, the fair flower
Of a well-famed ancestry;
Ruling the cities in his upright power.

I. 2.

Those ancestors, with wandering hardships prest,
The river-city's towers among
Their sacred palace fix'd, and place of rest:
They were Sicilia's eye of light:
A blessed age ensued: and led along
The treasures of the earth,
And favor in the people's sight,
To grace their inborn worth.
But thou, oh Rhea's son! oh Jove!
That on Olympus sit'st, and from above
Extend'st thy sceptre o'er
This noble contest, pinnacle of merit;
And Alpheus' winding shore;
Now gladden'd with the voice of harp and song,
To their sons' sons the dynasty prolong;
And let the race inherit
This mother-soil for ever more.

I. 3.

Not Time, the father of the tide of things,
Has power to make the deed undone,
That from injustice, or from justice, springs;

Nor with retracting hand annihilate
The end, that crowns the act begun:
Yet the concurrence blest of Fate
May bid oblivion shroud the past;
Nor strife's disunion, sown of late
'Twixt Hiero and Theron ere shall last,
To shake his throne's foundations fast;
For hateful evil perishes away,
Down-trodden and subdued;
When joy and blessing have on wrath ensued;
And Providence with fate-o'er-ruling sway
Bears up felicity
Above the spurns of wrong, and sets it high.

II. 1.

This truth befits the tale of old
Of Cadmus' daughters told,
Who now, beyond the Heavens, are seated high
Upon their thrones of gold.
Their grief and sad adversity
Fell underneath th' o'erpowering weight of joy:
And Semele of flowing hair,
Who died in thunder's crashing flame,
To deified existence came:
Dweller with Gods, th' Olympian mount above;
Beloved of Pallas, and the Father Jove,
And the ivy-wreathed Boy.

II. 2.

And legends tell, that, midst the sea,
With Nereus' daughters, virgins of the wave,
The Gods to Ino gave
A life that should immortal be,

An ever-blooming prime,
Unwithering through the round of time.
So shifts from ill to good the human scene;
Nor ere has mortal been
Who knows his death's appointed goal:
Nor if his tranquil Day, that rose to run,
Child of the radiant sun,
In glory of its strength, a course of light,.
With unobstructed good shall journey bright
Till its wheels have ceas'd to roll.
But tides of flowing gladness
Have mix'd in ebb and flow with waves of sadness,
And this the lot of every human soul.

II. 3.

Thus ever-changing Destiny
That to thy own paternal line
Bade their lot serenely shine
With bliss, sent down from Heaven on high;
At other time the tide of evil roll'd;
Since Œdipus, whom Fate resistless drew,
His father Laius met, and slew,
And thus in Delphos crown'd the oracle of old.

The great dramatic poets followed Homer, Hesiod, and other descriptive and didactic poets. Thespis, first, five hundred and thirty-six years before the Christian era. Æschylus was born in the sixty-third Olympiad, not long after. He has been considered the father of the drama. Saphocles followed him, and nearly equalled him in merit; and, in the opinion of many, Euripides surpassed both. But in a cursory view of the subject, we cannot enter into a critical analysis of

the several merits of each of these great votaries of the tragic muse; but, suffice it to say, that they stand as imperishable monuments of intellectual power in the waste of time, admired and venerated, copied and imitated, by all the sons of genius who have ever attempted a dramatic work. These great productions have been a treasure of sentiment and maxims of a moral nature ever since. They have lost nothing of their simplicity, force, and beauty, in the space of more than twenty-three hundred years. They encouraged the virtuous, while they lashed the vicious, with an unsparing hand. They portrayed the sublime agitations of the human passions when reason was lost, and every law, human and divine, disregarded. *Hatred*, *revenge*, *avarice*, *jealousy*, *pride*, *ambition*, and *scorn*, were exhibited to the life; and all the generous, softer, and nobler feelings were made, from their pens, still more lovely. These mighty minds were the historians of the inner man—the painters of the soul; who "held, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature."

The age of the divine Plato may be called the age of philosophy. He was born 428 years before Christ, when Athens was rising in her glory. He was the friend and pupil of Socrates, and has given, in his works, about all that has come down to us of that great sage. After the death of Socrates, he retired to Megora, and lived with his friend Euclid. These, indeed, were attic nights, when Euclid walked twenty miles to spend his evening hours with Socrates, Plato, and the other great men of Athens, and returned before the rising sun. These men had sound minds in sound bodies. Plato often wandered from Athens to acquire and to teach. He softened the hard hearts of tyrants, and roused

the sensual to virtue by his eloquence. While he adhered to the simple but grand and ennobling doctrines of Socrates, his pathway was clear and upward as ever was ascended, until heaven sent light and life by the gospel; but commingling them with the mysteries taught by Pythagoras, he often wandered in mazes, for a retreat from which neither he nor his followers ever found a clue. But except when he indulged in his rhapsodies, his doctrines flowed in a tide of light from the academy, to illumine Athens and the world, and to delight men in all future ages. His was an enviable life. To be the instructor of three generations, and to find a sepulchre on the spot made sacred by his own wisdom and eloquence, has been the lot of but few in this world.

The coadjutors and pupils of Plato formed the most brilliant cluster of great men the world ever beheld. While Plato was lecturing at the academy, a number of his friends were entertaining and enlightening Greece with their high gifts. The stagarite was then contemplating his deep philosophy, and condensing his beautiful and copious vernacular, to express his thoughts, which seemed almost too mighty for words. He erected a system that held mankind in thraldom, until Bacon attacked the mighty fabric, and broke it down with the ponderous engine of truth and sound reasoning. And, even now, some relics of it remain in the ancient schools of Europe. As Plato was closing his splendid career, Demosthenes was thundering his patriotism over Greece, and making the enemies of Athens tremble, although the fulness of his glory did not come until the divine philosopher was dead.

EXTRACT FROM

OLYNTHIAC THE THIRD.

I am persuaded, Athenians, that you would account it less valuable to possess the greatest riches,* than to have the true interest of the state on this emergency clearly laid before you. It is your part, therefore, readily and cheerfully to attend to all who are disposed to offer their opinions: for your regards need not be confined to those whose counsels are the effect of premeditation:† it is your good fortune to have men among you who can at once suggest many points of moment. From opinions, therefore, of every kind, you may easily choose that most conducive to your interest.

And now, Athenians, the present juncture calls upon us; we almost hear its voice, declaring loudly that you yourselves must engage in these affairs, if you have the least attention to your own security. You entertain I know not what sentiments on this occasion. My opinion is, that the reinforcements should be instantly decreed; that they should be raised with all possible expedition; that so our succour may be sent

* The greatest riches.]—Ulpian finds out a particular propriety in this exordium. He observes, that as the orator intends to recommend to them to give up their theatrical appointments, he prepares them for it by this observation; and while he is endeavoring to persuade them to a just disregard of money, appears as if he only spoke their sentiments.

† Premeditation.]—M. Tourreil admires the greatness of mind of Demosthenes, who, though he gloried in the pains and labor his orations cost him, was yet superior to that low and malignant passion which oftentimes prompts us to decry those talents which we do not possess. I suspect, however, that this passage was occasioned by some particular circumstance in the debate. Perhaps some speaker, who opposed Demosthenes, might have urged his opinion somewhat dogmatically, as the result of mature reflection and deliberation.

from this city, and all former inconveniences be avoided; and that you should send ambassadors to notify these things, and to secure our interests by their presence. For as he is a man of consummate policy, complete in the art of turning every incident to his own advantage, there is the utmost reason to fear, that partly by concessions, where they may be seasonable, partly by menaces (and his menaces may* be believed), and partly by rendering us and our absence suspected, he may tear from us something of the last importance, and force into his own service.

Those very circumstances, however, which contribute to the power of Philip are happily the most favorable to us: for that uncontrolled command, with which he governs all transactions public and secret; his entire direction of his army, as their leader, their sovereign, and their treasurer; and his diligence, in giving life to every part of it by his presence; these things greatly contribute to carrying on a war with expedition and success, but are powerful obstacles to that accommodation which he would gladly make with the Olynthians. For the Olynthians see plainly that they do not now fight for glory, or for part of their territory, but to defend their state from dissolution and slavery. They know how he rewarded those traitors of Amphipolis who made him master of that city, and those of Pydna who opened their gates to him. In a word, free states, I think, must ever look with suspicion on an absolute monarchy; but a neighboring monarchy must double their apprehensions.

* His menaces may, &c.]—Although his *promises* could by no means be relied on.

Convinced of what hath now been offered, and possessed with every other just and worthy sentiment, you must be resolved, Athenians, you must exert your spirit; you must apply to the war now, if ever; your fortunes, your persons, your whole powers, are now demanded. There is no excuse, no pretence left for declining the performance of your duty; for that which you were all ever urging loudly, that the Olynthians should be engaged in a war with Philip, hath now happened of itself; and this in a manner most agreeable to our interest. For, if they had entered into this war at our persuasion, they must have been precarious allies, without steadiness or resolution: but, as their private injuries have made them enemies to Philip, it is probable that enmity will be lasting, both on account of what they fear, and what they have already suffered. My countrymen! let not so favorable an opportunity escape you; do not repeat that error which hath been so often fatal to you. For when, at our return from assisting the Eubœans,* Hierax and Stratocles, citizens of Amphipolis, mounted this gallery,† and pressed you to send out your navy, and to take their city under your protection, had we discovered that resolution in our own cause which we exerted for the safety of Eubœa, then had Amphipolis been yours, and all those difficulties had been avoided in which you have been since involved. Again, when

* The Eubœans]—This refers to the expedition in favor of the Eubœans against the Thebans. The Athenians prepared for this expedition in three days, according to Demosthenes; in five, according to Æschines; and their success was as sudden as their preparation.

† This gallery]—In the original, τουτι το ΒΗΜΑ; that eminence where all the public speakers were placed, and from whence the people were addressed on all occasions.

we received advice of the sieges of Pydna, Potidæa, Methone, Pagasæ, and other places (for I would not detain you with a particular recital,) had we ourselves marched with a due spirit and alacrity to the relief of the first of these cities, we should now find much more compliance, much more humility in Philip. But by still neglecting the present, and imagining our future interests will not demand our care, we have aggrandized our enemy, we have raised him to a degree of eminence greater than any king of Macedon hath ever yet enjoyed. Now, we have another opportunity—that which the Olynthians of themselves present to the state; one no less considerable than any of the former.

And, in my opinion, Athenians, if a man were to bring the dealings of the gods towards us to a fair account, though many things might appear not quite agreeable to our wishes, yet he would acknowledge that we had been highly favored by them; and with great reason: for that many places have been lost in the course of war is truly to be charged to our own weak conduct. But that the difficulties arisen from hence have not long affected us; and that an alliance now presents itself to remove them, if we are disposed to make the just use of it; this I cannot but ascribe to the Divine goodness. But the same thing happens in this case as in the use of riches. If a man be careful to save those he hath acquired, he readily acknowledges the kindness of fortune; but if by his imprudence they be once lost, with them he also loses the sense of gratitude. So in political affairs, they who neglect to improve their opportunities, forget the favors which the gods have bestowed; for it is the ultimate

event which generally determines men's judgment of every thing precedent: and, therefore, all affairs hereafter should engage your strictest care; that, by correcting our errors, we may wipe off the inglorious stain of past actions. But should we be deaf to these men too, and should he be suffered to subvert Olynthus; say, what can prevent him from marching his forces into whatever territory he pleases?

Is there not a man among you, Athenians, who reflects by what steps Philip, from a beginning so inconsiderable, hath mounted to this height of power? First, he took Amphipolis; then he became master of Pydna; then Potidæa fell; then Methone; then came his inroad into Thessaly: after this, having disposed affairs at Pheræ, at Pagasæ, at Magnesia, entirely as he pleased, he marched into Thrace. Here, while engaged* in expelling some, and establishing other princes, he fell sick. Again recovering, he never turned a moment from his course to ease or indulgence, but instantly attacked the Olynthians. His expeditions against the

* Into Thrace. Here, while engaged, &c.]—Thrace was inhabited by an infinite number of different people, whose names Herodotus has transmitted. And he observes, that could they have united under a single chief, or connected themselves by interest or sentiment, they would have formed a body infinitely superior to all their neighbors. After Teres, the Thracians had divers kings. This prince had two sons, Sitalcis and Sparadocus, among whose descendants various contests arose, till, after a series of usurpations and revolutions, Seuthes recovered part of the territory of his father Mæsades, and transmitted the succession peaceably to Cotis the father of Cersobleptes (as Demosthenes says; not his brother, as Diodorus). At the death of Cotis the divisions recommenced, and in the place of one king Thrace had three, Cersobleptes, Berisades, and Amadocus. Cersobleptes dispossessed the other two, and was himself dethroned by Philip. Frontinus reports, that Alexander, when he had conquered Thrace, brought the princes of that country with him in his expedition into Asia, to prevent their raising any commotions in his absence; a proof that Philip and Alexander had established several petty kings in Thrace, who were vassals to Macedon.—*Tourreil.*

Illyrians, the Pæonians, against Arymbas,* I pass all over.—But I may be asked, why this recital now? That you may know and see your own error, in ever neglecting some part of your affairs, as if beneath your regard; and that active spirit with which Philip pursues his designs; which ever fires him, and which never can permit him to rest satisfied with those things he hath already accomplished. If, then, he determines firmly and invariably to pursue his conquests; and if we are obstinately resolved against every vigorous and effectual measure; think, what consequences may we expect! In the name of Heaven! can any man be so weak, as not to know that, by neglecting this war, we are transfering it from that country to our own? And should this happen, I fear, Athenians, that as they who inconsiderately borrow money on high interest, after a short-lived affluence are deprived of their own fortunes; so we, by this continued indolence, by consulting only our ease and pleasure, may be reduced to the grievous necessity of engaging in affairs the most shocking and disagreeable, and of exposing ourselves in the defence of this our native territory."

To understand the history of these ages, most of the great orators of them should be consulted. They abound in lessons of wisdom and beauties of composition. If some of their beauties are lost in translations, a com-

* Arymbas.]—He was the son of Alcetas, king of Epirus, and brother to Neoptolemus, whose daughter Olympias Philip married. About three years before the date of this oration the death of their father produced a dispute between the brothers about the succession. Arymbas was the lawful heir; yet Philip obliged him, by force of arms, to divide the kingdom with Neoptolemus: and not contented with this, at the death of Arymbas, he found means by his intrigues and menances, to prevail on the Epirots to banish his son, and to constitute Alexander the son of Neoptolemus sole monarch.—*Tourreil.*

petent knowledge of their subjects, and the methods of treating them are retained. If a little of the classic unction evaporates in a translation, much of the original virtue remains, to repay the reader for all his attentions to them.

Isocrates is the model of many of our best writers. Sir William Jones, the most accomplished of modern scholars, certainly drew from this princely writer; not directly, but as steel takes mysterious and powerful principles from the loadstone, mind touches mind to the utmost attractive power, and loses nothing by imparting its virtue. The giant orators of modern times owe much of their celebrity to the study of the ancients. The elder Pitt's orations had the polished and measured sentences of Isocrates, with the copiousness of Cicero; while the younger Pitt, with less feeling, and more philosophical condensation, made Demosthenes his archetype. Some of our own speakers have drank deeply of these fountains, and found them the waters of inspiration.

There was another class of writers among the Greeks, who were distinctly stiled historians. The prince of these was Herodotus. Cicero, the first writer of any age, stiled him the father of history. Herodotus was born in Halicarnassus, in Caria, in the seventy-fourth Olympiad, about four hundred and eighty-four years before Christ, and was senior to the age of philosophy. He was born in troublesome times, his country being then in thraldom. He began his travels in youth, and extended them through Greece, Italy, and Egypt. He went out to observe every thing of the origin and character of nations; and the priests of Egypt finding out his thirst for knowledge, opened

their treasures to him with pleasure and confidence, for the learned are generally willing to impart their stores of knowledge, when they find those anxious to learn. He returned a patriot; and having assisted to retrieve his country from its oppressors, he retired to Ionia to write the history which has given him fame, and the world so much information. His mother tongue was the Doric, but he preferred the bland Ionian dialect, as it was most in vogue as a medium of polite literature in his time. When he was thirty-nine years old he had finished his work, and repaired to the Olympic games, and there read his history to his countrymen. It was received with universal applause. It was divided into nine books, and his countrymen named them, in honor of his genius, after the nine muses. This history embraced a period of two hundred and forty years, from Cyrus the Great to Xerxes; and it contained, besides the transactions between Persia and Greece, some sketches of other countries.

He has been charged with a love of the marvellous, but more modern historians have justified him in some things. It often happens that men of limited intelligence are more incredulous than those of full minds; and, indeed, many things, says Herodotus, "*I give you as I received them*," not putting his veracity at stake for the truth of them. In those matters which happened in his time no one ever doubted his correctness. His style is easy, graceful, flowing, and, at times, exuberant and sparkling with genius. His periods flow in Ionian mellifluousness, and his history remains a model for future generations. Some things in his geography have often been questioned, but Major Ronnells, an English gentleman, has lately satisfactorily explained most of

it. To the English and French officers we are indebted for many admirable tracts upon ancient geography. They have improved every opportunity to enlighten mankind; and their profession gives them both leisure and opportunity. And it is but justice to say that among the best members of the peace society, have been found those trained to arms. There is nothing more narrow minded than enmities to particular professions. Professions are the accidents of society, while talents are the gift of God; and their improvement the disposition or the fortune of their possessors. I look forward to this profession from our national school for those who shall give us the minute history of our country, as it regards her battles, her sufferings, and her triumphs, in her days of small things, which have become great by consequences. Already they have begun their topographical surveys, and laid a broad foundation of physical geography. The military and civil departments will follow, and not at a far distant period.

Thucydides, it is said, when a youth, heard Herodotus read his history at the Olympic games; and the genius of history kindled in his soul a fire that did not go out during his life. He treated of his own country; and leaving the rules of the poets, he made his fame to rest rather on the faithfulness of his narrative and descriptions, and the accuracy of his chronology, than on the splendor of his diction, or the power of his genius in poising periods, and inventing illustrations. It may be said of him, that he is a higher standard for accuracy than his great predecessor, but not so fine a writer. He had, probably, heard Herodotus criticised for being too negligent of dates, and he was careful not

to err on that side. Dates sometimes injure the harmony of periods, but, nevertheless, are indispensable in philosophical history. They are sad incumbrances to impassioned writers, but are never neglected by honest ones. If history were considered only as an amusing tale, dates would, indeed, be useless; but if it be written for the purpose of enlarging the mind and instructing us in the survey of nations, as well as of individuals, dates must be crowded into the page, notwithstanding they march awkwardly on with sentiment, and are annoying to ornament. A bald chronicle is tedious enough in all conscience, but a history without time or place is no better than a fable; in fact, it is a fable.

The works of Xenophon are more familiarly read in the original, and in translations, than those of any of his predecessors; perhaps, for the reason that he had more fame as a warrior than most scholars. His retreat with the ten thousand Greeks, has been considered by military chieftains, of all times since, as a most masterly feat of generalship. This story is told in such a simple, elegant manner, that youth and age, learned and unlearned, are delighted to read it. The perseverance and fortitude of this Grecian band have attracted and roused our infant wonder, before we had ever thumbed a grammar, or conjugated a verb. But in this, the youthful hero was only emulating the feeling of Alexander the Great, who was fired by the subject, and who was determined to march into Persia, by learning how Xenophon marched out. If the elder was not the greater, he was the most prudent man. The son of Philip was a wonder of the world. Full of the knowledge of the age, he was a patron of philosophy, and a protector of wise men. His instructer, the

stagarite, was the most acute of all the philosophers of antiquity, and it is difficult to say whether the writings of the sage, or the sword of the warrior, has had the greatest effect on mankind. If it were left to the schoolmen they would decide for Aristotle, against Alexander; but had the question been submitted to Napoleon, he would have held a different opinion.

The track of Alexander from Macedon to the Granicus, from thence to India, and the triumphal entry into Babylon, was one unquenchable blaze of glory, which has illumined the world unto the present time, and has now become a familiar household flame, as full of reflection as attraction, and offers as much for the moralist as for the historian. Individuals perish—generations pass away—empires sink to dust—but the grave digger, Time, has no influence over the immortal part of man; that is indestructible. The bounds of earth are narrow, extended as they may seem; but the hopes of man are boundless, obscure as they are. Every page of history is full of wisdom, but no one more so than the history of Alexander the Great. I am happy to see that it is in the volumes composing what is called the *Family Library*.

There is a fastidiousness among many of our modern scholars about reading ancient history, and particularly the history of such warriors as Alexander. An orator of some note, within a short time past, has decried the histories of heroes as tending to make our youth of too martial a spirit. I can only say, that I differ entirely from him in his conclusions. The fate of the greatest heroes is calculated to damp the ardor of a martial passion. Every one, as he reads, reflects how short is the course of the successful conqueror, and in

how restless and unhappy a manner even the few years he lives, pass away. The great Roman satirist had a most thorough view of human nature, and he puts the life of Alexander in its true light in a few lines.

There can be no danger in opening all the fountains of human knowledge to the human mind, as early as it can comprehend what it reads, if under proper guidance. The mind should be exposed as the Spartans exposed their infants, provided they are watched with parental care. The world is full of moral evil, as well as natural, and flying from exposure is not the way to avoid either. Care and attention, anxious attention, are necessary. It is the duty of one generation to educate another. The youth should *see* all, *grasp* at the good, eschew the evil, and overcome the *tempting*. The union of moral delicacy with moral hardihood, is a desideratum in education. A good sound *moral*, *intellectual*, and *religious education* is the great life preserver in the storms and tempests of our existence; and will, by the power of the Father of all things, conduct us to the haven of everlasting happiness.

CHAPTER VIII.

We shall now take a survey of the Roman empire, one which has been of more importance to the world than any to be found in the annals of history. Its early history is involved in fable and abounds in legends. The time of the foundation of the city has not been precisely fixed; but some of the most accurate writers of the

present day, fix it in the year 3251, that is, 753 years before Christ.

In the reign of the kings for 244 years, the city grew in size and strength. The good Numa had tried hard to change the habits of the people, which had been pretty deeply rooted in the days of his predecessors; in this he succeeded in part, for during his long reign there was peace, but his successors were ambitious, and Rome was growing up by the spoils of conquered nations. On the expulsion of Tarquin, a consular government was formed. This revolution grew out of an outrage committed on the rights of a citizen; it was also, a violation of the rights of nature; and ended by the expulsion of the proud and savage race of kings. The quiet of Rome was secured by the stern virtues of Lucius Junius Brutus, who taught the citizens that they must obey the laws by a high resolve of justice—by adjudging to execution his son who had committed an offence against them. To this act of the godlike Brutus, I shall leave it for moralists to give the proper epithet: I will not do it. But, however high or low the deed may rank in morals, it was a masterly stroke of political wisdom, and the blood of millions was saved by it; for by it consular power was established, and a dread of insulting the majesty of the laws was impressed in the minds of the Roman people, which was never forgotten in the long continuance of consular power.

The consuls were, according to their laws, patricians by birth, elected every year. Abuses soon crept into consular authority, which was quite equal, while it lasted, to kingly power. In 494, before Christ, the plebeians revolted from the tyranny of the consuls and

the arbitrary conduct of the senate, and confusion reigned for a time; but at length, matters were settled by creating a dictator. He was elected only for six months. The dictator armed the victors with axes, and made many alterations in the customs as well as the laws. At this time, new officers, called tribunes, were created. They were elected by the people, and their persons were sacred. Their duty was to defend the oppressed; to arraign the enemies of the people; to pardon offences; and, at their fiat, to stop all proceedings in every branch of the government,—to put, as it were, their hands upon the heart pulses of the empire, and stop the blood from flowing. This was a dangerous power, for their hatred to the patricians often made them use it most outrageously. The tribunes demanded two other officers, called ediles, who had the care of the public buildings. The buildings were mostly temples of the gods, and their superintendence was nearly connected with religion and morals.

The aristocracy were proud and overbearing, and the lower orders ignorant and vindictive. It was only the intermediate classes that made Rome great, or saved her from destruction, and these found it difficult to restrain the senate, or pacify the rabble. These tribunes were often great men, but could not always do what they would have wished to have done. We must not take Shakspeare's representation for the true one. He, probably, had some design in making them vulgar men: they were not so. In 491, before Christ, the tribunes and the people banished Coriolanus, who deserved his fate for his superciliousness.

In these times of confusion, a patrician, Spurius Cassius Viscillinus, aimed at supreme command. He was

the first who proposed an agrarian law. He soon fell a victim to his ambition.

About this time, the tribunes were increased to ten. Hitherto the Romans had no written laws. The ordinances of their kings; the decrees of the senate; and their customs and usages, were all the laws they had. They sent a mission to Greece to get the laws of Solon. These laws were engraven upon twelve tables of stone, and hence the laws of the *twelve tables*. A set of legal forms were soon made, and something like a system grew out of them.

The Romans getting tired of the consular form, changed it to a worse one, by establishing the decemvir, who were invested with all the powers of government. Each presided for a day; and the other nine were engaged at the same time as law judges. But an end was put to the decemvir by the outrageous conduct of Appius Claudius, towards the daughter of Virginius. In this, soldiers,—for Virginius was a soldier of distinction,—senate, people and all, joined to break down this ten headed monster of political birth. The consular and tribunition government were again restored. This was 449 years before Christ. The people made another struggle, which, in fact, succeeded, and that was to repeal the laws prohibiting marriages between the patricians and the lower orders, and preventing these orders from holding any high office, such as consul, &c. The senate struggled hard, but repealed the first law, and then got rid of the other by a compromise; such as making six military tribunes,—three of patricians, and three from the plebeians, instead of consuls.

The people ever restless, because for ever oppressed, soon had the consuls restored. Two new magistrates

were agreed upon, to be called censors, to take the census of the people every five years, and to look after the morals of the community. But this was an aristocratic movement, rather to know where to look for recruits in replenishing their armies, than for any moral purposes. The people stood out against these censors for a while, when the consuls proposed to pay the soldiers for their services; for down to this period, 437 years before Christ, they had not received any pay as soldiers,—their reward was a share of their plunder. The people were quieted by this prospect of wages, but the thing was not done without resorting to a dictator for a short period. But the soldiers were no better for being paid, for not long after this period, they were beaten by the Gauls, and Rome was plundered, and burnt to the ground. The Romans showed great energy in building their city again, but the calamity was felt for a long time. The Gauls returned rapacious from a taste of the spoils of Rome; but the people who had labored hard to build the city, now had energy enough to defend it. In 367, before Christ, or about this period, a plebeian was first elected consul, and the office of quæstor was created, who was a sort of military and chancery judge.

Rome had found it for her advantage to be at peace heretofore with Carthage. Their intimacy had been great for two hundred and fifty years; an alliance had been formed which had never been dissolved. In 273, before Christ, the Romans sought cause of war against the Carthagenians,—it was a mere pretence; but sufficient for an ambitious people. The first Punic war was severe, and the Carthagenians sued for peace; but the proud Romans could not bear to see the prosperity of

their rival, and "*Delenda est Carthage*," was a common cry at Rome. In 218 before Christ, the second Punic war began, and lasted sixteen years, when peace was made between them. In this the Romans had the worst of it in many battles. The third Punic war began 149 before Christ, and ended in three years with the destruction of Carthage.

At this period, Rome conquered Greece, and made that once free country, which had contended against half the world, a Roman province. Within the century then last past, Rome had extended her conquests into Europe, Asia, and Africa. Riches had been amassed, in a measure before unknown in Europe or Asia; and its usual consequences, luxury and dissipation, followed in their train. The Gracchii made an effort to bring back the people to temperance and industry, but in vain. They fell in the struggle. The manly virtues remained in the breasts of a few only, and the spirit of patriotism was nearly extinct. The senate became as corrupt as the people; and their judgment in favor of Jugurtha, was as indelible a stain on Roman virtue as the conspiracy of Catiline, in a subsequent period.

The civil wars of Marius and Sylla shook Rome to its centre. Marius was a plebeian, and Sylla a patrician, which embittered their rancor towards each other and their adherents. Marius was the greater man, in point of talents, but it would be hard to say which of the two was the greater villain. Marius died the last, but neither lived long to scourge mankind and to depopulate Rome. Next the rivalry of Lepidus and Pompey kept the city in a state of agitation. Catiline's conspiracy happened in the mean time, which threatened Rome with destruction. He was a most consummate traitor;

and the name of Catiline has come down to us a term for all that is great in villany, reckless and daring in action, and deep in plot and stratagem.

Then Cæsar arose, the loftiest name in the history of military chieftains,—*learned*, *eloquent*, *brave*, *generous*, *confiding*, and *ambitious*. He became master of Rome, was made *consul*, *dictator*, *imperator*, and might have had a crown, if he had lived a little longer. He was using his mighty power in clemency and wisdom, devising great things for Rome,—to give to the eternal city all the wisdom and glory that any city ever enjoyed,—when he was struck dead by the daggers of a numerous band of conspirators; who paid, in the end, for their perfidy. His eloquence was inferior to none but Cicero's, and of this I am not satisfied. He reformed the calendar of Rome, and restored the year to its true state by the equinoxes. His commentaries have come down to us as an elegant model for the historian. They are remarkable for neatness, modesty, and discrimination; they are productions of a clear, lofty, noble mind; and should be read by every one who loves greatness of thought, or simplicity of style, united to dignity and elegance. He fell forty-four years before the Christian era.

Lepidus, Anthony, and Augustus Cæsar, then formed a triumvirate, which was soon destroyed, and Augustus was made the first emperor. During the triumvirate, Cicero, the orator, was slain. As an orator, he was considered by his countrymen as having no rival; and by most men of letters since, as having no superior on the list of ancient or modern orators. The productions of his pen are great in number, and many of them of considerable extent. For depth of philosophy,

soundness of principle, and for purity and copiousness of language, Cicero stands unrivalled in the annals of fine writers. The reign of Augustus has been considered an age of letters, poetry, and eloquence. The emperor, by his minister, Mecænas, was the patron of the literati. Virgil and Horace, and others of minor note, were drawn to his court by the amenity of his manners, and the munificence of his patronage. His reign was a splendid one, and attracted the gaze of the world, from the sources of the Nile to the *ultima thule* of the ancients. Augustus was, indeed, munificent, but he wanted the great soul of Cæsar. His reign prepared the way for the Christian dispensation.

His successor, Tiberius, had but few, if any, good qualities; and Caligula, who was the third emperor, was most infamous. His temper was diabolical, and his disposition mean. Claudius, his successor, was weak and contemptible; but Nero was formed and permitted to exist, to be the concentration of every mortal deformity in morals and conduct. Rapine, murder, and incest, were with him but daily crimes. He was not only a piece of moral deformity, but one of the most deceptive character. His head was well formed, and his countenance had a touch of beauty in it, and was illumined by a faint smile, that gave it the air of imbecility and repose. He fired Rome, and fiddled while it was burning; he sent his mother to execution, and turned to his ordinary amusements, killing flies: he sunk in blood, and Rome breathed more freely when he was gone.

Under the following emperors, Rome revived. Vespasian had many good qualities. Trajan and Adrian were excellent men, as well as good emperors: but the

evils they had to encounter were numerous, for the seeds of the dissolution of the empire were deeply sown, and could not be destroyed. The Antonines did much to convey away the wrath of offended heaven, by prudent conduct, and mild and peaceable demeanor, as far as such a course was practicable in their time. They were followed by Constantine, the first emperor who became a convert to Christianity.

The historians of Rome were not numerous, but several of them were excellent writers. Livy was remarkable for *sagacity*, *candour*, and *learning*. His was a large work, but out of a hundred and forty-two books only twenty-five have come down to us. This is much to be regretted, as he began at the foundation of Rome and closed about thirteen years before Christ. The remaining books are a proof of how much has been lost. Livy was educated after Greece became a province of Rome, and the learned men of Greece had migrated to the great city as the instructers of Roman youth.

Tacitus was an historian, orator, and statesman, and his style proves that he had read the Greek authors with attention and admiration.

Pliny the elder was one of the most learned of the philosophers of Rome. He fell a sacrifice to his thirst for knowledge in the sulphurous atmosphere of Vesuvius, while attempting to ascertain the causes of volcanic eruptions. He left "a Natural History," in thirty-seven books. His nephew, Pliny the younger, was a splendid advocate, a fine epistolary writer, and was called to pronounce a eulogy on Trajan in the senate of Rome, which was admired for its loftiness, elegance, and imperial splendor. The virtues of Trajan were

embalmed by the genius of Pliny. The style of Roman eloquence was then changing, and he was among the last who wrote and spoke the language of Cicero and Julius Cæsar with taste and propriety; and even in Pliny's eloquence, some marks of the affected and overstrained style which soon followed in Rome, may be traced out in his productions. Times and circumstances control fashion, and fashion enters into every thing around us. The simplicity of primitive manners is to be found in the language of primitive times; and the very taste and luxuries of a people soon become incorporated into their language. Words of a good, strong, wholesome meaning, soon become harsh and offensive "*to ears polite.*" When the language of a people deteriorates into *mincing softness*, and changes a direct for an evasive phraseology, there may be polished manners and much courtesy there, but little of the true spirit of liberty and equality.

In the Roman history we find much to admire and much to imitate, and many things to blame. Their early history was full of rudeness. It was long before they had much polish among them. They had no lack of energy in their early days, but there was a touch of the savage in them for many years after they became distinguished among the nations. For more than four hundred years from the foundation of Rome they had not made many advances in science and literature. In this period their swords were more transcendant instruments than their pens. The nature of their government kept them engaged in foreign wars more than even their warlike dispositions; for the moment they rested from the fight they were engaged in some political struggle at home. It was

the policy of their leaders to keep some great object ahead, that the collisions between the patricians and plebeians should not burst into a flame. As the arch of a bridge is made more compact by a proportionable weight, so were they more secure when heavily pressed by foreign wars. They were, generally speaking, politic in their treatment of the nations they had conquered; certainly they were more lenient than any of their predecessors after they had met their foes and conquered them. This policy made the conquered their allies and friends.

Their architecture, for many years, was rather a matter of their ability and munificence, than of their taste and genius.

The learned and scientific Greeks and Lidonians and the Carthagenians, were taxed by the Romans for the erecting of their temples and their navies, such as they had. Their power commanded, and their pride readily reconciled them to the thought of using all the first talents of all the first nations on earth. Military success always led to such feelings, and always will. It is in human nature. The Romans had a self consideration unknown to those who have not become great by conquest over others. The simple thought "*I have been in battle; I have fought; who dares to say aught against my valor dies;*" is one that nurtures the pride of man, and never feels any thing of self abasement. "*I was born free as Cæsar, and can bear the winter's cold as well as he,*" is, in every freeman's breast. But, in Rome, the pride of arms was added to the lofty bearings of freemen.

Their poets and their philosophers were for a long time imitators of the Greeks. Their patricians were

often too concealed and too vain to become highly intellectual; and the rabble rout,—for it always existed in Rome,—were too debased to think of getting information; while those who possessed it, in the middling classes, had not often sufficient influence to make an effort for its general acquisition fashionable. It has been regretted by many good patriots, that Rome should have changed her government, and have fallen under the power of the emperors; and then have lingered, and lingering have fallen. With such I have no sympathies; for my own part, I do not think that Rome fell one moment "*ere her time.*" I believe that changes in empires are as necessary to the ends designed by providence, as the changes of seasons, or the vicissitudes of day and night. While this mighty colossus bestrode the globe, the sword was paramount; the warrior was greater than the philosopher; and the military chieftain superior to the statesman or scholar. A love of blood had gone abroad, and man was verging to his native ferocity, when the civilized world, by a new impulse, grew weary of battles, and left Rome to sink by her own weight. The lessons of war are more easily acquired by barbarians than lessons of taste and philosophy; and distant nations, who had heard of Roman fame, began to emulate her ambition and affect her prowess, when Roman prowess was falling in its crest. These rude nations were, in the end, destined to overthrow the proud mistress of the world, and commence a new empire on the ruins of the old.

In this, our age of the world, the lovers of science or literature owe much less to Rome than to Greece; for the number of scholars of the former bear but a

small proportion to those of the latter, and with a few exceptions, are not equal in taste or genius to their masters. To Rome we have no power to show our gratitude. The Romans no longer exist—they have been merged in new born nations. What Cæsar wrote and Tully spoke, is no longer a living language. But Greece, buried and resuscitated; oppressed, degraded, delivered, elevated, and now speaking aloud to all the sympathies of our best natures, is receiving our gratitude, which we are happy to bestow, and she delighted to receive. Our scholars are in Greece, pouring over her ancient monuments, encouraging her in the cause of freedom, kneeling with her at the altar of a true God,—whom ancient Greece never knew,—offering prayers for her deliverance, and uttering vows for her protection. Some of the most aspiring geniuses of Greece are found in this country, learning our customs, manners, and methods of thinking and acting, and studying our constitutions and laws, to carry back to their own country whatever may be useful of our institutions, to assist in the great cause of their resuscitation. Their language is nearly the same as that spoken at Athens by Pericles, and the elements of the people as mercurial as when they fought at Thermopylæ and Marathon. They have been trampled upon and degraded for centuries. The Ottoman lash has whipped them to the bone, and the Turkish sceptre ground them to the dust; but heaven had decreed that they should suffer all, and not be destroyed, that they should spring up again to light and life—throw off the yoke of slavery—invoke the spirit of freedom—strike their oppressors to the heart—and peal a hymn to liberty, where Demosthenes fulminated and Pindar sung. The

ruins of the Parthenon may yet survive the crescent; and the Phœnix-banner of Attica float in the breeze of freedom, when the standard of Mahomet shall be rent by the blast and scattered by the winds of heaven. They fought—they bled—they cried in agony for succor—and the decree for their deliverance went forth from the God of armies. Let the nations cry—*amen* '

But to be more particular with some of the learned men of that age. Lucretius and Catullus, the poets, lived with Cicero, the orator, who was their friend and patron. Lucretius was a philosophical poet, and explained, as far as he was able, the atomic system of Epicurus. He had a fine command of language, and reasoned with great strength upon absurd principles. Catullus, with tenderness and passion, had delicacy and strength. They must have been men of learning and genius to have secured the friendship of such men as Cicero and Julius Cæsar.

The successors of these poets, Virgil and Horace, were their superiors in genius and taste. Virgil read and imitated Homer constantly, and in his great epic, the Æneiad, he does not seem to wish to hide his imitations. The poems of Virgil, which have been considered minor ones, have more nature, genius, and originality, than are to be found in his epic. Care, patience, taste, were the characteristics of his muse; intense labor is seen in every line of his writings. They have been studied as a classic ever since the revival of learning, and, probably, will hold their place as long as classical learning is made a study in any country.

PASTORAL I.

OR,

Tityrus and Melibœus.

ARGUMENT.

The occasion of the first pastoral was this. When Augustus had settled himself in the Roman empire, that he might reward his veteran troops for their past service, he distributed among them all the lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua; turning out the right owners for having sided with his enemies. Virgil was a sufferer among the rest; who afterwards recovered his estate by Mæcenas's intercession, and, as an instance of his gratitude, composed the following pastoral, where he sets out his own good fortune in the person of Tityrus, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbours in the character of Melibœus.

MELIBŒUS.

Beneath the shade which beechen boughs diffuse,
You, Tityrus, entertain your sylvan muse,
Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleasing fields and native home;
While, stretch'd at ease, you sing your happy loves,
And Amaryllis fills the shady groves.

TITYRUS.

These blessings, friend, a deity bestow'd;
For never can I deem him less than God.
The tender firstlings of my woolly breed
Shall on his holy altar often bleed.
He gave me kine to graze the flow'ry plain,
And to my pipe renew'd the rural strain.

MELIBŒUS.

I envy not your fortune but admire,
That, while the raging sword and wasteful fire
Destroy the wretched neighbourhood around,
No hostile arms approach your happy ground.
Far diff'rent is my fate: my feeble goats
With pains I drive from their forsaken cotes.
And this, you see, I scarcely drag along,
Who, yeaning, on the rocks has left her young;
The hope and promise of my falling fold.
My loss, by dire portents the gods foretold;
For, had I not been blind, I might have seen:—
Yon riven oak, the fairest of the green,
And the hoarse raven, on the blasted bough,
By croaking from the left, presaged the coming blow,
But tell me, Tityrus, what heavenly pow'r
Preserv'd your fortune in that fatal hour?

TITYRUS.

Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
Like Mantua, where on market days we come,
And thither drive our tender lambs from home.
So kids and whelps their sires and dams express;
And so the great I measur'd by the less.
But country towns, compar'd with her, appear
Like shrubs, when lofty cypresses are near.

MELIBŒUS.

What great occasion call'd you hence to Rome?

TITYRUS.

Freedom, which came at length, tho' slow to come.
Nor did my search of liberty begin,
Till my black hairs were changed upon my chin;

Nor Amaryllis would vouchsafe a look,
Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.
Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely swain,
I sought not freedom, nor aspired to gain:
Though many a victim from my folds was bought,
And many a cheese to country markets brought,
Yet all the little that I got, I spent,
And still returned as empty as I went.

MELIBŒUS.

We stood amazed to see your mistress mourn,
Unknowing that she pin'd for your return:
We wonder'd why she kept her fruit so long,
For whom so late th' ungather'd apples hung.
But now the wonder ceases, since I see
She kept them only, Tityrus, for thee.
For thee the bubbling springs appear'd to mourn,
And whisp'ring pines made vows for thy return.

TITYRUS.

What should I do?—While here I was enchain'd,
No glimpse of godlike liberty remain'd;
Nor could I hope, in any place but there,
To find a god so present to my pray'r.
There first the youth of heavenly birth I view'd,
For whom our monthly victims are renew'd.
He heard my vows, and graciously decreed,
My grounds to be restor'd, my former flocks to feed.

MELIBŒUS.

O fortunate old man! whose farm remains—
For you sufficient—and requites your pains;
Though rushes overspread the neighb'ring plains,

Though here the marshy grounds approach your fields,
And there the soil a stony harvest yields.
Your teaming ewes shall no strange meadows try,
Nor fear a rot from tainted company.
Behold! yon bord'ring fence of sallow trees
Is fraught with flow'rs, the flow'rs are fraught with bees,
The busy bees, with a soft murmuring strain,
Invite to gentle sleep the lab'ring swain.
While, from the neighb'ring rock, with rural songs,
The pruner's voice the pleasing dream prolongs,
Stock-doves and turtles tell their am'rous pain,
And from the lofty elms, of love complain.

TITYRUS.

Th' inhabitants of seas and skies shall change,
And fish on shore, and stags in air, shall range,
The banish'd Parthian dwell on Arar's brink,
And the blue German shall the Tigris drink,
Ere I, forsaking gratitude and truth,
Forget the figure of that godlike youth.

MELIBŒUS.

But we must beg our bread in climes unknown,
Beneath the scorching or the freezing zone:
And some to far Oaxis shall be sold,
Or try the Lybian heat, or Scythian cold;
The rest among the Britons be confin'd;
A race of men, from all the world disjoin'd.
O! must the wretched exiles ever mourn,
Nor, after length of rolling years return?
Are we condemn'd by fate's unjust decree,
No more our houses and our homes to see?

Or shall we mount again the rural throne,
And rule the country kingdoms once our own;
Did we for these barbarians plant and sow ?
On these, on these, our happy fields bestow ?
Good heaven! what dire effects from civil discord flow!
Now let me graft my pears, and prune the vine;
The fruit is theirs, the labor only mine.
Farewell, my pastures, my paternal stock,
My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock!
No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
The steepy cliffs, or crop the flow'ry thyme!
No more extended in the grot below,
Shall see you browsing on the mountain's brow
The prickly shrubs; and after on the bare,
Leap down the deep abyss, and hang in air.
No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew;
No more my song shall please the rural crew;
Adieu my tuneful pipe! and all the world, adieu!

TITYRUS.

This night, at least, with me forget your care,
Chestnuts, and curds and cream shall be your fare;
The carpet-ground shall be with leaves o'erspread;
And boughs shall weave a cov'ring for your head.
For see, yon sunny hill the shade extends;
And curling smoke from cottages ascends.

PASTORAL IV.

OR,

Pollio.

ARGUMENT.

The poet celebrates the birthday of Saloninus, the son of Pollio, born in the consulship of his father, after the taking of Saloen, a city in Dalmatia. Many of the verses are translated from one of the Sibyls, who prophesied of our Saviour's birth.

Sicilian muse, begin a loftier strain!
Tho' lowly shrubs, and trees that shade the plain,
Delight not all; Sicilian muse, prepare
To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.
The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finish'd course: Saturnian times
Roll round again; and mighty years, begun
From their first orb in radiant circles run.
The base degen'rate iron offspring ends;
A golden progeny from heaven descends.
O chaste Lucina! speed the mother's pains;
And haste the glorious birth! thy own Apollo reigns!
The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace:
Majestic months set out (with him) to their appointed
race.
The father banish'd virtue shall restore;
And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.

The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.
The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
And fragrant herbs (the promises of spring,)
As her first off'rings to her infant king,
The goats with strutting dogs shall homeward speed,
And lowing herds secure from lions feed.
His cradle shall with rising flow'rs be crown'd:
The serpent's brood shall die: the sacred ground
Shall weeds and pois'nous plants refuse to bear:
Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.
But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
And form it to hereditary praise,
Unlabor'd harvests shall the fields adorn,
And cluster'd grapes shall blush on every thorn;
The knotted oaks shall showers of honey weep;
And thro' the matted grass the liquid gold shall creep,
Yet, of old fraud some footsteps shall remain:
The merchant still shall plough the deep for gain:
Great cities shall with walls be compass'd round;
And sharpen'd shares shall vex the fruitful ground;
Another Typhis shall new seas explore;
Another Argo land the chiefs upon th' Iberian shore;
Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
But, when to ripen'd manhood he shall grow,
The greedy sailor shall the seas forego:
No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware;
For every soil shall every product bear.
The lab'ring hind his oxen shall disjoin:
No plough shall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook the vine;

Nor wool shall in dissembled color shine
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, and unborrow'd gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat;
And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat.
The Fates, when they this happy web have spun,
Shall bless the sacred clue, and bid it smoothly run.
Mature in years, to ready honors move,
O, of celestial seed! O, foster-son of Jove!
See, lab'ring Nature calls thee to sustain
The nodding frame of heav'n, and earth, and main!
See to their base restor'd, earth, seas, and air;
And joyful ages, from behind, in crowding ranks appear.
To sing thy praise, would heav'n my breath prolong,
Infusing spirits worthy such a song,
Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,
Nor Linus crown'd with never fading bays;
Though each his heav'nly parent should inspire;
The muse instruct the voice, and Phœbus tune the lyre.
Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme,
Arcadian judges should their god condemn.
Begin, auspicious boy! to cast about
Thy infant eyes, and with a smile thy mother single
out.
Thy mother well deserves that short delight.
The nauseous qualms of ten long months and travail
to requite.
Then smile! the frowning infant's doom is read:
No god shall crown the board, nor goddess bless the bed.

The writings of Horace, although not read as much by scholars in this country as those of Virgil, are marked with as much genius and a deeper knowledge

of the affairs of the world. He was educated in part at Athens, and imbibed all the sweets of that attic hive. He spent his days in literary ease, and associated with men in the first rank in Rome, from Augustus to the orators and poets around him.

"In the person of Horace there was nothing characteristic of the Roman. He was below the middle size, and extremely corpulent. Augustus compares him, in a letter, to the book which he sent him—a little thick volume. He was grey-haired at a very early age, and luxurious living by no means agreed with his constitution; yet he constantly associated with the greatest men in Rome, and frequented the table of his illustrious patrons as if he were in his own house. The emperor, whilst sitting at his meals with Virgil at his right hand and Horace at his left, often ridiculed the short breath of the former, and the watery eyes of the latter, by observing that 'he sat between tears and sighs.' In early life Horace seems to have been a disciple of Epicurus, and a professor of the doctrine of *chance* in the formation of things; but in Ode xxxiv. book i. we find him abjuring this system of philosophy, and embracing that of stoicism; mentioning as one great, though apparently unreasonable motive for recantation, that it thundered and lightened in a pure sky, which was a phœnomenon not to be accounted for on natural principles, and, consequently, an irresistible argument in support of an over-ruling Providence.

"Horace has been, of all others, the poet for quotation, and the companion of the classical scholar. His Odes are indisputably the best models of that kind of composition in the Latin language; for when many others were extant, Quintilian pronounced him 'almost

the only one of the lyric poets worthy of being read.' It has been well observed of him, that he has given to a rough language the tender and delicate modulation of the eastern song. His odes are pathetic, heroic, and amatory. The seventeenth of the second book, written during the last illness of Mæcenas, is of the first kind; it possesses all that variety of sentiment and felicity of expression in which he is so eminently superior to his great Theban competitor. Of the heroic, one of the most celebrated is that to Fortune, (Ode xxxv. book i.) wherein he invokes her with the most insinuating grace, and recommends Augustus and the Romans to her care. The amatory odes of this inestimable poet evince the polished and delicate taste of which he was so eminently possessed; they contain the refinement and softness of Sappho, combined with the spirit and elegance of Anacreon. In his ode to Pyrrha, there is a mixture of sweetness and reproach, of praise and satire, uniformly pleasing in all languages; and which Scaliger calls the purest nectar. Horace can equally inflame the mind by his enthusiasm, and calm it by his philosophy. Where shall we see in an uninspired writer, better consolation for poverty, or stronger arguments for contentment, than are contained in his admirable ode to Dellius? And his hymn to the praise of the gods and of illustrious men, may claim the palm, when put in competition with the finest compositions of his Grecian predecessors.

"The satires and epistles of Horace are full of morality and good sense. In the first book of the satires it is his obvious endeavour to eradicate vice; and in the second, to dispel those prejudices which infest the human mind. The epistles are an appendix to the satires;

they not only exhibit a forcible style of writing, but contain a valuable system of ethics. Socrates refuted before he taught, observing, 'that the ground ought first to be cleared from weeds, before it be sown with corn.' The satires are the purifiers of passion, and the epistles are the lessons of virtue to fill up the vacancies in the mind. In the epistles he steps forward as a vindicator of morality; and, warm in its cause, gives way to all the strength and vigor of his genius. His sentiments are manly and elevated, and his verse suitable to his thoughts, powerful and sublime. The *Curiosa Felicitas* of Horace has become, as it were, proverbial among the sons of genius; and his name will continue to be held in universal veneration, until the Goths of ignorance shall diffuse a second darkness over the civilized world."

ODE TO LOLLIUS.

While with the Grecian bards I vie,
And raptur'd tune the social string,
Think not the song shall ever die,
Which with no vulgar art I sing,
Though born where Aufid rolls his sounding stream,
In lands far distant from poetic fame.

What though the muse her Homer thrones
High above all th' immortal choir,
Nor Pindar's rapture she disowns,
Nor hides the plaintive Cæan lyre;
Alcæus strikes the tyrant's soul with dread,
Nor yet is grave Stesichorus unread.

Whate'er, of old, Anacreon sung,
However tender was the lay,
In spite of time is ever young,
Nor Sappho's amorous flames decay;
Her living songs preserve their charming art,
Her love still breathes the passions of her heart.

Helen was not the only fair
By an unhappy passion fir'd,
Who the lewd ringlets of the hair
Of an adulterous youth* admir'd;
For splendid vests,† and royal grace, have charms
To tempt weak woman to a stranger's arms.

Nor first from Teucer's vengeful bow
The feather'd death unerring flew,
Nor was the Greek the single foe,
Whose rage ill-fated Ilion knew;
Greece had with heroes fill'd th' embattled plain,
Worthy the muse in her sublimest strain.

Nor Hector first transported heard
With fierce delight the war's alarms,
Nor brave Deiphobus appear'd
Amid the tented field in arms,

* *Youth.*] Francis has beau, which seems the utmost depth of the Bathos.

† Dacier makes the following remark on this passage: "It was not unnatural, that the magnificence of an Asiatic prince should strike with wonder a princess of Lacedæmon, whose people were educated in the simplicity of the first ages." Where did the critic discover that the Asiatic Trojans were more magnificent than the European Greeks; or that the Spartans were otherwise educated than the other Greeks, before the time of Lycurgus?

The splendid dress and armour of Menelaus are particularly mentioned by Homer, Iliad iv. ver. 133.

With glorious ardor prodigal of life,
To guard a darling son, and faithful wife.

Before great Agamemnon reign'd,
Reign'd kings as great as he, and brave,
Whose huge ambition's now contain'd
In the small compass of a grave;
In endless night they sleep, unwept, unknown,
No bard had they to make all time their own.

In earth if it forgotten lies,
What is the valor of the brave?
What difference, when the coward dies,
And sinks in silence to his grave?
Nor, Lollius, will I not thy praise proclaim,
But from oblivion vindicate thy fame.

Nor shall its livid power conceal
Thy toils—how glorious to the state!
How constant to the public weal
Through all the doubtful turns of Fate!
Thy steady soul, by long experience found
Erect alike, when fortune smil'd or frown'd.

Villains, in public rapine bold,
Lollius, the just avenger, dread,
Who never by the charms of gold,
Shining seducer! was misled;
Beyond thy year such virtue shall extend,
And death alone thy consulate shall end.

Perpetual magistrate is he,
Who keeps strict justice full in sight;

With scorn rejects th' offender's fee,
Nor weighs convenience against right;
Who bids the crowd at awful distance gaze,
And virtue's arms victoriously displays.

Not he, of wealth immense possess'd,
Tasteless who piles his massy gold,
Among the number of the bless'd
Should have his glorious name enroll'd;
He better claims the glorious name who knows
With wisdom to enjoy what heaven bestows:

Who knows the wrongs of want to bear,
Even in its lowest, last extreme;
Yet can with conscious virtue fear,
Far worse than death, a deed of shame;
Undaunted, for his country or his friend,
To sacrifice his life—O glorious end!

ODE TO MÆCENAS.

Descended from an ancient line,
That once the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
Haste thee to meet the generous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd;
For thee the fragrant essence flows,
For thee, Mæcenas, breathes the blooming rose.

From the delights, oh! break away,
Which Tiber's marshy prospect yields,
Nor with unceasing joy survey
Fair Æsula's declining fields;

No more the verdant hills admire
Of Telegon, who kill'd his aged sire.

Instant forsake the joyless feast,
Where appetite in surfeit dies,
And from the towered structure haste,
That proudly threatens to the skies;
From Rome and its tumultuous joys,
Its crowds, and smoke, and opulence, and noise.

To frugal treats, and humble cells,
With grateful change the wealthy fly,
Where health-preserving plainness dwells,
Far from the carpet's gaudy dye.
Such scenes have charm'd the pangs of care,
And smooth'd the clouded forehead of despair.

Andromeda's conspicuous sire,
Now darts his hidden beams from far;
The lion shows his maddening fire,
And barks fierce Procyon's raging star;
While Phœbus with revolving ray,
Brings back the burnings of the thirsty day.

Fainting beneath the sweltering heat,
To cooling streams and breezy shades
The shepherd and his flocks retreat,
While rustic sylvans seek the glades;
Silent the brook its borders laves,
Nor curls one vagrant breath of wind the waves.

But you for Rome's imperial state
Attend with ever-watchful care,

Or, for the world's uncertain fate
Alarm'd, with ceaseless terrors fear:
Anxious what eastern wars impend,
Or what the Scythians in their pride intend.

But Jove, in goodness ever wise,
Hath hid, in clouds of depthless night,
All that in future prospect lies,
Beyond the ken of mortal sight;
And laughs to see vain man oppress'd
With idle fears, and more than man distress'd.

Then wisely form the present hour;
Enjoy the bliss which it bestows;
The rest is all beyond our power,
And like the changeful Tiber* flows.
Who now beneath his banks subsides,
And peaceful to his native ocean glides:

But when descends a sudden shower,
And wild provokes his silent flood,
The mountains hear the torrent roar,
And echoes shake the neighboring wood;
Then, swollen with rage, he sweeps away
Uprooted trees, herds, dwellings, to the sea.

Happy the man, and he alone
Who, master of himself, can say—
To day at least, hath been my own,

* *Tiber.*] These accounts of this river are greatly exaggerated, unless the river has decreased as much as Rome. The chief glory of the Tiber now, to use the words of Whitehead, is, that

"Its waves have flow'd through Latian lands,
Have wash'd the walls of Rome."

For I have clearly liv'd to-day:
Then let to-morrow's clouds arise,
Or purer suns o'erspread the cheerful skies.

Not Jove himself can now make void
The joy, that wing'd the flying hour;
The certain blessing once enjoy'd,
Is safe beyond the godhead's power;
Nought can recal the acted scene;
What hath been, spite of Jove himself, hath been.

But Fortune, ever-changing dame,
Indulges her malicious joy,
And constant plays her haughty game,
Proud of her office to destroy;
To-day to me her bounty flows,
And now on others she the bliss bestows.

I can applaud her while she stays,
But if she shake her rapid wings,
I can resign with careless ease,
The richest gifts her favor brings,
Then folded lie in virtue's arms,
And honest poverty's undower'd charms.

Though the mast howl beneath the wind,
I make no mercenary prayers;
Nor with the gods a bargain bind
With future vows, and streaming tears,
To save my wealth from adding more
To boundless ocean's avaricious store.

Then in my little barge I'll ride,
Secure amid the foamy wave;
Calm will I stem the threatening tide,
And fearless all its tumults brave;
Ev'n then perhaps some kinder gale,
While the twin stars appear, shall fill my joyful sail.

Ovid was contemporary with Virgil, Horace, and Propertius, but he did not reach them so nearly as Moore does Campbell, Rogers, and Byron. His amatory verses have great sweetness in them, and when the mind is matured, may be read without any injurious influences, as a whole. A part of his works are sentimental without any indelicacies. What can be more beautiful than his elegy on his exile? He was banished by Augustus, and died in exile, at Pontus, on the Euxine sea.

ELEGY ON HIS EXILE.

Now the swan's plumes are o'er my temples shed,
White age my sable hair has silvery spread:
Frail years creep on: a life inert is near;
Now scarce erect my frame infirm I rear:
Now were it fit, some term to toil assign'd,
No fear should vex solicitous my mind:
That I should reap my ever favorite ease,
And my soft leisure with light studies please.
Haunt my small house, my ancient home and board,
And patrimonial fields, that miss their lord.
While a loved wife, dear children, should enfold
My neck, and in my country I grew old.

Thus had I hoped to steal my life away,
Not undeserving of this mild decay:
The gods thought otherwise: o'er sea and land
They drove me to this bleak Sarmatian strand.
In hollow docks the shatter'd ships recline;
Lest, in mid-ocean split the starting pine;
Lest faint he fall, and shame his palm-crown'd speed,
The languid race-horse crops the grassy mead:
The veteran soldier, active now no more,
Hangs by his old fire-side the arms he bore:
So, while in tardy age my powers decline,
The wand of free dismissal should be mine.
'Twas time no more to breathe a foreign air,
Nor to a Scythian spring in thirst repair;
But to wide gardens (such I had) retreat,
Or seek the face of men in Rome's enlivening street.
This, for no thoughts the future could divine,
This soft old age I hoped would have been mine.
The Fates withstood: my early years they bless'd,
And bade calamity weigh down the rest.
Ten lustres, free from moral stain, are fled:
In life's worst stage misfortune bows my head.
The goal of ease just opening to my view,
A dreadful shock my chariot-wheels o'erthrew:
Ah! madman! have I forc'd from HIM a frown,
Than whom the world no milder heart has known?
And do my crimes that clemency exceed?
Yet life is spared me for my error's deed.
Ah me! a life beneath the northern pole;
Left to the Euxine's waves that blackening roll:
Had Delphos' cave, Dodona's oak, in strain
Prophetic warn'd me, I had deem'd them vain.
But nought so strong, though adamant its frame,

As that its strength repels Jove's rushing flame:
Nor aught so high, above misfortune's rod,
But lies beneath th' o'er-ruling arm of God.
What though my fault, in part, these miseries drew,
Too hard a doom from angry heaven I rue.
Warn'd by my fate, his gracious favor prize,
Who sits vicegerent of the deities.

Some critics have attempted to mark the decline of Roman taste and genius, by the writings of their poets; but this is not a very accurate criterion, for there may be dissolute minds when the mass of the people are still stern in their morality, and even Catos in an age of degeneracy. It will not be denied, that with the increase of sensuality the vigor of the Roman mind declined; yet there were stars of great magnitude shining from age to age in every period of Roman history.

In the reign of Domitian, flourished Juvenal. He was a satirist of imperishable memory; and what was most extraordinary, lived in a profligate and sanguinary court, and died in a good old age. The secret of his security and long life was this—he attacked vices and not the vicious. He would not have lived a year, if he had, like Pope, brought living characters into his verse. He made every moral deformity pass in review, but no one said "this is an image of myself," even if he thought so. This satire is more useful and more lasting. Who now looks after Colley Cibber, Chartres, Henley, and the host Pope satirized; but every one reads the indignant strains of Decimus Junius Juvenalis in the original or in translation. He attacked vices in every form, and while all felt the lash no one could say

he was the person intended by the Satirist. In every age men who feel disturbed at the reigning vices will speak out; and when they do, their words will last long and be effective. Satire takes deep hold on the human mind. In the worst of times there is a hatred to vice in the public mind. Widows and orphans are more numerous than misers or hard-hearted landlords, and their resentments to the latter never die. It is easier to blame than to praise, and the science of pulling down was more readily pursued than that of building up the characters of contemporaries. The satirists have received more honor than the eulogists, whose task has been hardest. Juvenal, in the opinion of most scholars, has claims to an equality with Plutarch; but the philosopher will not consider the satirist as great a man as the biographer.

We must pass the minor Latin poets with the single exception of one extract from Claudian.

THE OLD MAN OF VERONA.

Blest is the man who, in his father's fields,
Has past an age of quiet. The same roof,
That screen'd his cradle, yields a shelter now
To his gray hairs. He leans upon a staff,
Where, as a child, he crept along the ground;
And, in one cottage, he has number'd o'er
A length of years. Him Fortune has not drawn
Into her whirl of strange vicissitudes;
Nor has he drunk, with ever-changing home,
From unknown rivers. Never on the deep,
A merchant, has he trembled at the storm;
Nor, as a soldier, started at the blare

Of trumpets; nor endured the noisy strife
Of the hoarse-clamouring bar: of the great world
Simply unconscious. To the neighboring town
A stranger, he enjoys the free expanse
Of open heaven. The old man marks his year,
Not by the names of Consuls, but computes
Time by his various crops: by apples notes
The autumn; by the blooming flower the spring.
From the same field he sees his daily sun
Go down, and lift again its reddening orb;
And, by his own contracted universe,
The rustic measures the vast light of day.
He well remembers that broad massive oak,
An acorn: and has seen the grove grow old,
Coeval with himself. Verona seems
To him more distant than the swarthy Ind:
He deems the lake Benacus like the shores
Of the red gulph. But his a vigor hale,
And unabated: he has now outlived
Three ages: though a grandsire, green in years,
With firm and sinewy arms. The traveller
May roam to farthest Spain: he more has known
Of earthly space; the old man more of life.

Every one in early life in reading ancient history is troubled to know what measure of credit should be given to the ancient oracles and mysteries, concerning which there are so many marvellous tales to be found; and we may as well dispose of this subject here as at any other time or place. Rollin's ancient history, a book much read among us, often mentions the responses of the oracles of antiquity. The writer was a pious, excellent man, but was fond of the marvellous

and not a little inclined to superstition. He believed that wicked spirits were sometimes permitted by an all-wise Providence to reside in these caves or inner shrines to deceive mankind by indirectly shadowing forth things to come. Other historians have spoken of the magicians, soothsayers, and astrologers, as having great confidence in their supernatural knowledge.

The first account we have of these *wise men* is that given by Moses, in his interview with Pharaoh. They were soon convinced that they could not struggle with the servants of the Lord, and yielded after a few trials of their skill. These magicians were scientific men who soon discovered the natural from the miraculous.

The whole worship of Isis was full of mysteries, and these *wise men* alone had the key to them. Tombs, temples, and all public buildings, and all the arts and sciences, were full of mysteries to the common people. It was the same in Persia and Assyria as in Egypt. The wise men were advisers of the king, and he supported them in ease and dignity. They were called in to interpret the hand writing on the wall, but could not read it.

When the Greeks made themselves masters of the learning of Egypt and Babylon they found these mysteries of no small importance to themselves. They kept up the same air of secrecy, and devoted them to religious purposes. The oracle of Delphos having by accident established a reputation for correct prophecies, continued it, by art, for religious, but more often for political purposes. The Pythia, in every age, was a shrewd woman, who knew what was wanted, and who it was that inquired of her for knowledge; and her

answers were made accordingly. The Egyptians and the Greeks were well acquainted with acoustics, and sounds were managed for their mysterious responses. That they understood the science of sound, witness the ear of Dionysius. This trick has been played off in our times, by "the invisible lady," whom most of us remember. The mysteries of Isis, and the Eleusinian mysteries, were kept up by subterranean caverns, so constructed as to throw strange images before the eyes of the initiate by means of moveable lights, and by tubes conveying strange sounds, when they were in darkness, to frighten them. Every one can tell how busy the imagination is when we are a little alarmed for our safety. These strange sounds, persons accompanying those about to be initiated, were allowed to hear, and sometimes they saw flashes of strange lights. There can be no doubt but that some of these ceremonies were awfully imposing. The higher orders unquestionably understood the whole thing, but the lower did not. There was an exoteric and an esoteric meaning to all their ceremonies. From the whole concurrent testimony of ancient history, we must believe that the Eleusinian mysteries were used for good purposes, for there is not an instance on record that the honor of an initiation was ever obtained by a very bad man. The hierophants,—the higher priests of the order,—were always exemplary in their morals, and became sanctified in the eyes of the people. The high-priesthood of this order in Greece was continued in one family,—the Eumolpidæ, for ages. In this they resembled both the Egyptians and the Jews.

The Eleusinian mysteries in Rome took another form, and were called the rites of Bona Dea; but she

was the same Ceres that was worshipped in Greece. All the distinguished Roman authors speak of these rites, and in terms of profound respect. Horace denounces the wretch who should attempt to reveal the secrets of these rites; Virgil mentions these mysteries with great respect; and Cicero alludes to them with a greater reverence than either of the poets we have named. Both the Greeks and Romans punished any insult offered to these mysteries with the most persevering vindictiveness. Alcibiades was charged with insulting these religious rites; and although the proof of his offence was quite doubtful, yet he suffered for it for years in exile and misery; and it must be allowed that he was the most popular man of his age.

These mysteries were continued until some time after the days of Constantine, when they were prohibited. Sad stories have been conjured up to give importance to the Egyptian mysteries, but no one has attempted to throw any dark shade over those of Greece or Rome. The philosopher will readily believe that there was nothing supernatural in any of their mysteries; and all may set it down as a fact, that among themselves,—I speak of those initiated,—they never pretended to any thing like a commerce with the inhabitants of the invisible world. They unquestionably often assumed to possess wondrous powers and great ecrets; but this was only a means of keeping knowledge from becoming too common; and this was an error which lasted for ages, even down to our times.

Viewed by the light of a clear understanding, I believe all the marvellous deeds of the magicians, the astrologers, the soothsayers, the Pithia, and the whole tribe of these mystery-dealing beings, vanish into

things, if not easily explained, yet certainly to be traced out. Incantations, charms, and talismans, which thicken on every page of early history, are dissolved before the torch of reason, and a clear conscience.

The Sibylline Oracles of Rome had once great influence among the people, and many honest men have now a belief that these oracles foretold the coming of our Saviour; but the wise part of our theologians have long since given up this fancy, for it can hardly be called a belief. The pastoral from Virgil, which we have selected, contains the supposed prophecy. The following is as fair an account of it as we have seen.

"The Sibylline Oracles having received information from the Jews, tnat a child was to be born, who should be the Saviour of the world, and to whom nations and empires should bow with submission, pretended to fore tell that this event would occur in the year of Rome 714, after the peace concluded between Augustus and Antony. Virgil viewing this prophecy with the vivid imagination of a poet, and willing to flatter the ambition of his patron, composed his celebrated Eclogue, entitled *Pollio*, in which he supposes the child, who was thus to unite mankind and restore the golden age, to be the infant with which Octavia, wife to Antony, and half-sister to Augustus, was then pregnant by her former husband Marcellus. In this production the consul Pollio, Octavia, and even the unborn infant, are flattered with his usual delicacy; and the rival Triumviri, though a short time before in open hostility, have the honor of equally sharing the poet's applause.

While Pollio, who seems to have been the most accomplished man of his age, and is celebrated as a poet, soldier, orator, and historian, was engaged in an expe-

dition against the *Parthini*, whom he subdued, Virgil addressed to him his *Pharmaceutria*, one of the most beautiful of all his Eclogues, and in imitation of a poem of the same name by his favourite author Theocritus. This production is the more valuable, as it has handed down to posterity the superstitious rites of the Romans, and the heathen notions of enchantment. Virgil himself seems to have been conscious of the beauty of his subject, and the dignity of the person whom he was addressing, and accordingly has given us, by the fertility of his genius and the brilliancy of his imagination, some of the most sublime images that are to be found in any writings of antiquity."

Some of the Christian forefathers have stated, that on the eve of the birth of our Saviour, all the oracles of the heathen world ceased. It is certain that the Delphic oracles grew into disrepute about this time; but the Eleusinian mysteries, and those of the Bona Dea, were kept up much longer. Milton adopted the belief of the early fathers of the church, and has expressed his poetical opinion, in an ode upon the subject of the silence of the oracles, which is full of deep interest and exquisite beauties. There is a solemn reverence due to his opinions when they are given on great points of faith; for if ever there was a mind God had filled with light and inspiration without the gift of prophecy, it was that of John Milton. But there is no more reason to think that he was convinced of this as a fact, than that he believed all the incidents in his Paradise Lost.

"The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.

Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent:
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The Nymphs, in twilight shade of tangled thickets, mourn.

In consecrated earth
And on the holy hearth,
The Lares and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affright the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers holy shrine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud.
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin on an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to th' infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;

And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night steeds, leaving their moon-loved
maze.

But see, the Virgin-bless'd
Hath laid her babe to rest;
Time is our tedious song should here have ending •
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

All superstitions are to be traced to the diseases of the body or the mind. The filtres and charms are made for a diseased body or mind. Sometimes they may be efficacious, by chance; sometimes nature, the best of nurses, overcomes all obstacles and heals the malady in spite of the nostrums prescribed. Among the ignorant, in all nations and ages, these panaceas are found. The greater the ignorance the more efficacious the charm. The charm called the Obi, or Obiah, which is now practised in Jamaica, and other slave-holding places, was brought from Africa, and is now known throughout the country bordering on the Senegal and on the Gambia, and probably is a very ancient superstition. Something resembling this charm has been practised by the Indians all over this continent. I attended the process of a charm as practised by the Winnebagoes for the cure of one of their delegation, when they were in Washington in 1829. The Indian was very sick and quite insensible. They began by taking out of a bag a great variety of articles, such as

beads, glass mirrors, pieces of human skin, with many other matters,—a medley shocking to the sight, and offensive to the smell. A portion of the ingredients was burnt, a sort of chant was held over the fire by some members of the delegation which seemed to be confined to those who could keep time in singing. Then deep breathings and low moans were heard. At times the voices were raised to the higher notes. Some threw themselves on the floor as if in agony. This was continued for two hours, during which time the sick man was stretched by a fire in another room, and entirely deserted by those making up the charm. In their absence a physician of the city came in, at the request of the host, and succeeded in relieving the patient. When the charm was wound up, an Indian woman, the only one accompanying the delegation, crept slowly towards the sick man. His eyes were opened; he spoke; the spell had succeeded,—in an instant the roof resounded with the yells of savage joy. Who could dispute the power of the charm with those sons of the forest.

This same charm, or one near allied to it, is now practised in the Sandwich Islands. We need not dwell on this part of the subject, for one half of our quack medicines are legitimate descendants of these superstitions. Diseases of the mind are prolific of superstitious deeds. Saul did not consult the witch of Endor until he was in despair; nor did Brutus see the ghost of Cæsar, or any other spectre, until his hands had been stained with blood, and his nerves had been agitated in contemplating the fate of himself, and his army. The thoughts of bloody deeds are often accompanied with superstitious omens. When the deed of

death first darted into the mind of Lady Macbeth, she said, in soliloquy,

> "The raven himself is hoarse,
> That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
> Under my battlements."

When Macbeth had been braced up to Duncan's death, the dagger appeared before him, *palpable* as that he wore.

> "It is the bloody business, which informs
> Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half world
> Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
> The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
> Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
> Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
> Whose howl's his watch, thus with stealthy pace,
> With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design,
> Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm set earth,
> Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
> Thy very stones prate of my where-about."

For a while he could hear Lady Macbeth's advice—

> "Things without remedy,
> Should be without regard"—

for Duncan was dead; but Banquo and Fleance were still living; but when one had *twenty mortal murders on his head*, and the other had fled from his murderers, he could not any longer forbear consulting the

"Secret, black and midnight hags,
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope."

Feeble minds under the influence of supposed guilt, are more likely to be affected by superstitious feelings than strong ones, full of deeds of blood. Sickness, fatigue, and hunger would have made Hercules a whining child, as chills and fever did the mighty Cæsar; but a sound mind in a sound body, with a good education and a clear conscience, will never fear the charms of superstition, the spells of witchcraft, nor the power of magic. The seeds of superstition are too often sown in the nursery, and cherished in our youthful days. Bugbears are too often mingled with lullabys, and raw-head and bloody bones with the first tales given to amuse infancy. The household divinities should all be pure, kind, lovely characters, having countenances of beauty and tongues of truth. The stories of the fireside should be free from all hobgoblins and monsters. If it was thought proper to surround the altar of Hymen with forms of taste for effect, surely it is of as much importance to keep the infant mind clear of all monsters.

Seen by the light of philosophy and sound sense, all the marvellous deeds of the magician, the astrologer, and the whole tribe of those who attempt to deceive the people, sink into those of common men, and we only admire their wisdom and skill while we are relieved by the investigation from all dread of enchantments, talismans, and spells, which thicken in almost every page of the early history of mankind. It is astonishing that the press, at the present day, should teem with quartos and

royal octavos, upon the occult science of astrology. A splendid volume, called "*The Astrology of the Nineteenth Century*," has just been laid upon our tables. The compiler, or author, is vexed to find that the *very useful* subjects of which he treats do not attract more attention from the learned! But the subject ensures the sale of the work, and probably his ends are answered by this alone. The curious may look into this work to smile; to see how learning can put on a fool's cap, and talk of *conjurations* and *apparitions*, and all the unmeaning words, letters, and ceremonies of an *Abracadabra*.

Modern witchcraft is now only an amusing tale, and may be read for the purposes of a gentle sensation after dinner, when other things are dull. Our countrymen never made a charge against any one for being a *wizard*. This term is from the same root as the word *wise*, or *wisdom;* while the word *witch*, is from a Saxon word, meaning *wicked*, and is used as a noun of common gender.

Do not understand me, that while I would, as with a sponge, wipe out all traces of superstition from the human mind. all records of our early days, when we trembled and half believed the well authenticated tales of some honest neighbor, who heard his grandfather say, that he had heard the famous Cotton Mather say, in public and in private, that witches were an *abomination*, and that they ought to have been cut off when the foolish people saved them; that I would prefer a cold, selfish unbelief for my guide. No: I should prefer the highest extent of credulity to such a state of mind. That apathy which looks on all worlds, *visible* or *invisible*, as a subject of doubt, or unbelief, may be free

from pain, but there can be no pleasure in it. There are, perhaps, many things in our history, and even in our natures and our hopes, hard to be understood, and some portion of them that the Great Author of our race never intended that we should be fully acquainted with in our present state of existence. A sound mind will very readily comprehend enough of its powers and capacities to teach it never to strive to attain what is above human reach, or to sink with fear at that which it cannot readily explain.

There is a belief "*that casteth out all fear*;" a belief that gilds the joyous season of youth; a belief that is a light to the warrior in the hour of battle; that beams in the sage's eye, and breathes from his lips; a belief that sustains the martyr in the agonies of death; that brings beatific visions around the head of the dying saint; and one that takes from *death* his *sting*, and from the *grave* its *victory*.

"In the deep windings of the grove, no more
The hag obscene and grisly phantom dwell;
Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell;
No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon;
Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
To ease of fancied pangs the laboring moon,
Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

"Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
Stunn'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,
Lo, with dim eyes that never learned to smile,
And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves

Of Heaven his wretched fare: shivering in caves
Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day;
But science gives the word; and lo, he braves
The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

"'And e'en where nature loads the teeming plain
With the full pomp of vegetable store,
Her bounty, unimprov'd, is deadly bane:
Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to shore
Stretch their enormous gloom; which to explore
Ev'n fancy trembles in her sprightliest mood:
For there each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,
Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every
flood.

"''Twas from philosophy man learn'd to tame
The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
Lo, from the echoing axe, and thundering flame,
Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled:
The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
Bring health and melody to every vale:
And, from the breezy main, and mountain's head,
Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering gale.

"'What dire necessities on every hand
Our art, our strength, our fortitude require!
Of foes intestine what a numerous band
Against this little throb of life conspire!
Yet science can elude their fatal ire

Awhile, and turn aside death's levell'd dart,
Sooth the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,
And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

" 'Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
Science exerts her all-composing sway.
Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
Or pines to indolence and spleen a prey,
Or avarice, a fiend more fierce than they?
Flee to the shade of Academus' grove;
Where cares molest not, discord melts away
In harmony, and the pure passions prove
How sweet the words of truth breath'd from the lips of love.

" 'What cannot art and industry perform,
When science plans the progress of their toil
They smile at penury, disease, and storm;
And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
Deep-vers'd in man, the philosophic sage
Prepares with lenient hand their frenzy to assuage.

" 'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
From situation, temper, soil, and clime
Explor'd, a nation's various powers can bind,
And various orders, in one form sublime
Of polity, that, midst the wrecks of time
Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,

While public faith, and public love sincere,
And industry and law maintain their sway severe."

CHAPTER IX.

When the Cæsars had passed away, and Rome had become as corrupt as any city of the east, a new direction was given to the human mind by the conversion of Constantine to the Christian religion, in the commencement of the fourth century. In this century, 379, Theodosius divided the empire, and Byzantium became the seat of government. The western empire from that date began to decline. New nations, almost unknown before, now started up to agitate the world. The Huns, who had inhabited the north of China, a numerous race, now swept over the better part of Europe, and in their way made war upon Rome and Greece; and also upon their brother barbarians, the Goths.

In 395, Alaric, king of the Goths, attacked Greece. In 400, he was met by the Romans, and defeated. Radagaisus entered Italy with a vast army, and was defeated and slain, which proves that the Romans were still a warlike people. In 408, Alaric took Rome, and soon after died, while besieging Rhegio. He was buried under the bed of a river, which the Goths had turned aside for that purpose. In 444, Attilla appeared at the head of the Huns and swept over the earth as the scourge of God. He laid cities in ashes, but was in a short time defeated by Theodoric, king of the Visgoths. He was permitted to die a natural death.

The Goths, who had issued from Scandinavia and overran Pomerania, divided into Vis-goths and Ostragoths,—west and east Goths. In their conflicts with the Huns they were scattered and divided, and part of them formed the new kingdom of Italy.

These nations, who had made their conquests and settlements, though almost unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans, gave a new character to the world; for new elements were developed, and new powers exhibited. The Roman character was not wholly lost in these ages of war and blood, for in the days of Justinian, Belisarius emulated the Scipios and the other men of war of former periods. This great general is used so much in the legends of fiction, as proving the inconstancy of fortune, that he is almost overlooked in sober history; but the "*Date obulum Belisario*" was no fiction, it was as sober truth as the story of St. Helena and Longwood,—both awful lessons to ambitious chieftains. The beggar through the cities of Italy and Greece once annihilated the power of the Vandals, and reduced them to as great a state of wretchedness as he himself afterwards was by the power of a capricious, ungrateful master.

New dynasties arose, and the world of matter was again to be disturbed by the world of mind. There had been a mixing up of the Christian with Pagan idolatry, and a mongrel race of thinkers was formed throughout all Europe, and in parts of Asia and Africa.

At the commencement of the seventh century, 622, Mahomet arose, the founder of a new sect in religion. He was a master spirit. He succeeded beyond all other imposters,—for this sound reason: He fashioned his general doctrines to the nature of man—his appetites,

dispositions, and modes of reasoning. He said himself, that he *only developed human nature to direct it*, not to overcome or subjugate it. With the aid of the Jewish scriptures and some of the first Christian writers, he prepared the Koran, a most sublime composition, as a whole; favorable, in general, to virtue, and particularly useful as a law book in the country in which he lived. It was a most admirable improvement on the code of Asiatic laws, in relation to the rights of women,—defining their rights, and securing what it defined. If he is said to encourage licentiousness, it is because the critic does not consider how much the *imposter* had to contend with in forming his creed. We should not, in our estimation of the Koran, consider how much it falls short of the code of Jesus of Nazareth, but how much superior it is to all the heathen codes then, or even now, extant. It created and perpetuated a temperance society; yet there is a great deal that is trivial mixed up with the moral and sentimental in it. It should be remembered also, that the Mahometans did not wage war with the Christians until the Christians had made a furious onset upon them. The historian should go over his course impartially, on peril of forfeiting his character for principle and honesty as well as accuracy.

While this excitement was going on in the east, and the doctrines of Mahometanism were spreading over an immense extent of territory, the northmen were not idle. Fond of navigation, and fearless of the dangers of the seas, they made great progress in the size and forms of their ships, and in the method of sailing them. Instead of being confined to oars, or a little sail used only in going before the wind,—as the maritime people of the Mediterranean were accustomed to,—they raised

decks to their "steeds of the ocean," and learned to sail them as near the wind as the mariners of the present day do their great ships. These hardy, bold, high-spirited people,—the Saxons, Danes, Fins, and all their tribes,—had in their veins the true currents of liberty, and those which are now floating in ours, and those of our English and Dutch ancestors.

Christianity travelled northward, and came to the island of Great Britain in the days of Alfred the Wise; and it had been previously introduced into Ireland, where the great king had been an exile and a student for years. Soon after Italy had encouraged letters, and cultivated a taste for learning, something of the spirit grew up in France. Ireland also was renowned for its attention to the learning of the age. Roman literature, as well as the Aristotelian philosophy, was known in Ireland in the sixth century.

In the fifth century some few persons, driven from Italy, laid the foundation of the maritime city of Venice. It seemed to grow up with the commercial enterprize of Carthage and the military ambition of Rome. This new Tyre was most powerful by sea. In her pride, she fought, single handed, with the mighty Ottoman power, and bore her flag, generally triumphant, from the mouth of the Nile to the pillar of Hercules, about as much of the coast as was then known. The civil government of Venice was, notwithstanding her power, most oppressive and unjust. It was an unchecked aristocracy. The nobles were the government. The people had no rights, and the doge,—the head of what was called the republic,—was only a shadow of a king. In the senate he had no authority, and out of the city he was only a private man. Whoever was vain enough to be con-

tented by the robes of office, was happy as a doge; but he who wished for power and influence was always wretched and restless in that office. For many centuries, this sea-city held her sway over the commerce of the Levant; and from her wealth and judicious commercial regulations, notwithstanding her wretched civil government, she kept all her rivals at a distance, until she found a competitor in the republic of Florence. During the crusades, from 1070 to 1250,—for in this period the most important of these expeditions were undertaken,—the ships of Venice were employed as transports to aid the invaders of Palestine on their way to the scene of action. Venice profited by freighting contracts, and by her discoveries of the best channels of the commerce of the east; while the other nations were engaged in their Quixotic expeditions for the avowed good of religion. The instance of this aristocracy, with that of Rome, are beacon lights to all nations, never to confide power to one class of men alone. The doctrine of checks and balances was not then understood.

In the ninth century, the Arabs,—hitherto a race which now and then struck a blow in the world worthy of note, but who held no precise or decided rank,—suddenly became the most enlightened people in the world. They pursued the elements of learning with an enthusiasm before unknown in the annals of letters and sciences. They translated the Greek writers, and made them their own. The Arabic language became one of the most copious and lovely that time has produced or matured. A great portion of this learning was lost in the confusion of the succeeding ages, but some of it has come down to us, and this small portion is so full of life and splendor, that it increases our regret th t

we cannot have more of it. The persevering linguists of the present day are searching for whatever remains of the Arabic literature from Cairo to Bagdad, and they cheer us with hopes that much may yet be found. The sweet and sparkling current of the Arabic would relieve the leaden and ponderous language of the deep philosophy of modern times, and would assist the inventors of our day,—who are now a great class in our country,—to many happy terms of art and science. They have almost exhausted the fountains of Greek literature for terms in their inventions. It would be a happy circumstance if a new one could be opened.

In 1137, the pandects of Justinian were recovered at Almasi, and these excellent laws were copied, read and adopted by the nations of Italy first, and then generally adopted throughout all Europe. The commerce of several nations was then rapidly increasing, and in the course of the century, reached a much greater extent than we of the present day have generally supposed. France and England, particularly the former, were greatly exhausted by the crusades, and now turned their attention to commerce in order to replenish their treasuries. The English were a spirited people at this time; in 1215, the *magna charta* was wrested from their weak and wretched monarch, king John. From this instrument, the British date their liberties. It is, indeed, a bill of rights for the nobles, bishops, and landholders in that country. In 1200, the polarity of magnetized iron was discovered at Naples, and the phenomenon was soon communicated to all the maritime nations of Europe. Some historians pretend that this was known ages before in China. This is quite possible, but there is no satisfactory proof that the discovery

was ever made in China, and certainly, it was never used for the purposes of navigation among the Chinese.

Several causes about this time conspired to change the business and character of nations in addition to those we have named. In the year 1204, Constantinople was taken by the union of the forces of France and Venice; and they were, in fact, masters of most of the islands in the Archipelago. The French, always quick in their apprehensions, soon became acquainted with the information to be found at Constantinople, and all the region round about it. Science and the arts were more flourishing there than in other portions of the globe. The power of France was not long continued at Constantinople. The successors of the conqueror had more military and religious zeal than political sagacity, and this fine position was abandoned in 1261. The Greek emperors held it from that time until it was taken by the Turks in 1453. France had not leisure or inclination to profit by the lessons she had learned in war, and did not take the lead in maritime affairs she might have done. It was reserved for smaller states to achieve those enterprizes which have given to Europe the commerce of the world. The small kingdom of Portugal was destined to have an early share in maritime exploits and discoveries. Portugal was proud of having expelled the Moors from her territories, and felt equal to great enterprizes. Well situated for commercial pursuits, she kept up a respectable navy for that day. She had learned the art of ship-building from the north, and the still greater art of sailing them from the same quarter.

In 1411, the Portuguese, under King John, began their discoveries. They had men among them who

had studied geography and the mathematics, as far as they were then known. The first enterprize was rather a matter of war than of commerce or discovery, but it greatly enlarged their knowledge of the coast of Africa. In 1418, some Portuguese vessels were driven by a storm into the wide Atlantic, and thus the Madeira Islands were discovered by an accident. These islands were soon taken possession of by the Portuguese. Encouraged by their successs, the Portuguese fearlessly pushed their exploring expeditions along the coast of Africa, and in 1433 they had reached the mouth of the Senegal. In 1449, the Cape de Verd Islands were discovered, and the Azores soon after. At this time they had ventured a thousand miles from the European continent; thus evincing a degree of enterprize that astonished themselves and other nations. The adventurous navigators of Venice, Florence, Genoa, and others from the north, flocked to Portugal to join those engaged in discoveries; but notwithstanding their exertions, the Portuguese did not pass the line until 1471. This was no small affair, for most geographers, previous to this period, supposed the torrid zone nearly or quite uninhabited; that burning sands and scorching suns were too powerful for life, animal or vegetable; but what must have been their surprise, when they found a new, and, in many respects, a more beautiful creation there than they had ever seen or imagined!—a region teeming with inhabitants of earth and air, beyond what their own could support, and a vegetation luxuriant and refreshing and full of food! In 1484, the Portuguese took possession of several places in the southern hemisphere, but it was two years after this before they reached cape Good Hope, which was first

called the *Cape of Storms.* It is by no means certain that any navigator had explored the Indian seas until years after this time, although no doubts were entertained of the practicability of reaching India by extending the route they had pursued.

At the time these discoveries were made, Portugal was not wealthy; in fact, she had been exhausted by long and fierce wars with the Moors. Their success was, therefore, from their enterprize and hardihood, and not from wealth or avarice, the two great springs to adventure. Previous to this time, the Genoese had been a much greater commercial and naval people than the Portuguese. They had enjoyed a great share of the commerce of the east, but were prevented at this time from following up the enterprize of the Portuguese from internal commotions and civil wars.

It was not so with the Tuscans. At Florence at this period every thing of a commercial nature was prosperous. Casmo De Medicis had carried on a most flourishing commerce from 1415 to 1464. During this period he was the patron of letters and the arts, and was a magistrate of exemplary virtue in a republic of wealth and enterprize; but it does not appear that Casmo attempted to make any discoveries. At the time the Portuguese were the most successful, Lorenzo, his grandson, who was called the *magnificent*, was in the height of his power and fame. He was just that bold and gallant spirit that seemed likely to take these discoveries into consideration and to have pushed them to the utmost extent; but whether his quarrels with the pope and cardinals prevented his turning his attention to an exploring expedition, or that his mind was too much engaged in politics, is, perhaps, to be left to con-

jecture. Lorenzo died April 8, 1492, while Columbus was getting ready for sea on his first voyage of discovery.

The time had now arrived in the destinies of man when a new view of things was to be taken, from new objects of interest and ambition. The maritime world had been mostly confined, when the Portuguese began their discoveries, to the Mediterranean and the seas of of the north. All the naval battles had been in the Mediterranean. These seas were the fields of fame for those nations who ventured to launch upon them, and a western world was not dreamt of by those inhabiting the eastern continent. It was reserved for Columbus, a Genoese, born in 1447, to be the discoverer of this continent. He was well educated for the age in which he lived; and there was considerable science then extant, for about the time he received his education, the learned Greeks had fled from Constantinople, and Genoa had next to Florence the benefits of their knowledge. Of an enterprizing disposition, he early engaged himself as a mariner, and became acquainted with all the coasts of the Mediterranean and the northern seas, then the great wonder of the world. He engaged with the Portuguese and followed their track to the Madeira Islands and the Azores. He was also engaged in sea-fights, and was, all things considered, one of the most accomplished men of the age in which he lived. He had married the daughter of a distinguished mariner, and had access to his charts and journals, which threw much light on the discoveries then made.

Columbus had no sooner conceived a plan of finding a passage to the Indies, than he brought all his resources to bear on the subject, and his mind became so

convinced of the truth of his theory, that it amounted quite to demonstration with him in his visions of future glory. In the fulness of this conviction he applied to Genoa, his native country, to assist him, but she was in no situation to undertake the charge and expenses of an enterprize which probably was thought would be much greater in a pecuniary point of view than they were prepared to meet. He then proposed the matter to king John II, of Portugal. The causes alleged for this enterprizing monarch's rejecting the proposition have been variously stated; but the true one was jealousy; for there was an attempt made to forestall Columbus in this adventure, which was defeated by ignorance and timidity. Henry VII, who, after the close of the civil wars, attended much to commerce and naval affairs, and had advanced ship-building to its then highest state among maritime nations, was applied to by Columbus, through his brother, Bartholomew, but the king either had no faith in the adventure, or wanted ready means to defray the expenses of it; at any rate, he declined affording assistance to Columbus, or to make an engagement in regard to the enterprize.

While the brother of Columbus was soliciting the king of England, he himself was using every argument to induce the queen of Leon and Castile to engage in this voyage of discovery; but after following up his solicitations for a long time his patience was quite exhausted, and he was about quitting Spain, when a good providence made him acquainted with an intelligent ecclesiastic, Juan Peres, who was a prior of a convent. This worthy man, by the assistance of the best mathematicians he could find, examined Columbus' plan, and became thoroughly convinced of its soundness, and

urged the reasons he had to give, with so much force and sincerity, as to make Isabella pause, and at last yield to them, with delicacy and grace; but Columbus, with all the tenacity of a proud man, conscious that he is about an important affair, urged his terms so boldly that the negociation was broken off.

Towards the close of 1491, the Spanish arms were successful, and Grenada surrendered. In this happy moment the friends of the enterprize brought it up again, and the terms, such as Columbus had insisted on, without his yielding one jot, were at length agreed to. But it is quite certain that this pride of genius was the cause of the misfortunes of himself and family; for after his discovery, all Spain were jealous of his fame, particularly the grandees and the king. The fleet procured for the purpose of discovery was a miserable business, —one vessel with a single deck, and two without any, manned with only ninety men, was the whole naval concern. The Pintons, two brothers, commanded the two vessels without decks. They were enterprising sailors, and had much of the Spanish gentlemen in their characters. The admiral found them of great service in his voyage. The expedition sailed on the 3d of August, 1492. After touching at one of the Canaries, and overcoming every obstacle, he had the good fortune to discover land, and take possession of it on the 12th of October following. It would be a very delightful task to go minutely through the voyage of Columbus, and trace out the incidents of so eventful a life, as this great navigator's. This has been done by several writers, but by none with so much truth, taste, and genius, as is found in the *Life of Columbus*, by our illustrious countryman, Washington Irving. He has done justice to

all parties in this great affair. In this book, to the pure and mellow light of Goldsmith, he has added the accuracy of Lingard, and the eloquence of Turner. All other histories of the discoverer will hereafter be only epitomes, or eulogies, or tedious narratives. It was a happy subject most happily executed. It was not until the third voyage of discovery that the great navigator touched upon this continent; he had spent his time previously upon the islands.

In 1499, Ojeda, fitted out by the merchants of Seville, made his great voyage. He had been with Columbus in his first successful enterprize. He was accompanied in this voyage by Amerigo Vespucci, a navigator from Florence, a man of science, and of nautical and classical attainments. He published an account of his voyage at Florence, where letters had been highly cultivated, under the auspices of the successor of *Lorenzo the Magnificent*. This reading community, as well as maritime, wished to have their share in the glory of the discovery. It was very natural that they should think well of their distinguished navigator, but in all probability there was no intention in the mind of Amerigo of robbing Columbus of his glory. But as the book was called the Voyages of Amerigo, the continent, or what was, but not then ascertained to be one, was called the land of Amerigo. As the universal language of the learned of Europe at that time was Latin, Amerigo's book was, of course, to use the old phrase, *done into Latin*. In this, his name was Americus Vespucci, in that language, and *Americus*, the prefix, in Latin became, to suit the gender of names of countries, was made into *America*.

It is not often the case that discoverers, or inventors,

or other benefactors of mankind, receive their proper meed of praise in their own times. Envy, jealousy, and honest rivalry, all interfere to stop the current of honest fame; but there is a redeeming spirit in mankind, that sooner or later shows itself, and turns and overturns public opinion, until all things, in a measure, come right. Columbus, in the end, lost nothing of his fame; but has had, and ever will have, his just share of glory.

But neither Columbus, nor Vespucci, nor Ojeda had in truth, and fact, the honor of discovering this continent. John Cabot, a Venetian, who had often been in England, and was well known in that country as a pilot, as he was then called, meaning a distinguished mariner and navigator, made a proposition to Henry VII to make an exploring expedition, and take a more northern course in order to find the way to India. These proposals were acceded to by the king, who with the aid of several merchants of Bristol, fitted out an expedition for discovery. The letters patent were signed 1497, by Henry VII, empowering Cabot and his three sons to *discover*, *conquer*, and *settle* lands then *unknown;* yet it was nearly two years before their small vessels could be got ready for the enterprize. The king furnished one ship and the merchants *three*, and the fleet sailed in the spring of 1499. In July the island of Newfoundland was discovered. The great navigator then coasted down to Florida. He was truly the discoverer of this continent, for he anticipated Columbus the space of several days.

Sebastian Cabot, son of John, was born in Bristol, England, and of course was attached to the land of his birth. He was young when he accompanied his father

on his first voyage. In the eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII, Sebastian Cabot was sent out again on a voyage of discovery, but from some disaffection he returned, and left the service of England and went to Spain. By this time all maritime nations, feeling not a little jealous of each other, were ready to employ any great navigator who might offer his services. Spain made him up a fine fleet, and he pushed for South America, and made some advances towards a settlement. This was in 1525. He had spent twenty years on shore, previous to his last voyage from England. He had high Spanish titles, but as every seaman is somewhat restless, if not exactly capricious, he soon after his return left Spain for England. This was at the close of the reign of Henry VIII; but notwithstanding he had been in the service of foreign powers, he was cordially received in England—retained his hold on public opinion—and died in quiet, at the good old age of eighty years, highly honored and respected.

In 1500, Cabral, a Portuguese, in wending his way to the East Indies, fearing the dangers of the African coast, swept off into the expanse of the Atlantic, and was by force of a storm driven on to the South American coast. He took possession of that part of the continent in the name of the Portuguese government, and called the place Brazil. This name the country has retained until this day. Thus most of the maritime countries of that day had some claim to the discovery of the new world. The pope had encouraged the voyages of discovery from Prince Henry of Portugal, and the see of Rome holds some ecclesiastical jurisdiction over every part of it now.

It has been regretted by many historians that Co-

lumbus had not, through the intervention of his brother, succeeded with Henry VII in getting up a voyage of discovery; as if that would have changed the destinies of this continent. For my own part, I can say that I have no such feelings. England at that period had no surplus population for colonies; nor had man become sufficiently enlightened to have commenced a new population that would have done much honor to the human race. The impulse given to the world by Luther and Calvin, and other reformers, and the freedom of thinking consequent on that impulse, were necessary in planting a nursery of freemen. All the South American colonists brought with them the superstitions of their native land: nor for ages was there the slightest amelioration of it. If the settlers of North America had not improved on the scanty doctrines of civil liberty which were known and practised upon in the days of Henry VII, we should not now have been in the possession of all our free institutions, which we so greatly enjoy. In fact, the finger of heaven directed the hour, more than a hundred years after this period, for the settlement of North America. The germ of civil liberty was swelling and bursting into life at that period of her settlement, not only in England, but also in Holland, and all those countries that furnished colonists for the new region. The Waldenses and the Hugonots, who came next after the very first settlers, were those, or a remnant of those oppressed at home. They made good recruits for the new field of thought, action, intention, and purpose. The new doctrines of the rights of man found here a congenial soil; the bosom of the new earth cherished them, and the sun of the new heavens beamed upon

them his fructifying ray. From a seedling, the tree of liberty became a mighty oak, under whose shade nations were to repose; whose leaves were to emit the vital air, to be breathed by all, and from whose boughs were to drop the germinating principles of freedom that were one day to be planted in other soils.

The superb character of Columbus, full of genius, science, patience, piety, and all that honor the man and adorn the Christian, should never be lost sight of by the American people. They should raise his monument, and read his history.

The Florentine should also be a subject of our admiration; he was a high-spirited and intelligent character, and did nothing unfair or unjust. If he was destined to give a name to our birth-place, it was no fault of his. Spain kept the voyages of Columbus a secret in their details for many years, but the Florentines wished all things to be open and free as air. The Venetians, father and son, under the auspices of England, gave all their discoveries to the world most freely. These navigators broke the egg and set it on end; they plucked from the expanse of the ocean its terrors, which arose from distance, uncertainty, storms, currents, trade winds, and unaccountable tides, and made it, vast as it was, as harmless as the smooth waters of a placid lake. The mind of man had now a wider range; he did not feel as though pent up in the narrow confines of one world, but threw his glance to another, and indulged in visions of new glories which might result from enterprize.

The century that passed after the discovery of this continent, before the settlement of that part of it now called the United States, was fraught with the deepest

interests, as to South America. Ferdinand Cortes had sailed from Cuba in February, 1519, with an army of only five hundred and eight common soldiers, sixteen horsemen, and one hundred and nine mechanics, pilots, and mariners, to conquer the great kingdom of Mexico. Of all the stories of romance the history of Cortes is the most wonderful. With this handful of heroes, he marched to Cholula, fought, and conquered myriads of Flascalons, and made them vassals to his master, the king of Spain; and bade them follow him to assist, as they did, in subjugating the Mexicans. The conquest of Montezuma, and his dominion over the high-spirited monarch, is a tale of wonder on a tide of blood. The history of Gautimozin is, in the moral world, what Ossa upon Pelion was in the fabled world; it was an effort never before equalled, nor, perhaps, ever will be again. The royal standard of Mexico fell into the hands of Cortes, and he arrayed one party of those ignorant natives to destroy another. Cortes left Mexico "the skin of an immolated victim," and his name to be associated with *rapine* and *cruelty;* but if you could wash him of the stains of unnecessary blood, he would be unrivalled for military prowess in the annals of his time.

In twenty-two years after the conquest of Mexico, Pizarro conquered the Peruvian empire. The Incas had been a race of men distinguished for ages. From the time of Pizarro, until the last of the exiled Incas, a term of twenty-five years, there is nothing but perfidy and murder on the side of the Spaniards, and generous and high feeling confidence on the part of the sovereigns of Peru. "The exiled Incas preferred the scanty bread found in the wilds of the Andes to the pro-

mises of Spanish munificence; but intrigue and power prevailed, and the blood so long hunted for was sucked at last. What remained of the Inca race, they sent to uncongenial climes to be destroyed by disease. Thirty-eight of the Inca race were sent to Lima, and in less than two years all but three of them were dead, and these soon followed.

"Thus perished the males of the blood royal of Peru. *Tupac Amaru*, the head of the Inca family, was sentenced to the scaffold, and those who invented the inquisition racked their imagination to make his death degrading. The representative of the sun, on the day appointed for the execution, was led forth on a mule with his hands pinioned, a halter around his neck, and the crier going before him proclaiming his approaching death and the imputed cause of it. While moving to the square the procession was met by a numerous band of Peruvian women, exclaiming with passionate cries and loud lamentations against the conduct of Toledo, the Spanish viceroy, and demanding that they might be slaughtered in the company of their prince, rather than to remain alive to be the slaves of his murderers. Never, indeed, upon whatever occasion, was a movement of popular grief communicated through a greater mass of indignant and agonized beings. Entering the square, where the scaffold stood, the eye gazed upon three hundred thousand souls, assembled to witness the last mournful hour of him who was the object of profound veneration to all, as the heir of their ancient sovreigns, and the descendent, not of a long line of kings only, but of the very gods themselves, whom the nation worshipped. In his death they were to behold, not merely the prostration of the Incas, but the finishing

stroke given to the glorious empire of the sun, and the sceptre of Peru pass into the hands of a foreign race, the despisers of the religion of the land, the usurpers of its dominion, and the tyrannical oppressors of its inhabitants. They seemed invited, as it were, to attest the act of finally setting the seal to their own perpetual servitude. The idea roused them to shouts of vengeance. As the Inca ascended the fatal stage, and stood environed by the priests in their sacerdotal vestments, and near him the hateful executioner with his drawn sword displayed, their excitement and indignation broke all bounds, and but for an incident as remarkable as it was timely, the Peruvians might, even then, in the extremity of their just rage, have fallen upon the Spaniards, and crushed them beneath the mere weight of the eager thousands, who seemed ready to rush upon death to rescue their adored Inca. But just as the elements of discord were on the point of being wrought up to fury, the Inca raised his right hand until the open palm was on a line with his right ear, and then slowly depressed it down to his right thigh. At this familiar signal of silence, instantly, as if the angel of destruction had swept over the assembled crowds, the noisy and tumultuous multitude sunk into stillness the most profound, and not less appalling than its previous commotion. The Spaniards were struck with amazement at the scene, which manifested so clearly the extraordinary authority still exercised by the Inca over the minds of the Peruvians; and justified, in some degree, the policy of Toledo. The execution now proceeded tranquilly to its conclusion, and the Inca met his end with that unshrinking fortitude, dignity, and contempt, which have universally marked

the Indian in the last struggles of dissolving nature. Thus terminated the direct male lineage of the children of the sun."

Without entering into more particulars, we may conclude that the first century of the discovery of the new world was passed and ended in crime and blood. The great discoverer with all his enthusiasm, would, perhaps, if he had foreseen all things, regretted that he had ever been born to give to the old world a new one.

When Elizabeth began her reign and showed her talents for politics, it was natural that she should have easily been persuaded to have become the patron of a plan for colonizing some portion of the western continent, which her grandfather claimed by the right of discovery. She saw that her rival, and powerful foe, Spain, derived great advantages from her colonies of South America. She was ambitious too of as extensive a territory as other monarchs. At the suggestion of Sir Walter Raleigh, then a courtier in high favor with the queen, Sir Humphrey Gilbert was commissioned with viceroy authority over all lands he might discover, &c.

The equipment was a bad one, and his first voyage was unsuccessful; but in three years, 1583, he tried it again. He had now the pecuniary aid of Sir George Peckham, Sir Walter Raleigh, and many others who took a share in the enterprize. Gilbert sailed to Newfoundland, and took possession of the country in a formal manner. In passing southward his principal ship was cast on some shoals, and ninety or a hundred of his men perished, among whom was Stephen Parmenius Budeius, a Hungarian gentleman of learning, who embarked as journalist of the voyage. These early navigators were

men of too much sense to suppose that one competent to navigate a ship was always sufficiently learned to be able to give a just account of the various kingdoms of nature which might be noticed in a voyage. This disaster did not break down the spirits of Gilbert until he had made further struggles; but a sad fate hung over him. On his return, a storm arose, his ship foundered, and all perished. His fate was deeply deplored, for he was pious, learned, brave, eloquent,—a statesman of sagacity, integrity, and patriotism.

The death of Sir Humphrey was a severe blow to Sir Walter, but he was not a man to give over an enterprize for a few untoward events. The queen was his friend, and of course he readily procured a patent of as extensive a nature as that before given to his lamented brother-in-law. Two small vessels were readily fitted out to take a more southern situation, and approaching the continent by the Gulf of Florida, they came to the island of Ocrakoke, which is near North Carolina; from thence they sailed to Roanoke, near the mouth of Albemarle sound. This enterprize had been entrusted to Amadas and Barlow. These gentlemen, after a short visit, returned to England, and gave a most glowing picture of the country in their report to Sir Walter Raleigh. They represented the manners of the males and females of the natives as polite and genteel; their manner of living as quite luxurious, and their bounty as without stint. To use the precise language of their report, "we found the people most gentle, loving, and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the golden age." Their manner of serving up their food was quite different to the Indians of more northern climes.

This report gave delight to all concerned, from the queen to the smallest share-holder in the enterprize; and it was not difficult, after this, to obtain means to follow up what they had so successfully commenced. Seven ships were despatched. Sir Richard Grenville took the command of the fleet. He was one of the most enlightened and chivalrous men of the age. He had in his company Ralph Lane, Esq., as governor of the colony, and Herriat, a mathematician of renown, and quite a corps of men of science. Grenville visited the territory and people described by Amadas and Barlow, and having examined the island of Roanoke, he embarked for England, leaving Lane, with one hundred and seven persons, to begin a colony. This was the first English colony ever planted in America. Herriat remained with this handful of men, and was unremitting in his endeavors to learn every thing he could during his stay on the continent; but the greater portion of the inhabitants came to these shores with hope of acquiring gold, not of settling a territory; and giving up a certainty for a most egregious uncertainty, they neglected to secure the means of support, and soon found themselves in a most miserable condition, when Sir Francis Drake, returning from an unsuccessful expedition against the Spaniards, came to their relief. But the vessel he sent loaded with provisions for them, was wrecked before she reached the shore. In this extremity, nothing was left, in their state of mind, but to take them back to England, which he did. If they had been sufficiently courageous to have remained a few days longer, they would have been relieved by supplies from Sir Walter; and in a few days after the first supplies arrived, Sir Richard Grenville himself came to

them with three ships, but could not find any thing of the colony he had left; and, leaving fifty of his crew to keep possession of the island of Roanoke, he returned home. These attempts at colonization had their good effects. Herriat was a man of sense, and spoke of things as he found them. All the romantic, idle stories were blown to the winds of heaven, and truth, naked truth, alone appeared.

The people who returned home with governor Lane had learned the use of tobacco, and Sir Walter undertook, by using it himself in smoking, to make it fashionable. The Indians considered the weed as the most gracious gift of the Great Spirit. Smoking had been in use in the east, but, probably, tobacco was not before known.

Raleigh was induced to make further efforts to settle his favorite VIRGINIA, a name which had been given to the whole Anglo-American coast, after the description given by Amadas and Barlow. In 1587, he sent another expedition, but they could find nothing of the men left there to guard the fort,—they had perished. Nevertheless he landed a body of one hundred and seventeen colonists. They kept on for a while, and then all sailed to England for supplies. Grenville was about coming to their assistance, but the Spanish Armada was announced, and every naval hero was required for home-service. Raleigh made another ineffectual effort and all was over for that time. The colonization of Anglo-America was to be begun.

In 1602, Gosnold made a voyage with an intent to awaken the spirit of emigration. He named the well known Cape, afterwards politically consecrated by the pilgrims. He landed on some island on the south side

of Cape Cod, but his efforts are only matters of minute history. Every exertion, however, advanced nautical knowledge, for Gosnold saved about one third of the distance across the Atlantic by his track.

Elizabeth died the next year, and James of Scotland came to the throne. The succeeding voyages fitted out by the merchants of Bristol and Lord Arundel confirmed all Gosnold related. Elizabeth was an excellent queen, whatever might have been her failings as a woman. If she was not fitted for a high-priestess of Vesta, she made an admirable resistance to Spain, and all her enemies, but her greatest admirers cannot say much of her exertions in attempting to settle this country. She gave a liberal charter to Gilbert, and made the fortunes of Raleigh; but the public exchequer did not suffer by all that was done by them and others, and it is a little astonishing that one so shrewd should not have made ar rangements for the settlement of colonies, as it was then, as it has since been, a very favorite doctrine that colonies were necessary for commercial enterprize.

An ecclesiastic was the next champion for colonization. Richard Hackluyt, a prebendary of Westminster, had preached with great effect the doctrines of colonization; and after these repeated failures, he renewed his exertions with success. Associations were formed, and James was petitioned for a charter. For a while the whole business was in the hands of traders, who joined in fishing and purchasing furs,—not thinking of making a permanent settlement, and, probably, not wishing for one; but Hackluyt and his friends were confined to no narrow notions upon this subject.

In 1606, a corporation was formed for a new effort. Many now joined in the scheme for public good, as we

now subscribe for rail-roads, or turnpikes, or canals. not thinking of exorbitant profits, but wishing to do something for the public good. To carry their intention into effect, a vessel of only one hundred tons, and two small barques, were taken up. Capt. Newport was commander, and Mr. Percy, a brother of the Earl of Northumberland, was in the enterprize, but the soul of it was Captain John Smith. He has justly been called the father of Virginia.

The next settlement on our coast was that of the New-Netherlands. The states of Holland, and the other provinces of the Netherlands, were no sooner in quiet with Spain than they showed their enterprizing spirit, and availing themselves of the discovery, by Henry Hudson, of the great river, in 1609, a trading community commenced a settlement on the island of Manhattan. At first they seem to have had no charter; no other claim to the soil than the one obtained by first possession and Hudson's discovery, who was then in the employment of Holland.

In 1614, the same year Smith was on the coast of New England, Adnaon Blok and Hendrick Christaonse, two Dutchmen, coasted along the New England borders. A fortunate peace was soon made by these sagacious traders with the Indians, and their early days passed without being harassed by this terrific foe.

The year 1621 was an era in the history of New Netherlands, in the formation of a society, by their high mightinesses the States General, which extended to the settling of these countries, discovered by Hudson, as well as monopolizing trade in every quarter of the globe, as far as possible. This corporation did not go into practical effect until 1623. The first trading com-

pany had nearly despaired of getting on when the second arrived, and was finally merged in it. Peter Minuit was the first governor. It was intended to be as purely as possible a commercial government. The head men were only first, second, third, and fourth merchants. The legislative, judicial and executive powers, were given to the council as merely incidents, and not as primary principles. It was, in fact, a chamber of commerce, with the power of carrying into effect their own decrees.

Until this time the settlers had made but a very slow advance in agriculture or the arts, having confined themselves to the fur trade. In the year 1624, these settlers exported 4,700 beaver and otter skins. The whole amount of imports, including 1624 and 1627, four years, was $46,207, and the exports $68,507. This trade continued to increase, for, in 1635, the Dutch exported from New Netherlands 14,891 beaver, and 1413 otter skins, estimated at 134,000 guilders.

In 1625, the first child of European parents was born. This is a strong proof that it was at first considered as a trading fortress, not a permanent community; but this year the Waaloons went from the island of Manhattan to Long Island, and began agricultural pursuits. The Waaloons were a bold, hardy, yeoman race; they were the last to wear the Roman yoke in their native land, and the first to strike it off. They should have had minute historians.

About this time, De Leet went to Holland, and published an account of the New World, particularly of the New Netherlands. This work made quite a sensation, and sold better, probably, than any history of New-York has since.

In 1627, the settlement, as well as the whole coast, was annoyed by pirates; and it behoved the great association at home to see to this matter. Admiral Peter Pietersen Heyn was sent to look them up. He pursued them and took thirty of these merchant pirates under the guns of St. Salvador, with immensely rich cargoes. He fought bravely and this quieted the whole concern for a long while.

In this year, 1627, governor Minuit sent a deputation to the governor and council of Plymouth,—one letter written in Dutch and the other in French. The letters the Dutch governor sent were kind and friendly, "touching upon the propinquity of their native countries, and their long continued friendship;" and, minding the main chance, suggested that it would be well for both parties "to fall into a way of some commerce and trade," offering any of their goods that might be serviceable. This was fair and courteous.

Bradford's letter in reply was long, pious, courteous, and shrewd. After expressing a deep modesty of reading the sounding titles given them by the Dutch, Bradford goes on to thank heaven that Holland and England are united to humble Spain. He then alludes to the circumstance that he and his people had lived in Holland; but he wishes his Dutch friends to understand that the grant to the New England company extends all along the coast, and he desires that the Dutch would not come to Narraganset Bay, "which is, as it were, at our very doors," and this remark he concludes with a hint, that if it is not regarded, he must look to his majesty for redress. But now to the bargain. "We are provided with articles now, but if we should trade, we should like to know the terms." The language of

the governor is as wary as could be framed. He had no prices current to send his correspondent, but he says, "it may so fall out, that hereafter we shall deal with you, if your rates be reasonable; and therefore, when your people come again, we desire to know how you will take beavers by the pound, and otters by the skin; and how you will deal per cent. for other commodities, and what you can furnish us with; as, likewise, what commodities from us may be acceptable with you, as tobacco, fish, corn, or other things, and what prices you will give."

Minuit answered this letter by saying he had a right to trade with the natives in the prohibited places, but makes his declaration in a few words, and the courteous demeanor is still kept up; and to ensure it a most friendly reception, the Dutch governor accompanied his letter with "a runlet of sugar and two Holland cheeses," as a present. For this, most courteous thanks were returned.

It must have been suggested at home, or these few people would not have considered it of so much consequence to have kept up such an intimacy; for before an answer was returned, Minuit sent an ambassador to Plymouth. The second man in the colony, Mr. Secretary Razier, went as ambassador to governor Bradford, in "the barque Nassau, freighted with a few articles for traffic, manned with a retinue of soldiers and trumpeters, conformable to the fashion of the day, and proportional with the dignity of the second officer of the government." The barque started from the east side of where the battery now is. The ambassador, with his flourish of trumpets, arrived at Plymouth, in truth, merely as a commercial manager but on his ar-

rival some of the Puritans, from their long connection with those in Holland, remembered him, or his friends, and it passed off as a right kind, affectionate meeting. The Dutch urged Bradford to leave the barren coast on which he had landed, and come to *fresh river*, where the soil was better. Bradford, in return, in the most friendly manner, urged Razier to look to their titles to this goodly heritage of theirs,—see well to the purchase deed and guarantys. The whole interview was a most perfect exposition of the characters of both people. Good faith was kept up between them for a long time.

In 1629, when the company directing the West India concerns became so great, that the States General became alarmed, and the right of fighting, conquering, and condemning as piracies was thought quite too great to be entrusted in the hands of a few, the charter was of course modified, and in 1632, Wouter Von Twiller superseded Minuit. It was in remodeling this charter that the States General acknowledged the advantage and authorized the legitimacy of the settlement. It was at this period that the fort was enlarged, and many, who now lost all fear, did nothing but attend to agriculture and commerce.

One of the great securities in the political destinies of this country is, that there is no long line of distinguished ancestors claimed by one set of persons. The origin of all the early settlers were about equal. They were honest, industrious people, belonging to those who have in every country the true principles of liberty, if they be preserved any where.

The year 1620 is memorable for the settlement of New England. The Puritans had gone to Holland in 1607. thence removed to Leyden. They wished to find

a new place. Several of the adventurers sold their estates, and made common stock of the proceeds. They purchased what they called a ship, of sixty tons, called the Speedwell, and chartered the Mayflower, of one hundred and eighty tons. They stumbled, literally, at the threshold. They sailed from Leyden in July, but were obliged to return twice. On the second return the Speedwell was condemned as unfit for service; and they finally embarked in the Mayflower, on the sixth of September. After a boisterous passage they made Cape Cod on the ninth of November. This was several degrees farther north than they intended to strike the continent, and in attempting to proceed towards Hudson River they fell among shoals.

Finding themselves in the forty-second degree of north latitude, they were sensible that their charter was good for nothing; and on the eleventh of November, after solemn prayer, they drew up a constitution or form of government. This compact was signed by forty one persons, for themselves and families, amounting to one hundred and one souls. Mr. John Carver was chosen governor for one year, and Miles Standish was sent into the country to make discoveries. They saw a few Indians, and found some baskets of corn. This treasure gave seed for the next year. On the eleventh day of December, O. S.—corresponding to the twenty-second, N. S.—they landed on Cape Cod.

A short time after the departure of these emigrants, a patent was granted by James to the Duke of Lenox, and others, which covered the ground they had taken up.

Thus commenced these settlements on the shores of North America, which, amidst difficulties, dangers, and

sufferings, have grown into a great nation. Here the doctrine of self-government has been proved, for, from the very first, the colonists had the habits, the forms, and the spirit of liberty. Out of their necessities grew those social compacts which were still preserved in making up the federal union. The perpetuity of this union depends upon the intelligence of the people, and part of their knowledge should be the history of their country, not only in its battles, and its increase, but in the origin and growth of its political, moral, and literary institutions. The days of small things become important by the lapse of time. It required a sound acorn, and a succession of ages, to have produced the majestic oak; but the tree was in the germ when it burst the shell, and its growth was left to nature and the care of man. Our ancestors searched into every age and nation for the seminal principles of freedom, to plant and cultivate them in the land which is now our goodly heritage; they took from Greece their indomitable spirit of freedom, and their love of activity and enterprize; and Rome had not an officer, from a consul to a lictor, whose duties are not discharged by some one of our own,—all virtually proceeding, with us, from the people; and there is a harmony in the whole worth preserving.

To look to the early days of our nation's existence; to trace the progress of empire, step by step, through more than two centuries up to the present time, is one of the duties of the sons and daughters of America. This was once a great, and a difficult task; for our fathers had not the facilities of getting this information that we have. As society advances, more and more is required of every one, and he who is behind the age is

trodden upon and passed over, by those who come after him. To strive for the mastery, and to contend for the race, on the course of knowledge, is the spirit of our people, and, in fact, of our times, among other nations; and it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when the abode of the domestic circle will be nigh to the hall of philosophy. Almost every thing may be accomplished by energy and perseverance. The passage of Napoleon over St. Bernard, in the sweep of his power, is an emblem, but a faint one, of the conquests of mind in the progress of knowledge. Intellectual victories are permanent and useful, while those of the sword may be of doubtful utility, even in the blaze of their glory,—and succeeding times are seldom benefitted by the blood of nations, however profusely poured out. In these times of peace and prosperity, the human mind may find full employment in getting knowledge of a useful kind. The natural and the moral world have not yet been half explored. As far as philosophers have gone, they have not sounded the depths of the human soul; high as moralists and religious men have soared, they have only given us a partial analysis of man, and but a glimpse of his Creator. Every department of knowledge opens a field for a virtuous and a laudable ambition; a field where none perish that others may be great, but where every conquest makes the paths of those who follow smoother and more delightful. The value of human life is every day increased by the progress of knowledge, for we begin to think earlier, and reason longer, than those who had less information than we have; in proportion to the height of the sun at noon is the length and beauty of the dawn and the loveliness of the evening twilight.

If in the visions of the future glories of this country we behold villages, towns, and cities, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, happy in accumulated wealth, resplendent in taste and beauty, why may we not see in the same glow of inspiration NEW MEN rising in the boundless prospect, plucking up, with a strong hand, the poisonous weeds of error, and cultivating the soil on which they grew for a goodly purpose? NEW MEN, who with *new* ingenuity, and fresh vigor shall interrogate nature until she shall give *new* responses, developing her deep mysteries more freely. NEW MEN, a term of reproach in decayed nations, but here the only nobility—the only order of distinction; *new*, because they bring *new* lamps into the temple of science that shall burn with a broader blaze and purer flame than those which have long been glimmering and flickering upon her altars; *new*, because their names are identified with *new* principles and *new* discoveries—and because in collecting and diffusing knowledge they lay mankind under *new* obligations of gratitude.

THE END.

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